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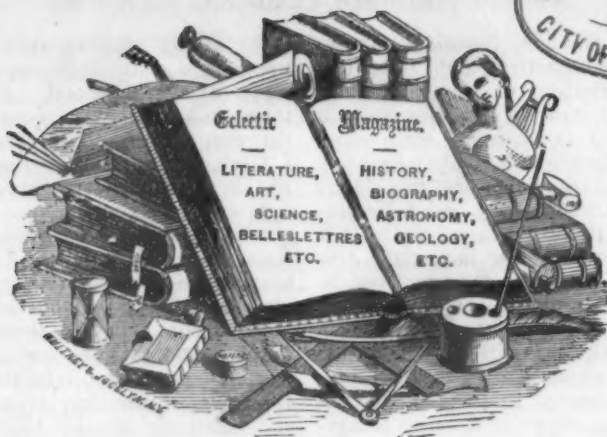


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SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN, LL.D.

I HAVE been asked to say something as to the impressions left on my mind by my late visit to the United States. This is a work which I should hardly have undertaken of my own choice. Any picture that I can draw of American things must necessarily be an imperfect one, much more imperfect than the picture which I might draw of any European land. For there are many aspects of any country, but above all of a young country, of which I am quite unfit to judge, and at which, indeed, I was not likely to look at all. This necessary imperfection is a worse fault in a young country than it is in an old one. And unluckily a great number of aspects of present life, aspects which are specially prominent in American life, have for me no interest whatever. Political and judicial assemblies have for me the same interest in young America which they have in old Greece. But, greatly to my

ill-luck, I am wholly ignorant of all things bearing on commerce, manufactures, or agriculture. Nor am I better skilled in matters bearing on education, unless it be education which rises to the level of a college or university. Now I can pass through an old country, say Italy or Dalmatia, and I can find a great deal to notice and to record without meddling with any of the things of which I am ignorant. In America it is hardly possible to avoid them. Happily my American friends were merciful. I was taken to see a good many schools; for some people, I know not why, seemed to think that I had something to do with schools, or at least that I took some special interest in schools. But I was spared the more fearful grind of going through factories, prisons, hospitals, with all the weariness of an inexperienced.

It follows therefore at once that any

remarks of mine on American matters must be very imperfect, and further that such imperfection is a much greater fault in the case of America than it might be in the case of some other lands. But beyond this, I take up my pen with a dread, that anything that I can say of the United States and their people will be frightfully one-sided. It is not easy to write quite impartially of a land in which a man has received so cordial a welcome and such constant and unmixed kindness as I received in America. One has a feeling that it is ungrateful, almost unfair, to write anything but unmixed praise; and yet unmixed praise, either in America or anywhere else, must be unfair, because it must be untruthful. And I feel, too, that I personally can have seen only some of the brightest sides of the country and its people. The whole nation cannot be as good as the people who have been so good to me. I was naturally thrown mainly among men whose thoughts and pursuits had some kind of likeness to my own. I lived chiefly with professors, lawyers, a sprinkling of statesmen, men of thought and information of various kinds. Of the pushing, meddling, questioning American, described in so many stories and caricatures, I have seen nothing, at least not on American soil. It is, therefore, somewhat hard for me to write about American matters at all. But I think that cultivated and sensible people in America, such as those among whom I spent most of my time when I was there, are not likely to be offended with anything that I am likely to say.

"What do you think of our country?" is the question traditionally put into the mouth of the American addressing his British visitor. And the British visitor in real life finds that he very often has to answer that question or its equivalent. In its naked shape it is not often put by the very best people, and, whenever it is put by any one, the question is a little embarrassing. It is not a question that one can answer offhand in words of one syllable. I have sometimes tried to turn it off by answering that their country was very big, a statement which is surely colorless, and which cannot be denied by people of any way of thinking. Or, I have tried to parry

it by asking whether they meant the whole Union or their own particular State, or neighborhood. In England, if one could fancy the question put in that particular shape, its purport could, I think, be local rather than national. But in America it is always national. And even when one is not questioned quite so nakedly, it is easy to see an intense desire on the part of the American host to know how everything about him looks in the eyes of the British guest. Such a desire is indeed almost inherent in the relation of host and guest everywhere; but it seems to be stronger than elsewhere, it certainly is more openly and pressingly revealed than elsewhere, when the host is American and the guest British. That so it should be is neither wonderful nor blamable. It is only in the nature of things that every American should in his heart deem British opinion more important than any other, and should in his heart value British good opinion more fondly than any other. A young nation, honestly conscious of its own greatness in many ways, but conscious at the same time that it has been often unfairly censured, often misunderstood, is naturally keenly sensitive to the opinion of other nations, and above all of the nation which in its heart it feels to be its own parent. The very tone of boasting and bluster toward Europe and England which is sometimes put on by some classes of American writers and speakers is really a witness to this feeling. American dislike toward England—when it is really felt and not put on simply to catch Irish votes—is something quite different from the forms of national ill-feeling to which we are used at home. It is unlike either the old-fashioned dislike to France or the new-fashioned dislike to Russia. In this last kind of dislike there is mingled a certain feeling of contempt, of very unjust contempt in both cases, but still of genuine contempt. It is the dislike which springs from old-standing national self-sufficiency, a dislike which is quite free from touchiness or inquisitiveness; none of our characteristics is more marked than our utter and most unjust heedlessness of the opinion of other nations. This is the natural weakness of an old nation, above all of an insular nation. The natural weakness of a

young nation is the exact opposite. Such a nation must be touchy; it must be inquisitive. It cannot help caring for the opinion of other nations, above all for the opinion of its own ancient motherland. And if such a nation, truly or untruly, fancies itself slighted, misrepresented, misunderstood, if it fails to meet with sympathy where it seeks for sympathy, the result may easily be a dislike which is possibly real — a contempt which is certainly artificial. Of this innate yearning, often unavowed, sometimes perhaps unconscious, for European, above all for British, good opinion, the tendency in some Americans, a tendency which to us seems so strange, to conjure up slights where nothing like a slight has been meant, is one side—a side which is unpleasant, but which is not at all unnatural. The honest desire to know what the stranger, above all what the British stranger, thinks, is another and a better side. It may sometimes get a little ludicrous and a little wearisome; but in moderation it is perfectly right and healthy. And with the highest class of Americans—those who do not put their questions in quite so naked a shape, those who are keensighted enough to understand and candid enough to avow that there may be a balance of merit and defect either way—the discussion of things on the older and the newer side of Ocean often leads to comparisons, and the comparisons often lead to investigations, which are interesting and instructive in the highest degree.

Now comparisons and investigations of this kind come most naturally when there is a strong essential likeness between the things compared. It is in such cases, not in those where the things compared are altogether unlike one another, that we note the minutest differences. It is where things are very much alike that we most diligently mark the points in which they are not alike. Take for instance the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The main features in the constitution and customs of the two are so closely alike to one another, and so utterly unlike those of any other universities in the world, that there is a certain curious pleasure in tracing out the endless minute points in which they differ. So it is between

England and America. It is the essential likeness which makes us note every point of unlikeness. I hardly know whether my American friends were pleased or disappointed—they certainly were sometimes a little surprised—at my telling them, as I often had to do, that what most struck me in their country was how little it differed from my own. I had to say over and over again that this was the thing which had most surprised me, but that on second thoughts it did not surprise me at all, as it was only what was perfectly natural. To me most certainly the United States did not seem a foreign country; it was simply England with a difference. The difference struck me as somewhat greater than the difference which strikes me in any part of England with which I am not familiar, but as certainly less than the difference which strikes me when I enter Scotland. That America should seem less strange than Scotland is doubtless partly owing to the fact that English and Scottish law are two things which stand wholly apart, while the law of the American States is for the most part simply English law with a difference. All things therefore which depend on the administration of the law—and the things which depend on the administration of the law make up a good part of ordinary life—are different between England and Scotland, while they are largely the same between England and America. A crowd of names, offices, formulæ, modes of proceeding, are very much the same on the two sides of the Ocean, while they are altogether different on the two sides of the Tweed. In the matter of language too, there undoubtedly are American peculiarities of speech, both of utterance and of vocabulary, of which I may have to say something; but I never found any difficulty in understanding an American speaker. But I have often found it difficult to understand a Scottish or even a Northern-English speaker. The American speaks my own language, he speaks my own dialect of that language, but he speaks it with certain local differences. The man of Northumberland or either side of the Tweed speaks my own language indeed, but he speaks a dialect of it to which I am not accustomed. There was nothing strange to me in the general look of the great

American cities. They were very unlike York and Exeter; but they were very like Manchester and Liverpool. In short, when I landed at New York in October, my first feeling was that America was very like England; when I landed at Liverpool in April, my first feeling was that England was very like America.

I find that my feeling on this head is shared by some British travellers in America and is not shared by others. Doubtless I visited America under circumstances which were likely to make me dwell on likenesses rather than on unlikenesses. It might haply have been otherwise if I had known nothing of the continent of Europe, or if I had entered America, as some have done, on its western side. But I came to America from the east, and that as a somewhat old stager in continental Europe. I came as one fresh from Italy, Greece, and Dalmatia, as one who had used his own house in England as an inn on the road between Ragusa and Boston. Among a people of the same tongue, of essentially the same laws and manners, I naturally found myself at home, after tarrying in lands which were altogether foreign. But I have no doubt that deeper causes than this would naturally lead me to seize on the most English side of everything American. To me the English-speaking commonwealth on the American mainland is simply one part of the great English folk, as the English-speaking kingdom in the European island is another part. My whole line of thought and study leads me to think, more perhaps than most men, of the everlasting ties of blood and speech, and less of the accidental separation wrought by political and geographical causes. To me the English folk, wherever they may dwell, whatever may be their form of government, are still one people. It may be that the habit of constantly studying and comparing the history of England with the history of old Greece, makes it easier for me to grasp the idea of a people, divided politically and geographically, but still forming in the higher sense one people. The tie that bound Greek to Greek was dearer to Kallikratidas than the advancement of Spartan interests by barbarian help. And so, to my mind at least, the thought

of the true unity of the scattered English folk is a thought higher and dearer than any thought of a British Empire to the vast majority of whose subjects the common speech of Chatham and Washington, of Gladstone and Garfield, is an unknown tongue.

It may be more important to ask how far the doctrine of the essential unity of the divided branches of the English people is received by those whom it concerns on the other side of the Ocean. This is a subject on which I rather distrust my own judgment. I feel that it is a subject on which I am an enthusiast, and that my enthusiasm may possibly bias and color any report that I may try to make. And, of course, I can give only the impressions which I have drawn from certain classes of people, impressions which may be widely different from those which another man may have drawn from other classes of people. As far as I can speak of my American acquaintances, I should say that with most of them the essential unity of the English folk is one of those facts which everybody in a sense knows, but of which few people really carry their knowledge about with them. The main facts of the case are so plain that they cannot fail to be known to every man among a people who know their own immediate and recent history so well as the Americans do. That the older American States were in the beginning English colonies, that the great mass of their inhabitants are still of English descent, that, though the infusion of foreign elements has been large, yet it is the English kernel which has assimilated these foreign elements—that the German in America, for instance, learns to speak English, while the American of English descent does not learn to speak German—all these are plain facts which every decently taught man in the United States cannot fail in a certain sense to know. That is, if he were examined on the subject, he could not fail to give the right answers. But the facts do not seem to be to him living things, constantly in his mind. Those Americans with whom I have spoken, all of them without a single exception, readily and gladly accepted the statement of what I may call their *Englishry*, when it was set before them. Once or twice indeed I have

known the statement come from the American side. But, though the acceptance of the doctrine was ready and glad, it seemed to be the acceptance of a doctrine which could not be denied when it was stated, but which he who accepted it had not habitually carried about in his daily thoughts. And when the statement came from the American side, it came, not as an obvious truth, but rather as the result of the speaker's own observation, as a fact which he had noticed, but which might have escaped the notice of others. I will illustrate my meaning by an incident which happened to myself. At a college dinner to which I was asked, one gentleman proposed my health in words which in everything else were most kind and flattering, but in which I was spoken of as a man of "a foreign nationality." In my answer I thanked the proposer of the toast for everything else that he had said, but begged him to withdraw one word: I was not of a foreign nationality, but of the same nationality as himself. My answer was warmly cheered, and several other speakers took up the same line. The unity of Old and New England was in every mouth; one gentleman who had been American Minister in England, told how exactly the same thing had happened to him at a lord mayor's dinner in London, how he had been spoken of as a foreigner, and how he had refused the name, just as I had done.

Now this story is an exact instance of what I say. The feeling of unity between the two severed branches is really present in the American breast, but it needs something special to wake it up. It comes most naturally to the Englishman of America to speak of the Englishman of Britain as a "foreigner." The word is often so applied in American newspapers and American books. But when the Englishman of Britain formally rejects the name, the Englishman of America frankly and gladly accepts the rejection, and welcomes the European kinsman as truly one of his own house. Now I know not how far I may judge others by myself; but I should say that the feeling in England is somewhat different. I do not think that Americans are commonly thought of, or spoken of, as "foreigners." In the story that I have

just told, the case may have simply been that the lord mayor reckoned the representative of the United States among "Foreign Ministers," a formula in which the use of the unpleasant word could hardly be avoided. It seems to me that the American in England is welcomed above other men from beyond sea on the express ground that he is not a foreigner. Americans sometimes complain that they are welcomed indeed in England, but welcomed as if they were objects of curiosity, sometimes even that the welcome is mingled with condescension. The condescension I believed to be imaginary, a spectre called up by that spirit of touchiness of which I have already spoken. The curiosity is most real. But it is the curiosity with which we welcome a kinsman whom we have often heard of but never seen. It may sometimes take rather grotesque shapes, but it is in its essence the genuine interest which attaches to acknowledged kindred. In America it struck me that the British visitor was welcomed, kindly, cordially, hospitably welcomed, but still welcomed in the beginning as a stranger. That he is no stranger but a kinsman is a truth which dawns upon his American friends at a rather later stage. The American, it seems to me, feels a greater distinction between himself and the Englishman of Britain than the Englishman of Britain feels between himself and the American.

A good deal of this feeling is the natural result of past events, and I cannot help thinking that the result of past events has been somewhat aggravated by modern forms of speaking. The Englishman of America—he must allow me to call him so—has something to get over in acknowledging the kindred of the Englishman of Britain; the Englishman of Britain has nothing to get over in acknowledging the kindred of the Englishman of America. In the broad fact of the War of Independence there is really nothing of which either side need be ashamed. Each side acted as it was natural for each side to act. We can now see that both King George and the British nation were quite wrong; but for them to have acted otherwise than they did would have needed a superhuman measure of wisdom, which few

kings and few nations ever had. The later American war within the present century, a war which, one would think, could have been so easily avoided on either side, is a far uglier memory than the War of Independence. Still the War of Independence must be, on the American side, a formidable historic barrier in the way of perfect brotherhood. A war of that kind is something quite unlike an ordinary war between two nations which are already thoroughly formed. Two nations in that case can soon afford to forget, they can almost afford to smile over, their past differences. It is otherwise when one nation dates its national being—in the political sense of the word "nation"—from the defeat and humiliation of the other. If the American nation had parted off peacefully from the British nation, there would be no difficulty on either side in looking on the two English-speaking nations as simply severed branches of the same stock. The independent colony would, in such a case, have far less difficulty in feeling itself to be, though independent, still a colony, far less difficulty in feeling that all the common memories and associations of the common stock belong to the colony no less than to the mother-country. In such a case the new England might have been to the old what Syracuse, not what Korkyra, was to their common mother Corinth. But when independence was won in arms, and that by the help of foreign allies, when the very being of the new power was a badge of triumph over the old, it is not wonderful that the natural self-assertion of a new-born people often took the form of putting the past, the dependent past, as far as might be out of sight. Parents and brethren had become enemies; strangers had acted as friends; it was not wonderful if it was thought a point of honor to snap the old ties as far as might be; to take up in everything, as far as might be, the position of a new nation, rather than that of a severed branch of an old nation. I can understand that the Englishman of America may be tempted to see something of sacrifice, something like surrender of his national position, when he is called on to admit himself simply to be an Englishman of America. The Englishman of Britain has no such

difficulties. To his eye the kindred lies on the surface, plain to be seen of all men. But it is not wonderful if the eye of the Englishman of America is a degree less clear-sighted. He may be pardoned if to him the kindred does not lie so visibly on the surface; if it is to him something which he gladly acknowledges when it is pointed out, but which he needs to have pointed out before he acknowledges it.

But, beside all this, I cannot help thinking that certain forms of speech, possibly unavoidable forms of speech, have done much to keep the two branches of the divided people asunder. The ideal after which I would fain strive would be for all members of the scattered English folk to feel at least as close a tie to one another as was felt of old by all members of the scattered Hellenic folk. Geographical distance, political separation, fierce rivalry, cruel warfare, never snapped the enduring tie which bound every Greek to every other Greek. So the Englishman of Britain, of America, of Africa, of Australia, should be each to his distant brother as were the Greek of Massalia, the Greek of Kyrênê, and the Greek of Chersôn. I have no doubt that it is a piece of pedantry to hint at the fact, but the fact is none the less true and practical, that, in order to compass this end, the scattered branches of the common stock must have a common name. This the old Greeks had. The Hellên remained a Hellên wherever he settled himself, and wherever he settled himself the land on which he settled became Hellas. The Greek of Attica or Peloponnêsos did not distinguish himself from the Greek of Spain by calling himself a Spaniard. But it is hard to find a name fitted in modern usage to take in all the scattered branches of the English folk. A certain class of orators on both sides of Ocean would seem to have dived into the charters of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and to have hence fished up the antiquated name of "Anglo-Saxon." We hear much big talk about the "Anglo-Saxon race," somewhat to the wrong of that greater Teutonic body of which Angles and Saxons are fellow-members with many others. But those who use the name probably attach no

particular meaning to it ; to them it goes along with such modern creations as Anglo-Normans, Anglo-Indians, Anglo-Catholics. The very narrow historical sense of the word "Anglo-Saxon" is never thought of. It is not remembered that its use was to mark the union of Angles and Saxons under one king, an use which naturally was forgotten as the distinction between Angles and Saxons was forgotten. Anyhow the name is antiquated and affected ; it is not the name which most naturally springs to any man's lips : it is a name artificially devised to answer a certain purpose. For the Englishman of Britain and the Englishman of America to greet one another as "Anglo-Saxons" is very much as if the Greek of Peloponnêsos and the Greek of Spain had greeted one another, not as Hellênes, but as Danaans or Pelasgians. Yet there certainly is a difficulty, such as the Greek never felt, in their greeting one another by their true name of Englishmen. So to do is easier in Latin than in English ; "Angli," "Anglici," even "Anglignæ," might serve the term quite well ; but the word "Englishman" has somehow got a local meaning, as if it belonged to the soil rather than to the stock, as if it expressed allegiance to a certain government rather than partnership in a certain speech and descent. Now how old is this use ? How long is it since the word "American" was applied to English settlers in America ? and how long—a much shorter time undoubtedly—since the word "American" was first opposed to the word "English" ? These questions belong to that large class of questions, which cannot be answered offhand when the answer is wanted ; questions to which the answer can be found only by keeping them constantly in mind, and noting everything that directly or indirectly bears upon them. In a hymn of one of the Wesleys there is a line which runs thus :

"The dark Americans convert."

At that line the minds of some citizens of the United States have been known to be offended. Yet it is certain that by "Americans" Wesley meant only the native Indians, and I conceive that he could not have applied the name

"American" to the English folk of any of the Thirteen Colonies.

It is yet more to be noticed that throughout the contemporary records of the War of Independence, not only, as far as I have seen, is the word "English" never contrasted with "American," but the name "English" is never applied to the enemies against whom Washington and his fellows were striving. The word which is commonly used—which, as far as I have seen, is invariably used—is "British." This was just as it should be ; the distinction between "American" and "British" marks the political and geographical severance between the English in Britain and the English in America, without shutting out either from their common right to the English name. Words like "colonial," "provincial," "continental," went out of use as the colonies ceased to be provinces and declared themselves to be independent states. The new power needed a new name, and no name more distinctive than "American" was to be had. But "American" was still not opposed to "English" ; it was opposed to "British," as marking the severance between the English folk in Britain and the English folk in America. We have next to ask, When did this usage go out ? When did "English" instead of "British" come to be the word commonly opposed to "American" ? Again we cannot answer offhand ; but "British" certainly was the word in use at the time of the war of 1813, and I fancy that it was in use much later. I have been told that the change took place about the time of the Oregon dispute. I have also been told that the change was really brought in out of good feeling toward the mother-country. "British" was a name which suggested old wrongs, while no such unpleasant memories gathered round the English name. I can neither confirm nor deny either of these statements ; but that the change has taken place there is no doubt. The American no longer familiarly uses the word "British" to denote the English of Britain. As long as he did so, his language was at least patient of the interpretation that he still looked on himself as an Englishman. He now habitually uses the words "English,"

"Englishman," in every possible relation, to denote the English of Britain as distinguished from himself. That is, he gives up the English name as no longer belonging to him. Even if the change was, as was above suggested, made out of friendliness, I cannot look on it as a change for the better. Of the two, I had rather that the Englishman of America should look on me as a brother with whom he has a quarrel, than that he should look on me as a stranger in blood, even though a stranger admitted to his friendship.

It was acutely remarked to me by an American friend that it would be easy to use the adjective "British" according to the older usage which I had said that I wished to see restored, but that a substantive was lacking. This is perfectly true. The only available substantive, "Briton," will not do. Strictly, of course, that name means a Welshman, and it has gone out of use in that sense for a much shorter time than people commonly think. In any other use it belongs to the same class of names as "Anglo-Saxon." It is not the natural name by which an Englishman speaks of himself; it is used either in a half-laughing vein, or because it is thought to be fine, or else of set purpose to find some name which shall take in all the people of Great Britain. Yet the only alternative would seem to be the grotesque and rather ugly form "Britisher." And I always told my American friends that I had rather be called a Britisher than an Englishman, if by calling me an Englishman they meant to imply that they were not Englishmen themselves.

Then the name "American" also suggests some questions. No one uses it now in the sense of Wesley's "dark Americans." That is, no one uses it exclusively of them. The name takes them in for some purposes, while for others it shuts them out. The word "American" for some purposes means the United States only; for some other purposes it means the whole American continent. It is certainly odd that "American languages" would be everywhere understood as meaning the native languages of the continent, while "American literature" means so much of English literature as belongs locally

to the United States. To me Prescott and Motley seem as much English historians, Longfellow and Whittier seem as much English poets, as if they had been born and had written in Great Britain. They are English writers, writing in the English tongue, their own tongue, in which they have just as much right as any native of Great Britain. But in common American speech, "English literature" means the literature of the local England only. "American literature" belongs exclusively to the United States. The phrase hardly takes in the English literature, if there be any, of Canada; it certainly does not take in the Spanish literature, if there be any, of Mexico. The oddest use of all is when the word "American" is used geographically to shut out certain parts of the American continent. At Niagara people talk of the "American side" and the "English side." I suggested, "for 'American' read 'English,' and for 'English' read 'French.'" The truth is that the great land of the United States has not yet got a name, a real local name, like England or France, or even like Canada or Mexico. I know not whether it is any comfort that, as I once observed elsewhere,* the lack is common to the United States of America with the other chief confederations of the world. The kingdom of the Netherlands, once the Seven United Provinces, is commonly spoken of as "Holland," the name of one of its provinces only, while we commonly call its people "Dutch," the name of a great race which takes in ourselves. It is by a kindred confusion, though one which does not take exactly the same form, a confusion arising from the same lack of a real name for the country, that, when we speak of "American literature," "American institutions," "American politics," "American society," we mean the institutions, the literature, the politics, and the society of the United States only, while by "American zoology," "American geology," etc., we mean those of the whole continent, while "American languages" distinctly excludes those languages in which American literature has been possible. The want of a real name for the land, and

* "Historical Geography," vol. i. p. 582.

the awkwardness to which one is driven for lack of it, struck me at every turn in my American travels. But I cannot undertake to find the remedy for the evil by inventing a new name.*

Now mankind are, after all, so deeply influenced by names and formulæ that it does seem to me by no means unlikely that these ways of speaking have really had some share in keeping up and widening the distinction between the two branches of the English folk. They did not cause the distinction; for they are themselves among the effects of it; but, in the way in which causes and effects so constantly react on one another, they may very well have helped in sharpening the distinction and making it more long-lived. Anyhow, I think that my general proposition will hold. It seems to me that the Englishman of America is less likely to carry about with him the feeling of common brotherhood than the Englishman of Britain is, but that he accepts it willingly and gladly when it is fairly set before him. The feeling in short exists unconsciously, and it shows itself unconsciously in a thousand ways. It is hardly a contradiction to say that, where the distinction is most sharply and purposely drawn, it is really a witness to the real absence of any essential distinction. American interest in England seem to me to be generally as keen as one could wish it to be. The forms which it takes are various; some are all that we could wish them to be; others perhaps sometimes are not always so likely to lead to the result for which we are seeking.

I will illustrate my meaning as to the different ways in which likeness and unlikeness are apt to strike most strongly

* What if the name of New England, a name surely to be cherished on every ground, had spread over the whole Union? It would have been better than nothing; but a real geographical name would be better still. The lack has been felt in the country, and somebody once proposed "Fredonia." I remember a map in my boyhood with the name on it. One may guess that the author of the name had the words *free* and *freedom* in his head; but after what analogy did he coin his name? One might have thought it hard to outdo the absurdity of "Secessia," of which newspaper correspondents thought it fine to talk twenty years back. But "Secessia" certainly does not come within many parasangs of "Fredonia."

according to circumstances by an illustration from travel on the European continent. An Englishman most commonly begins his travels in France, he very often begins his continental travels of any kind, with a journey in Normandy. The result of this is that he fails to see how much Normandy and England have in common. If Normandy is the first continental land that he visits, he is naturally most struck by the points of unlikeness between Normandy and England. Let him go straight on into Aquitaine, and see Normandy as he comes back, and he will at once see how much England and Normandy have in common as compared with England and Aquitaine. Now if this is true of lands speaking different tongues, it has tenfold truth been lands speaking the same tongue. Everything leads the American who visits Europe to visit England before any other part of Europe. Indeed, unless he takes special pains to chalk out some other road, he will, as a matter of course, be taken to England first of all, saving the chance of an earlier hour or two in Ireland. But I have seriously counselled American friends, who have never been in Europe, not to visit England first. I have even counselled them, if they can manage it—and sometimes it can be managed—to see the less frequented parts of Europe first, say Sicily or southern Italy, Greece or the neighboring lands—I dare say Spain would also serve the turn, but I cannot speak of Spain from my own knowledge—then to see the more familiar lands of Italy, Germany, or France, and to see their own motherland last of all. One cannot expect many American travellers to follow this itinerary; but I believe that it would have a very wholesome effect on any that would do so. What I spoke of in the case of Normandy will now come true with tenfold force. The American who sees England first of all will naturally compare England with his own land, and he will naturally be most struck with points of unlikeness. If he does not see England till he has seen other lands where the unlikeness is far deeper, he will be most struck with the points of likeness; he will feel himself more thoroughly at home in the land of his fathers. It was not pleasant when I once read in an American periodical a

recommendation to American visitors to London to go somewhere or other where they would meet only their own countrymen, and would thereby escape "the horrible English intonation." I do not know what "the horrible English intonation" is, and one can hardly stifle the thought that travellers who are so shocked at it had better never have left their own side of Ocean; but I cannot help thinking that, if they had first taken in their fill of lands speaking altogether strange tongues, they might have been glad to find themselves in a land where their own tongue was spoken, be the "intonation" of the speaker what it may.

But, with all this interest and curiosity in English matters, I was, whenever I got beyond the very first range of American minds, which I found on the other side of Ocean, often struck by an amount of ignorance about such matters which I had certainly not looked for. It may be that the ignorance is to a considerable extent mutual, and I am certain of one thing, that the average American knows much more about his own country than the average Englishman knows about his. But I must say—even at the risk of being charged with that fault of "condescension" which of all faults I most wish to avoid—that English ignorance of America and American ignorance of England do not stand on the same ground. The American is really more called on to know about British matters than the Britisher is called on to know about American matters. And that for this obvious reason, that American matters cannot be thoroughly understood without constant reference to English matters, while English matters may be thoroughly understood with little or no reference to American matters. The present state of things in America implies the past history of America, and the past history of America implies the past history of England. It is needless to go about to prove this, while America keeps the tongue and—speaking roughly—the institutions of England, not as something borrowed from another people, but as the common heritage of the divided branches of the same people. It is needless to go about to prove that the Englishman of America has exactly the same right in all the memories and tra-

ditions and associations of the elder days of England which the Englishman of Britain has. On the other hand, the special history of America, the history of the English folk in America since the separation, though it must ever be an object of deep interest to all in the motherland, is not in the same way part of the history of the elder England, or in the same way needful for understanding the history of the elder England. I hold then that British ignorance of America is more easily to be forgiven than American ignorance of Britain. This last is largely owing to defective teaching, and I believe that the defective teaching is largely owing to a mistaken feeling of national self-assertion. The warning of Washington against meddling in the affairs of Europe was politically most sound; but Washington could hardly have meant it to be understood as forbidding all acquaintance with the past history and present state of Europe. But there certainly is—I should rather say there was—a tendency in some American quarters to think and speak as if nothing could concern the American people, if it were of older date than the battle of Bunker Hill, or, at any rate, than the sailing of the *Mayflower*. It is doubtless a caricature when the American child, when he is asked who was the first man, is made to answer George Washington, and when, on another child suggesting Adam as a correction, the first pleads that he did not know that he was to take count of foreigners.* I am told that it is only lately that English history has been at all generally taught in any but the highest American schools, and I fear that it is still taught as a thing apart, not as an essential part of the history of the American people. American children's books are sure to pay all due honor to the Pilgrim Fathers, and, if so disposed, to Captain John Smith of Virginia; but in the times before Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers they are apt to dwell more than enough on red Indians and mastodons and less than enough on the land and people from which Smith and the Pilgrim Fathers came. But it is harder still when the land from which

* This story seems badly put together. Surely it should have gone on to say that somebody named, not *Adam* but *Adams*, as the second man.

they came is passed by, and the rest of the elder lands acknowledged. A Chicago periodical reported as a fact, but a fact of which the Chicago periodical certainly did not approve, what followed when a school of girls was set to draw a map of Europe. One girl draws her map according to her own notions; another, by way of correction, suggests that the British islands are left out. The school-mistress rebukes the interference of the critic; she had not said that there was any need to put in islands. Then the mortified Britisher might thus at least have the consolation that Sicily, Crete, and Cyprus fared no better than his own island. This story was told in a review of Mr. Green's "Making of England," a book which the Chicago writer hoped might do something to improve this state of things. But, more seriously, I was struck, often in quarters where I should hardly have looked for it, with what seemed to me a strange ignorance of English matters, especially of English geography. I was amazed, for instance, to be asked whether Lincolnshire was on the west side of England or the east, to be asked, and that by a scholar of æcumenical fame, in what part of England Northamptonshire lay; and, cruellest of all, to be asked in very intelligent company whether the county of Somerset was called from the dukes of Somerset. That was indeed an unkind blow to an immemorial Teutonic *gá*, to fancy it called after some Seymour of yesterday, or even after one of the somewhat older Beauforts. I need not say that Madison County, Tompkins County, and the like, was what was in the speaker's mind. Now I shall of course be asked whether an Englishman on the same level would know any more of the geography of America. And I will say beforehand that, if I have been amazed in America at ignorance of the geography of England, I have often been just as much amazed in England at the ignorance of the geography of continental Europe. But as for English knowledge of American geography, it seems to me that a decently educated Englishman ought to know the position of great and renowned states like Virginia and Massachusetts, but that he may be forgiven for knowing very little about Arizona and

Colorado, beyond the fact that they lie a long way west of Virginia and Massachusetts. But then all England, every corner of it, is, not as Arizona and Colorado, but as Virginia and Massachusetts, and something more. For no part of Britain or of Europe looks to Virginia and Massachusetts as a motherland. But every corner of England is, or may prove to be, the parent or the metropolis of this or that corner of America. The Federal capital bears the name of the patron hero, and the patron hero bore the name which his forefathers took from one or other of the obscure Washingtons in England. Such an instance as this is typical. I think we may reasonably expect an American of average thought and average knowledge to know more of English geography and of everything English than we can expect the Britisher on the same level to know of American matters, or than we can expect men of different European nations to know of each others' lands. In none of these cases is the land which a man knows or of which he is ignorant, the direct, obvious, acknowledged cradle of his own people.

I have to put in some modifying adjectives, lest I should be met with an answer out of my own mouth. In England I have ever preached the lesson "*antiquam exquirite matrem*," while in America I have, at the expense of metre, preached it in the shape of "*antiquiorem exquirite matrem*." I am not likely to forget that if the English settlements in America are colonies of the English settlements in Britain, so the English settlements in Britain are themselves colonies of the older English land on the European mainland. In the wider history of the three Englands no fact is of greater moment; it is in fact the kernel, almost the essence, of their whole history. Still the constant acknowledgment and carrying about of that fact is a kind of counsel of perfection which every one cannot be expected to bear in mind. The analogy between the European and the American settlements is real, but it is hidden. The points of unlikeness lie on the surface. The far longer time of separation between the first England and the second, the consequences following on that longer separation, above all the far wider

break in the matter of language and institutions—to say nothing of the wide diversity in date and circumstances between the settlements of the sixth century and the settlements of the seventeenth—all these things join together to make the relations between the first England and the second altogether unlike the relations between the second England and the third. The oldest England on the European continent should never be forgotten by the men of the middle England in the isle of Britain. But it never can be to them all that the middle England in the isle of Britain surely ought to be to the men of the newest England on the mainland of America.

The main ties between the motherland and her great colony are the two main results of community of stock; that is, community of language and community of law. Of language I will speak at another time. I would now, with all the diffidence of one who is not a lawyer, say a word about law. The lawyers in America are an even more important class than they are in England; the proportion of them in the legislative bodies both of the States and of the Union is something amazing. And the main point in which the position of the legal profession in America differs from its position in England, namely, the union of the two characters of barrister and solicitor in the same person, seems to me to cut two ways. On the one hand, I am told that it leads to the admission of many inferior and incompetent members of the profession, of many even who do not understand Latin. But, on the other hand, it helps, together with that localization of justice which is natural under the American system, to secure the presence of some lawyers of the higher class in every town that we come to. In England our barristers are nearly all gathered together in London; here and there in a few of the greatest towns there is a local bar; but the ordinary English town knows no resident form of lawyer higher than the local solicitor. But in America the size of the country and its Federal constitution join to hinder our centralization of the higher justice. In all the large towns there are State courts, and often Federal courts too, which need the con-

stant presence of men who answer, not to the solicitor who appears at petty sessions or in the county court, but to the barrister practising before—a layman may be forgiven for not venturing to meddle with the tribunals bearing new and longer names which have supplanted the venerable and historic courts of a few years back. Thus there is everywhere in every town a kernel of society of a higher kind than the English country-town supplies. Now in the higher class of American lawyers there is a very close tie between America and England. Where the law is simply the law of England with a difference, the old common law with such changes as later legislation may have wrought, there must be in the legal profession a good deal of knowledge of English matters. It is pleasant to see an American law library, with English and American books side by side. It is pleasant to hear an American legal pleading, in which the older English legislation, the older English decisions, are dealt with as no less binding than the legislation and decisions of the local courts and assemblies, and where the English legislation and decisions of later times are held to be, though not formally binding, yet entitled to no small respect. As to outward appearances indeed, most of the American courts have lost the pomp and circumstance with which we are accustomed to clothe the administration of the higher justice at home. It is only in that great tribunal which can sit in judgment on the legislation of a nation, in the Supreme Court of the United States, that any trace is left of the outward majesty of the law as it is understood in England. But look at any American court, in such States at least as I have visited, and we see that the real life of English law and English justice is there. All the essential principles, all the essential forms are there. The very cry of *oyes*, meaningless most likely in the mouth of the crier who utters it, not only tells us that it is the law of England which is administering, but reminds us how largely the older law of England was recast—not more than recast—at the hands of the Norman and the Angevin. We feel that the law which is laid down by the banks of the Hudson or the Potomac is still the law

of King Edward with the amendments of King William. Sometimes indeed, when we find the newer England cleaving to cumbrous tradition which the elder England has cast away, we feel that a few further amendments of later days would not be out of place. The wonderful repetitions and contradictions in the indictment against Guiteau belong to a past stage of our own jurisprudence; yet there is a certain, perhaps unreasonable, satisfaction in finding that the newer home of our people is conservative enough to cleave to some things which the elder home has exchanged for newer devices. New devices indeed we sometimes light upon in the new world. When we look at a Maryland judge who is authorized, under certain circumstances, to send men to the gallows without a jury, we are divided between wonder at the innovation and awe toward a being who can do what no other being that we ever saw before can do. We are struck with a different feeling when we see the mutual reverence which judge and jury show to one another in Massachusetts, where the judge stands up to give his charge to the jury and the jury stand up to listen to his charge. Even varieties of this kind, even what we are inclined to look on as the lack of some useful solemnities, bring more forcibly home to us that the law which is dealt out is, after all, our own law. In this, as in most other American matters, we notice the slightest diversity all the more because the two things are in their main essence so thoroughly the same.

I am not forgetful that the laws of different States are very far from being everywhere the same, and that the legislation of some States has brought in some startling differences from the legislation both of England and of other States. But we may still carry on our eleventh-century formula. The law is not a new law; it is the old law, with certain—perhaps very considerable—amendments. Even if it be held that a new superstructure has been built up, it has been built up upon an old groundwork. Here there is a tie, not only to the mother-country, but to an old side of the mother-country. A real American lawyer must be an English lawyer too. He cannot fail to know something of the history of the land whose laws it becomes

his duty to master; he may know at least as much as the English lawyer himself condescends to know. And I can witness that there are American lawyers who go somewhat further than the ordinary English lawyer thinks it his business to go. If a good many are still floundering in the quagmire of Blackstone, there are some who have made their way to the firm ground of Stubbs and Maine.

The nature of Blackstone suggests a state of mind which I certainly cannot call an American peculiarity, which it may be going too far to call even an American characteristic. For the state of mind of which I speak, though it was brought forcibly to my notice on the other side of Ocean, is only too common in England also, and in many parts beside. I remember years ago acting as Examiner at Oxford with a man who, whatever may have been his attainments as a lawyer, had certainly made a good deal of money at the bar. He made the men who were examined say that the Conqueror introduced the feudal system at the Great Council of Salisbury. I implored him to say nothing of the kind, and explained to him that the legislation of Salisbury was the exact opposite to what he fancied. My colleague refused to hearken; he had to examine in law: Blackstone was the great oracle of the law; Blackstone put the matter as he put it, and he could not go beyond Blackstone. This is an extreme case of a man who cannot get beyond his modern book, and to whom the notion of an original authority is something which never came into his head. I believe there is in all parts of the world a large class of people into whose heads it never does come that history is written from original sources. I have had talks with people, and have received letters from people who clearly thought that I or any other writer of history did it all from some kind of intuition or revelation, who had no idea that we got our knowledge by turning over this book and that. And I have known others who have got beyond this stage, who know that we get our knowledge from earlier writings, but who fancy that these earlier writings are something altogether strange and rare, the exclusive possession of a certain class, and placed alto-

gether out of the reach of any but members of that class. They are amazed if you tell them that for large parts of history, for all those parts with which I am mainly concerned, the sources lie open to every man, and that the only advantage which the professed historian has is the greater skill which long practice may be supposed to have given him in the art of using the sources. Now this state of mind, one which practically does not know that there are any sources, common enough in England, is commoner still in America. There, if we except a small body of scholars of the first rank, original sources seem to be practically unknown. It struck me that, with regard to reading and knowledge—at least in those branches of which I can judge—America stands to England very much as England stands to Germany. I conceive that in Germany the proportion of those who know something is smaller than it is in England, while the proportion of those who know a great deal is certainly larger. Anyhow this distinction is perfectly true between England and America. There is a mysterious being called the "general reader," of whom some editors seem to live in deadly fear. Now I had long suspected that the "general reader" was not so great a fool as the editors seemed to think, and my American experience had confirmed that suspicion. America strikes me as the land of the "general reader;" and, if so, I am not at all disposed to think scorn of the "general reader." It seemed to me that in America the reading class, the class of those who read widely, who read, as far as they go, intelligently, but who do not read deeply—the class of those who, without being professed scholars, read enough and know enough to be quite worth talking to—form a larger proportion of mankind in America than they do in England. On the other hand, the class of those who read really deeply, the class of professed scholars, is certainly much smaller in proportion in America than it is in England. The class exists; it numbers some who have done thoroughly good work, and others from whom thoroughly good work may be looked for; but it sometimes fails to show itself where one might most have expected to find it. Men from whose position one might have

expected something more seem hardly to have grasped the conception of original authorities. One sees college library after college library which does not contain a volume of the *Chronicles* and *Memorials*, where the existence of that great series seems to be unknown. I met men who admired Dr. Stubbs as they ought to do, who had read his *Constitutional History* carefully, but who had never so much as heard of those wonderful prefaces, those living pictures of men and times, on which, even more than on the *Constitutional History*, the fame of the great Professor must rest. How little some men, even in the chair of the teacher, have grasped the nature of the materials for historic study came out in a curious dialogue which I had with an American professor. I think a professor of history. He asked me, "Where do you write your works?" "In my own house, to be sure," I answered, "where else should I?" "O but you can't do them in your own house; you can't have the rare books and the curious manuscripts; you must be always going to the British Museum." He was a good deal amazed when I explained to him that all the important books for my period were printed, that I had them all around me in my own not wonderfully large library, that it was the rarest thing for me in writing my history to need a book that was not in my library, that I had never in my life made use of the British Museum library, and not very often of the Bodleian itself—that, for a few unprinted manuscripts which I knew would be of use to me the British Museum would give me no help, as they did not happen to be there—that, as a mere affair of the pocket, it was cheaper as well as more convenient to buy books for oneself than to take long journeys in order to read other people's books elsewhere. All this seemed altogether a new light to my friend. Of course a student of some other periods could not have made the same answer that I did. There are times for which the library of the British Museum, or any other public library, must be invaluable, but those times are not the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But it is plain that to my professor all centuries were much alike; he knew that there were such things as original

sources, but they seemed to him to be something strange, mysterious, and inaccessible, something of which a private man could not hope to be the owner. That a man could have the *Chronicles* and *Florence* and *Orderic* lying on his table as naturally as he might have *Cæsar* and *Tacitus* had never come into his head. I heard a good deal in America of the difficulty of getting books, which I did not quite understand. It is surely as easy to get a book, whether from London, or from Leipzig, in America as it is in England; the book simply takes somewhat longer to come. But I can understand that American scholars may keenly feel one difficulty which I feel very keenly too. This is the utter hopelessness of keeping up with the ever-growing mass of German books, and yet more with the vaster mass of treatises which are hidden in German periodicals and local transactions. Of all of these every German scholar expects us all to be masters, while to most of us they are practically as inaccessible as if they were shut up in the archives of the Vatican. When a German, and yet more when a Swiss, scholar gets any fresh light, his first impulse is carefully to hide it under a bushel, and then he expects all mankind to enter in and see the darkness.

I think I may fairly say that the state of things of which I speak, not so much mere ignorance of original sources as failure to grasp the existence and the nature of original sources, while sadly rife in England, is yet more rife in America. But I need hardly say that America has men of sound learning in various branches of knowledge of whom no land need be ashamed. At Harvard, at Yale, at Cornell, the most fastidious in the choice of intellectual society may be well satisfied with his companions. And there is a younger school of American scholarship growing up, of which, and of its researches, I cannot help saying a few words more directly. Students of early English history and language have had of late to acknowledge much valuable help in several shapes from the western branch of their people. But the school of which I have to speak is one which, among its other merits, has the special merit of being distinctively American, of being the natural

and wholesome fruit of American soil. Its researches have taken that special direction which one might say that American research was called upon to take before all others. The new school is the natural complement of an elder school which has been useful in its time, but which could at the utmost serve only as the pioneer toward something higher.

Even from the days before independence, the English colonies in America have never lacked local historians. Every State, every district, almost every township, has found its chronicler. And worthily so; for every State, every district, every township, has its history. In New England above all, the history of even the smallest community has some political instruction to give us. The history of New England is a history of exactly the same kind as the history of old Greece or of mediæval Switzerland, the history of a great number of small communities, each full of political life, most of them reproducing ancient forms of Teutonic political life which have died out in the elder England and which live only among the lakes and mountains of the elder Switzerland. The institutions of any community in the Thirteen Colonies, above all of any community in New England, are more than a mere object of local interest and curiosity. They show us the institutions of the elder England, neither slavishly carried on nor scornfully cast aside, but reproduced with such changes as changed circumstances called for, and those for the most part changes in the direction of earlier times. As many of the best reforms in our own land have been—often unwittingly, and when unwittingly all the better—simply fallings back on the laws and customs of earlier times, so it has specially been with the reforms which were needed when the New England arose on the western shore of Ocean. The old Teutonic assembly, rather the old Aryan assembly, which had not long died out in the Frisian sealand, which still lived on in the Swabian mountain-lands, rose again to full life in the New England town-meeting. Here we have, supplied by the New England States, a direct contribution, and one of the most valuable of contributions, to the general history of Teutonic political life, and thereby to the general history

of common Aryan political life. And other parts of the Union also, though their contributions are on the whole of less interest than those of New England, have something to add to the common stock. Each of the colonies reproduced some features of English life; but different colonies reproduced different sides, and, so to speak, different dates of English life. All these points in the local history of the colonies need to be put in their right relation to one another and to other English, other Teutonic, other Aryan institutions. This would seem to be a study to which the scholars of the United States are specially called. The study of institutions, the scientific exposition of what America has to teach us on that head, has been taken up by those who have come in the wake of the older school of American inquirers. On the more homely researches of the local chronicler there naturally follows a newer and more advanced class of inquirers, men who not only collect facts, but who know how to put the facts which they collect into their proper place in the general history of mankind. I have hitherto abstained from mentioning names; it is often invidious to pick and choose, and some of those whom I have had in my eye may claim the benefit of the proverb that good wine needs no bush. But a young and growing school, which still has difficulties to struggle against, may be glad of a good word on either side of Ocean. I cannot help mentioning the school which is now devoting itself to the special study of local institutions, a school which is spread over various parts of the Union, but which seems to have its special home in the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, as one

from which great things may be looked for. And I cannot help adding the name of my friend Mr. Herbert B. Adams as that of one who has done much for the work, and who, to me at least, specially represents it. To trace out the local institutions, and generally the local history of their own land, to compare them with the history and institutions of elder lands, to show that it is only on the surface that their own land lacks the charm of antiquity, is the work which seems chalked out for the inquirers of this school, and a noble and patriotic work it is. An eye accustomed to trace the likenesses and unlikenesses of history will rejoice to see the Germans of Tacitus live once more in the popular gatherings of New England—to see in the strong life of Rhode Island a new Appenzell beyond the Ocean—to see the Great City of Arcadia rise again in the federal capital by the Potomac. North and South, and the older West also, has each its help to give, its materials to furnish. Viewed rightly, with the eye of general history, it is no mean place in the annals of the world that falls to the lot of the two great commonwealths between which the earliest, and till our own days the greatest, presidencies of the American Union were so unequally divided.

In this present article I have kept chiefly to general matters. In another I trust to say something more of my American impressions in matters of smaller detail. This will be in some sort a harder task, but I trust that I may go through that also without finding the dictates of truth and the memory of much kindness and many happy days clash with one another. — *Fortnightly Review*.

REMINISCENCE OF A MARCH.

SEVERAL years ago it fell to my lot to be on the march with a subaltern of my regiment in Ireland. I was taking a detachment into a remote part of the country, where I believe some disturbances were apprehended, and we had been started off at pretty short notice. I have even now a lively recollection of a long railway journey, the dingy stations we passed, the tedious stoppages,

occasional splashes of rain against the windows, and our final exit from the train in a dark draughty shed with a sloppy platform. From here we had a good long march to our halting-place, through a sad colored waste, past hill-sides of black bog, hardly a fence worth calling one to be seen, now and then a tumble-down hovel by the roadside, and off and on the rain pelting down in the

sort of searching cold showers one gets in bleak parts of Ireland in the autumn-time. The town where we were to stay the night was no exception to the general dinginess. After setting the men down into their billets, we "prospected" the principal inn in the place, got a couple of very middling bedrooms, and made up our minds to make the best of the situation. We had divested ourselves of our wet uniform, entered our little sitting-room with its welcome peat-piled fire, examined some hideous sacred prints hung round the walls—among them I remember one of St. Veronica displaying a large handkerchief with the Saviour's face upon it—and were busy planning what to associate with whiskey and the jacketed potato, when a note was brought in and handed to me, with a message that someone was waiting for an answer. It was addressed to "The officer commanding detachment, — Regiment;" but one saw at a glance it was not an official communication, the envelope being a dainty white one, and the handwriting almost unmistakably that of a lady. It turned out to be a very courteous invitation from a Mr. and Mrs. M— of Innishderry Hall (we will call it), who, having heard that some troops were passing through Moynewtown to-day, hoped for the pleasure of the officers' company at dinner that evening. This was really a timely as well as a hospitable offer, so A—, my subaltern, and I, at once agreed to accept it.

Fortunately, when evening came round, and the rickety-looking car that was to jolt us to our entertainers clattered up to the inn-door, the weather had cleared a little. Well do I remember the drive; the cold keen air; a pale half-moon lighting up the sombre landscape; dark islands of bog alternating with pools of shimmering water; hill-slopes near but mysterious. As far as I can remember, we entered the grounds of Innishderry Hall about a mile and a half from the town. Already the country had begun to wear a prettier aspect; patches of wood appeared; and after passing the lodge-gate, we began to descend a valley—broken, rocky ground, with clumps of spruce and larch on either side—till, suddenly emerging from this, the drive swept round a corner,

and we were in view of the sea. A few minutes more, and we were looking down over a charming little bay shut in by cliffs, with a boat high and dry up the beach; and from this point till we sighted the lights of the house, copse, park, and heather intermingled one with the other to our left, while on the right great white lines of surf quivered and broke in the moonlight.

It was a beautiful scene as it presented itself to us in the obscurity of the night-time. Possibly by day some of its enchantment might have been missing, but we did not see it in daylight. Such as it was, it probably impressed me and stamped itself in my memory, more on account of the subsequent incidents which ensued than anything else.

The house, as we drew up to it, seemed a large and handsome one. It had a great many windows, a steep-pitched roof, and was partly ivy-clad. Two long ranges of outbuildings were attached to it, one at either end, and from that nearest us as we approached, ran out an old wall matted with ivy-stems, and forming an enclosure screened by a row of thorn-trees, behind which one could just make out the ruined gable-end of a small building. Our driver, who had been most uncommunicative all the way out as to our host and hostess, condescended to tell us this was a very ancient chapel, which some ancestor of the family had pulled down and dismantled, "bad luck to him!"

The fine entrance hall—I can recall it now—warmed by an ample stove and well lighted up, with a few dressed skins lying about, and a huge ebon cabinet over against the door, made a cheery contrast to the outside car and surroundings we had just left. Round the walls were grouped a splendid pair of stag's horns, a fox's head and brush, a stuffed seal, and other trophies of a sporting life; and a black buffalo's massive frontlet, surmounting a sheaf of assegais, suggested at once what we afterward learned to be the case, that our host had been in South Africa. "I wonder what sort of people they are, major?" were A—'s words to me, *sotto voce*, as he gave his sleeves a final jerk and glanced down critically at his boots, while we followed the butler to the drawing-room. A moment more, and we

were face to face with our new acquaintances.

I do not recollect anything very noteworthy about our host. He was a tall and rather handsome man, but of somewhat faded aspect—quiet and genial in his manner. "I am an old soldier myself," was his greeting to us, "and I never like any one in the service to pass our place on duty without our finding him out." But our hostess! As I shook hands with her, she at once engrossed my attention. I am at a loss now, as I was then, to define the nature or cause of the peculiar interest she seemed at once to excite in me. Certainly she was a remarkably handsome woman, but my observation of her at the moment of introduction was quickly diverted by the strange demeanor of A—. I had turned round, and was in the act of presenting him, when he suddenly started, stopped, and, without attempting a salutation or advance of any kind, stared at her. For the instant, the situation was embarrassing. Was the man going to faint, or was he off his head, or what? There he stood, stock still, facing Mrs. M—, till in a severe tone I said, "A—, this is our hostess." "Mrs. M—, allow me to introduce Mr. A—." This appeared to rouse him a little, for he made a sort of backward movement which might do duty for a bow, though a very poor apology for it, and said, "I—I—I beg your pardon," retiring immediately into the background. If this was bashfulness, it was a curious form of it, I thought, and certainly new in my knowledge of A—. This little incident over, I had leisure to look round the room. There appeared to be about a dozen people in all. Mr. M— introduced me to a relation of his, a baronet whose name I forget; to a parson, who assured me in Hibernian accents that troops had been down there "repeatedly;" and to a niece, whom I was to take in to dinner. I caught a momentary glimpse of A—, and saw to my surprise that he was furtively but intently watching the lady of the house from an obscure corner. I was quietly slipping up to him to ask what it all meant, when dinner was announced.

At the dinner-table I found myself on the left of our hostess, the baronet op-

posite me. A— was placed some distance down on the other side, so that I could keep an eye on him, which I soon began to think I must do. I had now an opportunity of noting more particularly Mrs. M—'s personal appearance. Her age I should judge to have been somewhere about eight-and-twenty or thirty, considerably under her husband's. Her figure was faultless; neck and arms of that nameless tint one has so often seen imperfectly described in novels as "creamy-white;" a corona of hair of that deep auburn-red which so sets off a fair woman; and a face of singular beauty, of which you forgot everything but the eyes the moment you looked into them. Such eyes they were! Their particular size, shape, this or that color, would never occur to one; it was their strange, almost weird, effect when turned on you, that one felt. It was as though they divined what you were thinking of, and could answer your thoughts. Yet it was not a satisfactory or a restful face. I can recall certain half-disagreeable sensations I experienced as her eyes occasionally rested on mine while we talked, and once or twice a flash as of something almost malevolent seemed to pass out of them.

One incident I recollect. We were discussing pictures, and Mrs. M—, pointing to some fine family portraits hung round the dining-room, said, "My husband and I are distant cousins, Major P—, so that you see we are mutually represented here; and yonder is a lady of bygone days, supposed to have been very wicked, and to be like me." I looked up, and sure enough there gazed down on me from the canvas a woman's face strikingly like the speaker's—so like, that except for the quaint costume, the portrait might have been taken for her own. It was a finer specimen than usual of the formal yet fascinating style in which our great-grandmothers have been depicted for us—a stately attitude, regular but immobile features, and exuberant charms sumptuously if somewhat scantily draped. The lady's figure, as it chanced, was turned toward our end of the table; she held a fan in her hand; the lips had a disdainful, almost derisive, smile; and the eyes, which in such pictures usually appear to be contem-

plating the spectator, and to follow him about, seemed directed full on our hostess. "There is certainly a likeness," I said, "but the lady on the wall is entitled, I feel sure, to an entire monopoly of the wickedness." Mrs. M— laughed, and winged a glance at me, and the smile and the eyes were those of the portrait.

Another circumstance I remember discovering in looking round the table, which, had I been superstitious, might not have added to my comfort. We were sitting thirteen. Mrs. M—, I rather think, must have noticed me counting the numbers, for she made some remark, as if in reply to my thought—"So sorry we were disappointed of one of our party at the last moment."

Meanwhile A— was again attracting my attention by his extraordinary behavior. His partner, a pretty-looking lively girl, was evidently doing her best to make herself agreeable, and he was answering her in an intermittent fashion; but I could see he was eating very little, and crumbling his bread in a nervous, preoccupied manner, while every now and then his eyes wandered to Mrs. M—, with a curious fixed stare that was positively ill-mannered and altogether unaccountable. Instinctively I turned to the same quarter to see what could be the object of this persistent scrutiny, but in vain. There, indeed, was a beautiful woman, dressed to perfection, and with those wonderful eyes; but what right had he to gaze at her like that? I began to wonder if she or any other of the guests would observe A—'s rudeness. I tried to catch his eye, but without success. In a little while I lapsed into comparative silence, and set myself to watch A—'s movements more narrowly, as well as I could, across the table. After a time it seemed to me that the direction of A—'s gaze must be at Mrs. M—'s head, or a little above it; but there was nothing I could see to account for this. To be sure, she wore, fastened into the thick top coil of her hair, a jewelled ornament of some kind that seemed to sparkle at times with intense brilliancy; but still, why this repeated and offensive contemplation at her own table of a married woman, on whom, so far as I knew, neither A— nor I had

ever set eyes before? Could these two have been known to each other in some bygone love-affair, or was the man gone out of his wits, or had he taken too much drink?

How this memorable dinner struggled on to a conclusion, I hardly remember. The more fidgety I got, the more irresistibly was I drawn to watch A—. His face wore a pale scared aspect quite foreign to him, for he was ordinarily a cheery, common-sense fellow, not easily disturbed. At length it seemed that our hostess became aware of the intent observation she was being subjected to; and before the ladies rose from the dinner-table, her handsome features had grown very white, there was a visible trembling movement in her hands, and her eyes took an uneasy expression not previously there.

As soon as we men were left alone, and almost before we could reseal ourselves, A— turned to our host, and in an odd muffled voice announced that he felt unwell, and begged permission to take his departure. Mr. M— glanced at me with a puzzled air—"He was so very sorry. Could he do anything? And, of course, the carriage was entirely at Mr. A—'s service." By this time it was evident something was really amiss with A—; so I made some sort of excuse that I feared he had had a hard day's march and got soaked, sent our sincere apologies to Mrs. M—, and rejecting the kind offer of the carriage, we found ourselves out again in the moonlight. The moon was well up; and as we passed the old ruinous chapel, you could see, through a little pointed window in the gable, the wall beyond half lit up, and dappled over with long shadows from the thorn-trees alongside. We walked for a little while in silence, I deliberating what to say, whether to be stern or sympathetic, but decidedly inclining to the former. Indeed, whether he were well or ill, the extraordinary gestures and demeanor of A— that evening were unbecoming in the extreme, and taking place as they did in the presence of his senior officer, could not be passed over.

"Mr. A—," at length I began, in an official tone, "I must ask what is the meaning—" He had been hurrying on with his face averted from me; but now, as I spoke, he suddenly stopped

turned round, and grasping my arm, broke in with—"So help me God, major, the devil stood behind her!" "The devil stood behind her!" I said, in utter amazement; "what on earth do you mean?" "I mean what I say; the devil was standing behind her all the time." His voice fell almost to a whisper, and he looked back toward the house, which was still in sight. I could have no doubt who he meant by *her*; but I was so taken aback, that what to go on saying to the man, I knew not. It was obvious he was under some strange mental delusion. We walked on. Presently he spoke again, as if to himself, "Behind her by the mantelpiece,"—"behind her chair,"—"that fearful thing's face,"—"those fiendish eyes, my God!"

As I said before, I am not superstitious, but it was neither quite comfortable nor canny hearing these queer exclamations under the peculiar circumstances; in a moonlight walk; dark, umbrageous thickets on one side of us; on the other, black, cavernous cliffs, and the melancholy murmuring sea.

As far as my memory serves, we were still a little way from the lodge-gate, when A— stopped again an instant, and said, "Listen! What's that?" I could hear nothing; but in a few seconds came the distant clatter of a galloping horse along the drive. "Something has happened to her," whispered A—, laying a chill hand on mine. "Anything the matter?" I shouted to the groom who passed us on the horse. The man called out something which we were unable to catch, and galloped on. We could see him pull up at the gate, and a woman come out to open it; but by the time we reached her, horse and rider were out of sight. She was standing staring down the road after them, and I asked her if anything was wrong. "Jesu save us, sur!" she exclaimed, crossing herself, "the man says meelady is dead—she has taken her life!" "Dead! taken her life!" was my ejaculation. "Why, we've only just left the house." Here was indeed a climax to my bewilderment! But what an announcement! I was utterly unable to realize it—it seemed too monstrous. My first impulse was to run back at once to the Hall and see if we could be of any

use; but on second thoughts, it seemed better not. Then, as we hurried out of the park through the tall massive gateway, I heard my companion mutter, evidently still possessed with his hallucination, "Did she see It too!"

About half-way to Moynetown we met our car coming out to fetch us, and mounted it. "I seen M—'s man ridin' by jist now like smoke," was the remark of our whilom taciturn jarvie; "there's somethin' up, I belave. They tells quare tales of that house, an' the ould chapel, an' the lights seen about it o' nights, an' the strange noises people hears thereabout. Och, thin, shure an' there's bad luck in that house, sur!" I was too stupefied to stop the fellow's gabble till his words were out, and they have often recurred to my mind since. When we got back to our inn, the ill news was already in the air. I sent for the landlord, inquired for the principal medical man in the town, and despatched an urgent message to him intimating what we had heard, and begging him to go out to the Hall immediately. Word was brought back that the doctor had already been sent for, and gone. This done, I felt I hardly dared ask further questions of any one just then. Yet the whole thing seemed like a horrid dream, hardly credible. We two sat up late into the night in the little inn parlor, I absorbed in the occurrence of this eventful evening, and in painful anticipation of hearing more; A— speaking not a word, but glowering into the fire.

Next morning we were to make an early start. Before the fall-in bugle sounded, the little bustling landlady had communicated to us all sorts of rumors concerning the terrible event that had taken place the night before. Clearly the tragic story was all over the town by this time; but the only coherent upshot of the matter we could extract was, that the poor lady down at the Hall had gone up to her bedroom immediately after dinner, and then and there taken poison—that they found her stretched on the floor quite dead, the face turned to one side, as if averted from something, and with an awfully fearsome look upon it.

It may be imagined I was anything but sorry when I and my men mounted the steep hill overlooking Moynetown, on the road to our next billets, with our

backs turned upon the scene of this ghastly and mysterious business.

I never heard of the M— family again, nor did I ever revisit Moynetown. I believe there was an inquest, and a verdict of temporary insanity. A few months afterward I chanced to see something in a local newspaper about Innishderry Hall being to let; and "that dreadful affair down in County —" was talked of for a while in Dublin in a certain circle of society. As for A—, he too passed out of my observation very

soon after, as he applied for leave, and got an exchange. He never told me more than what I have told the reader, and never again spoke to me on the subject. I suppose some would maintain that A— was gifted with what in Scotland is called "second sight." Be that as it may, the mystery of how or why "the devil stood behind" that singularly beautiful and fascinating woman—an acquaintance of an evening only—will, I suspect, never be cleared up.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

LADIES IN ICELAND.*

NOTHING shows more forcibly the power of associations than the attraction of Iceland for romantic travellers. The very name is suggestive of inhospitable landscapes; of long winters and short fitful summers; of sterility that is seldom relieved save by the sublimity of savage desolation. It may be dear to the geologist and the student of physical science as the land of frost and fire, where the forces of nature that were embodied in the myths of the Scandinavian mythology have played their wildest freaks and assumed the most fantastic forms. But with the ordinary tourist in quest of amusement and the picturesque, a little lava-bed or boiling-spring goes a long way. The more so when habitations lie widely apart, in monotonous wastes that may be sampled in an hour or two, and when interminable distances must be crossed in the saddle on half-broken ponies and hard commons. Nor are the steamers which establish summer communications with Denmark or Scotland inviting to the sybarite, though they may be more commodious than the half-decked galleys of the Vikings, who often carried their ladies with them on their cruises. But Iceland is the land of legends and traditions, which oftentimes take the shape of authentic history. The pictures of the life of eight hundred years ago stand out with matchless vividness and realism in the pages of the chronicles and the songs of the Scalds; and we find domestic details reproduced

as minutely as in any diary of the farming operations of to-day. The very landmarks of the evidently truthful sagas, in spite of volcanic convulsions, still remain; the lines of the barren scenery are silent witnesses to the wild tales of fire-raising and slaughter—of rapes and elopements, and hot pursuits. There are no flourishing plantations to change the contours; cultivation has scarcely extended its area beyond the natural meadows by the streams and the arable "infield;" only the Runes are gone that may once have been engraved on the friable lava and crumbling basalt. And so on lovers of the saga, like the lady who writes "By Fell and Fjord," Iceland, notwithstanding its slight and sparse civilization, will exercise still an irresistible fascination, offering, even on a first acquaintance, not a few of the familiar features of a friend.

Miss Oswald is an enthusiast; and, as we need hardly say, her delightful book is all the better for that. Enthusiasm harmonizes necessarily with romance, and it was romance that sent her on her first Northern pilgrimage, and induced her on two subsequent occasions to repeat the visit. She had been at considerable pains to study the language, that she might read the Icelandic lore in the original; and her linguistic attainments served her more practically in her easy intercourse with the friendly natives. She is an enthusiast; and when the Leith steamer, after a stormy voyage, sighted Iceland far to the eastward of its destined haven, the delay was by no means a disappointment. For the promontory that frowned in

* By Fell and Fjord; or, Scenes and Studies in Iceland. By E. J. Oswald. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1882.

front of them was classic ground—no other than Ingolfshöfði, or Ingolf's Head, the first headland sighted by the earliest Norwegian settler, who, having been similarly tossed by waves and tempest, seems to have been driven on a precisely identical course. And as they coasted the rugged shore toward Reykjavik in clearing weather, toward evening they looked up in brilliant sunshine to the almost untrodden wastes of the Vatna Jökull; while beneath, on the low lands at the mouth of the Markarfljót River, were the scenes of the famous Saga of Burnt Njal, made familiar to English folk by Sir George Dasent. But if Miss Oswald had been merely of a studious turn of mind, only caring for poetry and the literature of the sagas, she might most likely have slackened in her adventurous quests. Exposure to drenching rain in a low-lying cloud-land, fording rivers that rise and fall with the rains, and, flowing from the snow-fields and glaciers in the mountains, break over the saddle-bows of the undersized ponies, would have come like a chilling *douche* on a sentimentalist's raptures. But she keeps her sentimentalism for the sunshine, or for the evening, when, in some snug farm-house or in the shelter of a church, she has "shifted," and made herself tolerably comfortable. When hard work had to be faced, she gave herself over to the business of the moment. She followed wherever the guides would lead, or could pioneer, if needful, a way for herself. Nay, on one occasion, when, thrown upon her own resources, she even undertook the charge of the drove of spare ponies, herding the stragglers through the thickening darkness to their headquarters. In fact, she appears to have a most happily balanced nature; and, to use a familiar expression, we may say that she is good all round. It was well for her that she has a strong constitution, for sometimes she rode for a dozen of hours or more on a stretch and an early cup of coffee, without otherwise breaking her fast, except perhaps by nibbling a biscuit; though she assures us that the pure air is so invigorating, that exposure to all weathers and the protracted exercise may be beneficial to even a debilitated frame. And it was well for her, too, that she was a skilful

fly-fisher, since she often had to rely on the produce of the sport for the staple of a satisfactory supper or breakfast. But the result of her sundry qualifications is an exceedingly delightful book, as fresh in its style as it is varied in its matter. Everything is made so exceedingly real to us—and that is the secret of a fascinating narrative of travel—that we feel as if we had formed one of the party, and were merely refreshing our pleasant recollections. The descriptions are as simple and easy as they are natural, and do the clever author infinite credit, considering the tame sterility of great part of the country. We seem to know the people, their manners, and habitations, as if, like her, we had spent successive summers among them; for Miss Oswald never goes into extremes, and neither blinks their failings nor idealizes their virtues. We are taken in due course to the show-places; and there is always something original in her manner of regarding them, if she cannot say much that is absolutely new. While even if we should be stumbling over boulders or floundering through bogs, with the middle distance shrouded in mists and the back-ground blotted out in darkness, we are generally kept moving in that halo of romance which has been cast over the breadth of the land by its sagas.

Yet she keeps romance in its proper place; and at least as interesting in its way is her account of the present condition of the country and the vicissitudes of its much-enduring inhabitants. They had known freedom and the most popular forms of self-government when the middle classes and lower orders all over Europe were groaning under the tyranny of the feudal system. The snug homesteads on their barren shores, except for occasional neighborly feuds, were safe from rapine, when their longships swelled the fleets of the Vikings who were ravaging the European coasts. But they were doomed to have their turn of retributive suffering in modern times, when the Danes had become their masters. The Danes found a thriving agricultural population, with a flourishing foreign trade; and they seem to have done their best to destroy commerce and agriculture by a most oppressive system of monopolies and taxation. They sold

concessions of the Icelandic trade to certain middlemen, forbidding under heavy penalties bargains even among neighbors. We are told that fish which might have fetched forty dollars in open market, had to be handed over to the foreign concessionaries at less than a fifth of the money. No wonder that the fishings were neglected, that farms were deserted, and that the population declined. But when things had become almost intolerable they began to mend; and the widespread devastation caused by volcanic convulsions compelled the Danes to relax their grinding laws. Latterly restrictions have been gradually removed; and the popularity of the present king is a proof that his Icelandic subjects are prospering and contented. At the same time, apart from the difficulty of shaking off the evil habits generated by centuries of dependence and hopeless discouragement, they will always have to contend with the inclemency of their climate. Communications with the outer world are cut off through the weary months of the winter. The working hours in winter are short, which is, however, of the less consequence, that there is nothing to be done out of doors. Above all, it is difficult to provide sufficient winter food for the sheep and ponies, which are the wealth of the farmers. There is grazing enough in the meadows and on the wastes through the summer; but formerly numbers of the ponies were slaughtered in the autumn, when nothing was saved but the hides. Now happily, thanks to the enterprise of some spirited Scotch and Danish dealers, the surplus stock is exported in the fine season, and fetch remunerative prices at Leith and Copenhagen.

But if the winters, with their long nights, have material disadvantages, they have not been altogether without their compensations. It is to those long hours that would otherwise have hung so heavily, that Miss Oswald, no doubt, rightly ascribes the excellence of the early Icelandic literature. Iceland was settled by the well-to-do Northern warriors who came from a land of song and legend. The Norse settler was a solitary man, or at least he lived in his lonely homestead, with no society but that of his household and dependants.

"He had time to meditate on the deeds of the national heroes and of his own ancestors—time to turn some of his intense energy into the form of poems and histories, and to repeat them to others, who learned them by heart from his lips. His son, very likely, went to Norway; half a warrior, half a poet, he lived awhile in the king's Court, had his strong imagination yet further excited by change and wanderings, and returned to Iceland—which then, as now, had for her sons an irresistible attraction—able to tell a better story and chant a finer poem than before. And so the light was kindled, and spread from homestead to homestead, and a class of men rose up, the poets or skalds, who could repeat the sagas, word for word, for hours together." Nor had these poetic warriors to draw solely on their reminiscences or on the old Scandinavian sources for inspiration. On the contrary, as we have said, the most spirited of the sagas, which have been immortalized by the intensity of their dramatic realism, were the reproduction of personal experiences or the events of family history. The acts of the drama, with their bloody scenes, might have passed within arrow-flight of the author's windows; while the flames of the farm he had since rebuilt had thrown their ruddy glare on the waters of his own fjord. There was little difficulty in reviving impressions which left their indelible mark on the memory. And we may remember that the warlike Icelandic settler had a double character. At home he was a peaceful cattle-owner and cultivator of the soil, fairly observant of the national laws, and a kindly neighbor, except under provocation. Abroad he was one of those remorseless sea-rovers who were bracketed with famines and fire in the litanies of the suffering coast-Christians. Professional robber as he was, many a wild deed might haunt him in the seclusion of his family circle and the gloom of the Northern winter. He was still probably half a heathen at heart, though he had been held over the baptismal font and had vowed devotion to the White Christ. And superstition, which is the child of crime and gloom, was nursed in those long black Northern winters, when the winds, as they howled dismally without, mingled with the sad

moaning of the surf. So fancy peopled the shadows with spectres, who mixed themselves up disagreeably in mortal affairs, and often, like the vampires, kept their human shapes. And so some of the best of the Icelandic sagas have a pretty touch of the horrible, which has never been rivalled by modern literary artists, simply because to these is lacking the magic of belief. The terrible story of the vampire Glam, vanquished in one of the most memorable exploits of Grettir the Strong—though the hero paid the penalty of victory in being ever after afraid in the dark—ought to be too well known to be worth quoting. But there is an episode in the *Holmverja*, or *Iceland Defence Saga*, condensed with much spirit by Miss Oswald, which is so dramatically characteristic, that we must notice it briefly. Those Northern heroes, as is well known, had an embarrassing habit of vowing difficult and desperate vows when warmed in the banquetting-hall with ale and wassail. And so a certain Hord rose from his seat as he was carousing at the Yule feast, and setting his foot by the sacred pillar of the high seat, swore that before the following Yule he should have "broken up the burial-mound of Soti the Viking." Heated as the guests were, a chill of awe seems to have fallen on them; and the earl who was Hord's entertainer remarked, "A mighty vow, and not easy to keep; for Soti was a great troll while living, and is one-half more so since his death." But Hord's followers stood manfully by their leader, and they made their way at last to the mound, though the difficulties of finding it appear to have been aggravated by enchantment. They dig for five days, when at length they arrive at the sepulchral chamber and force its massive doors. And Hord, uniting discretion to foolhardy courage, bids his people stand back till the evil odors had dispersed, though two of them who are reckless enough to disobey are asphyxiated. Then he is lowered with lights by ropes into the darkness, to meet an earthquake which extinguishes the lights. Nothing daunted, he calls for more candles, when he sees Soti sitting in his war-ship, among his treasures, and "fearful to behold." Hord begins gathering the gold, when the vampire-viking grapples

him. Again Hord shouts for light; and whenever the gleam of the light fell upon the being of darkness, he loses power and slides downward. And Hord emerges a conqueror with the gold and splendid arms, to find that some of his band, unsustained by the excitement of the struggle, but hearing the sounds of it from above, had gone mad with horror. And indeed there is a palpable and physical horror about those half-embodied spectres of heroes, that even now makes the reader shudder delightfully. Naturally, as many of the conditions of existence that may have begot such fancies are just as they used to be, superstitions still linger. Ghosts are common: so lately as the end of the last century we have an exceedingly well-authenticated vampire-story; and whether people rest peacefully after death or no, depends very much on the manner of their end, and consequently on circumstances beyond their control. In certain churches on certain festivals, a midnight mass is celebrated among the corpses in the churchyards, when they have to listen to a discourse by a defunct clergyman. The trolls and elves would seem to have disappeared; but corpse-lights, portending a violent death, still flicker over the scene of the coming calamity.

Sagas and superstitions—which, however, after all, as we have said, give its chief charm to the book—have led us far astray over the fells; and we must return to Reykjavik, where Miss Oswald is preparing for her start, that we may learn something of the manner of travel. As yet there have been hardly enough of tourists in Iceland to create a demand for professional guides. The best guides seem to be found among young probationers for the ministry, who are glad to turn an honest penny. They have the advantage of being well educated, intelligent, and companionable; they ought to know English enough to act as interpreters; they have probably personal friends along the routes by which the tourists are to travel; nor are they above turning their hands to anything in the way of driving the ponies and loading them. Sometimes when they accompany travellers so adventurous as Miss Oswald and her friends, they may be as ignorant as their charges

of the country they are traversing, which may be specially awkward when rivers are to be crossed. But in Iceland, in the absence of roads and bridges, men and beasts have developed their natural instincts; the most treacherous bogs are generally passed in safety; and, unless with half-drunken men in flooded streams, accidents would appear to be rare. But even before the guides in importance are the ponies, without which all locomotion would be impossible. They are to be seen all over the country where a subsistence is to be picked up; they even run loose in unkempt groups in the very streets of the capital. One of Miss Oswald's first expeditions from Reykjavik was to inspect a herd of them gathered for exportation by the steamer which had landed her:

"A splendid sunset lighted the Faxafjord and surrounding hills, and the brown stony waste over which we cantered, chasing and driving the ponies, who, with their tumbling hog-manes and wild heads, neighing, kicking, and scouring here and there, were wonderfully picturesque. Then by our watches rather than the sky, we realized for the first time in the north that it was past midnight, broad 'daylight,' but hushed and still; the little islets in the neighboring sea were covered with ducks, asleep on their nests; nothing stirred though all was bright. The red clouds of the sunset still lingered in the north-west, and close by was the clear pale-yellow light of dawn, marking the place where the sun would soon rise again over the mountains. And when he rose, although there had been no intervening darkness, in some subtle way the freshness of a new day succeeded to the weariness of the night."

These ponies, though "rum uns to look at, are good uns to go," and wonderful weight-carriers. Their best pace is a swift, gliding amble; but even those that trot "are generally smoother than ours, and keep their easy speed up over wonderfully rough ground." Of course you give them their heads and leave them to pick out their own footing, so that anything like what we call "riding" may be dispensed with. As a rule, the Iceland pony has to shift for his living, and is kept in winter on very short commons indeed. But these are exceptional animals, carefully tended by their owners, which show their admirable points, combining substance with blood, and which command such high prices as from £18 to £25. They appear sometimes to attain a wonderful age;

and Miss Oswald enjoyed a ride on the favorite of a wealthy farmer, which had seen five-and-twenty summers, though the rider would never have suspected that. It says much for their hardihood and sagacity that they last at all, considering their exposure and the numerous risks they run. Take, for example, the account of one of the rivers that must be forded—the famous Markarfljot, which runs a short and turbulent course down to the Fjord of the Burnt Njal Saga:

"Volcanoes and glacier-floods have caused it to make a track about three miles across, down which it runs in many changing channels. It is very capricious; sometimes it may be waded, and sometimes it is a serious and even impassable barrier between the south and the east country. . . . Beside the ordinary causes of *spates*, these glacier-rivers have another peculiar to themselves called the *Jökull klaup*, or glacier-leap. . . . When it accumulates beyond a certain point it overflows, or, it may be, rushes through a glacier-arch deep in the bed of the river, causing a furious short inundation. In a short broad glacier-stream of two to six miles long, the traveller may be surprised by this glacier-leap in mid-stream, converting in a moment a fordable river into a furious cataract, hurling down ice-fragments and boulders."

And when Miss Oswald had to pass the Markarfljot, though the neighboring farmer pronounced it safe, "it seemed as if we had miles to ride before reaching the other side of that network of white, wavy currents." And the passage of the seven branches occupied three-quarters of an hour; while the farmer told stories and quoted poetry in mid-stream, and Miss Oswald "glanced anxiously at the men shouting to the swimming, struggling herd of ponies in front, and the whirling white water that eddied round the neck of my little steed." As for the appearance of a party of mounted tourists with their cavalcade, we may extract a passage which says something at the same time of the characteristics of Icelandic scenery:

"The glory of Iceland is its coloring. With considerable experience of the finest scenery in Europe, I could not but feel that even Switzerland, unless perhaps above the constant snow-line, is not so clear and glittering; Italy, with a stronger light, has not its peculiar purity; and Scotland, after it, seems toned down with a damp sponge. The forms of Icelandic scenery are, however, more curious than beautiful, though they had for me a weird

fascination. There is often great width of contour; the hills are in long hummocked masses, with perhaps a volcanic cone suddenly breaking the outline; there is a sort of disconnected uncombined effect about the landscape, easy to perceive but difficult to describe. Trees would not suit it; and its wistful melancholy grandeur is partly, no doubt, owing to the absence everywhere of inclosures, square fields, roads—all lines, indeed, save those curves which nature never draws amiss. The road, when there is one, is generally a mere product of the hoofs of a hundred generations of ponies, sometimes worn into a deep ditch or hollow way, sometimes branching into a dozen little tracks, just large enough for their small feet; and it needs some practice to choose the best line. It is merry riding in the pure light air: the loose ponies rattle on before; constantly one or another strays off after some fancy of its own, and has to be chased back by the drivers, who, dashing up and down, cracking their whips and shouting, adjuring the ponies by name to keep the path or beware of the dogs, make the cavalcade lively; and the way must be bad indeed to reduce it to a walking pace, which always causes the loose ponies to stray more. We usually rode at a steady trot, but with many little halts, now to adjust a box, now to mend a rope, or perhaps to bait our little steeds on some choice bit of grass."

As for night-quarters, in order to be independent, a tent is indispensable as part of the travelling equipments; and the necessity of carrying it, with the night wrappings and cooking utensils—to say nothing of certain *munitions de bouche*, in the matter of which Miss Oswald was meritoriously frugal—explains the necessity for reserves of baggage-ponies. The tent is indispensable, because it must often be impossible to time the halt so as to pass the night under a roof of any kind. But when it rained and blew, no unfrequent occurrence, "biggit walls" were decidedly preferable to the flimsy folds of the waterproof canvas. The Icelanders are essentially hospitable, though indeed, in former days, they were seldom troubled by strangers. And it was often embarrassing to escape their well-meant attentions when the stuffy chamber that was prepared for the guests, with its hermetically sealed windows and overpowering odors, appeared singularly uninviting. Here was what Miss Oswald reluctantly turned away from, in a homestead that was otherwise excessively comfortable, when the people were specially friendly and the supper unusually varied:

"It was dusk when we insisted on seeing

our room, now ready, and stumbled along the dark passage into a dismal den with a tiny shut window. Two troughs, black with a grimy old age, contained white *duvets* brimming over their dusky edges. If the eyes were amazed, the nose was horrified; and the prospect of a large small population being left behind, although many of the nine children had been just turned out, was certain. Meanwhile, in trotted, with an air of being in his own room, a large sheep."

There was nothing for it but to remount after supper and ride onward in the starlight in search of better quarters, at the risk of hurting their kind entertainer's feelings. But it must be remembered that wood is scarce and precious, so that, even adding an "eke" to a dwelling that serves its inmates, is a very serious consideration. Some of the parsonages, on the other hand, like that at Reykvolt, with its wainscoted rooms, are exceedingly comfortable residences; for the endowment often takes the shape of an ample glebe, when the priest is a wealthy farmer as well. But the most characteristic feature of Icelandic travel is the practice, when the party is large, of seeking shelter in the churches. *Was* the practice, we ought rather to have said; for it appears that since Miss Oswald last visited the island, the authorities have been compelled to issue an edict closing the church to the laity on week-days. The cause of the prohibition, we are sorry to say, was the indecent misbehavior of certain English excursionists; and very inconvenient it is likely to prove to their more respectably conducted countrymen. At first, as Miss Oswald tells us, she was conscious of a strange feeling in riding up to a church-door in the darkness, and proceeding to "off saddle"—as they say in South Africa—in the kirkyard. But use is everything, and the feeling soon wore away; although there must always be an unpleasant contrast between a "mirk" kirkyard and the genial warmth of a well-lighted hotel. Still, on one occasion, and after repeated previous experiences, when Miss Oswald happened to be the sole night-tenant of a chapel, she found the solitude trying to her nerves; and we cannot wonder at it. She tells her story so well that we are tempted to quote from it.

"Now we had slept contentedly in churches before, but till last night we had been together, and our guides in the gallery, and it never

struck me that it was an *eerie* thing to do till to-day, when the Scotchman had remarked that nothing would induce *him* to sleep alone in that chapel. And now, when the heavy key turned with a resounding clang, it felt lonely indeed. A round-headed white grave-stone seemed, by the light of the candles within, to be peering in from the darkness through the little window, reminding one how all the company of dead folk lay between one and the living. Moreover, as I walked up the aisle, heavy footsteps seemed always to follow me. It was only the wind; but never till that night did I know what pranks a gale of wind could play in the way of mysterious noises—howling, stamping, shrieking in the rafters, and shaking every creaking plank of the little wooden building. I arranged my cork mattress on our boxes, so as to get my head into the comparative shelter of the pulpit floor, and slowly shook out the plaids so as to postpone the bad moment of having to extinguish the candle, which flared in the chilly draught. At last I lay down to try if my couch was firm, and flapped the end of my plaid accidentally into the candle, which went out, and I had quite forgotten where I had put the matches. But with the darkness, and after a short sleep, came a new sensation—an indescribable sense of utter loneliness, combined with a suspicion of some presence beyond the roaring blast and creaking timbers. Of old, the vampires—the wicked corpses, with some hideous half-animation—were said here to ‘walk the roofs.’ Was not the stamping overhead just such a noise? The cairn of Glaumr—a vampire of fearful fame—was not so many miles away over the desert waste to the north—he of whom the proverb goes, if any one looks scared or frightened, ‘he has seen Glaumr’s eyes.’ . . . And there are surely footsteps approaching. I can see nothing for the pulpit. *It* is coming round though, and soon *its* eyes will meet mine. I make a movement, and there is a sudden startling clang. Curiously enough, that culminating crash seemed to restore me to myself. I guessed with truth that I had knocked over the brass candlestick—went comfortably to sleep; and I spent the following night alone in this church, with no sensations of nervousness.”

Among the sights they say in their pilgrimages through the scenes of the sagas, one of the most picturesque was that of the Laxdale Saga, of which Morris’s “Lovers of Gudrun” “is a versified expansion:”

“The evening was splendid, and most impressive was that lonely sea rolling in heavy breakers on the lonely shore. A dark purple mountain rose on one side, and it was shrouded above in a cloud blazing with those celestial colors that one can only remember dimly and never describe.”

Striking, too, in its way, but in a very different district, is the valley of Reyk-

holt, sacred to the memory of Snorri Sturlason, the great historian, and in these days the residence of a dean and church dignitary, though it is only accessible by “desperate bogs.” But once arrived there, the secluded valley lies like a pastoral oasis in the desert, with its waterfalls tumbling from the hills in showers of silvery spray. And there is one of those ancient works of practical utility which seem to have gone out of fashion in modern times, in the shape of a bath of massive stone-work, supposed to have been built six hundred years ago. The quiet Reykholt valley has its veritable history in place of a legend, as befits the place of residence of a matter-of-fact historian. For it was there that the immortal Sturlason was murdered “by the men of his own house—cut off in his strong maturity, before his day’s work was ended!” The deed was prompted and directed by his son-in-law, and it was fearfully avenged. The infamous Earl Gisur saw his own house burned to the ground, and his wife and sons were burned within it, while “he himself had a narrow escape. The old miscreant hid himself in a cask of whey, and though the burners prodded it with their lances, he managed to ward off serious wounds, and was not discovered, and lived not only to avenge his family, but to retire respectably to a monastery to end his days.” Such was life in Iceland in the olden time; though generally, when a fair balance had been struck in the blood-feuds, the survivors were ready to shake hands and condone the past, free to open a new debtor and creditor account when any incident gave fresh provocation.

We need say little of the Geysirs and of the famous Thingvellir valleys, which, being within easy reach of the capital, are the familiar lions of the country. The gorge of the irritable little Strokr rose as usual when his windpipe was tickled with armfuls of sods; and again and again he leaped toward the clouds, scattering showers of mud and pebbles about him, with the parboiled turf which had awakened his ire. But the grander Geysir sulked for long, although sullen rumblings like those of thunder under the thin lava-crust showed that the subterranean forces were active. At last,

however, there came the wished-for explosion, preceded, by way of warning, by a spurt and sound like a cannon-shot :—

"With a booming roar, not a mere central jet, but the whole of the water to the very edge of the crater, rose majestically in a great massive dome higher and higher, till it was lost in steam in the sky. The highest was said to be about a hundred feet; but what with the noise and the steaming, the wind swaying the column to leeward, and the torrents of hot water that were pouring down, one did not know where next, I was thankful to be unscientific, and to confine myself to looking and running out of the way."

Then we have a charming description of the memories of the verdant valley of Thingvellir, shut in between its parallel precipices of lava, where the names have changed as little as the localities, since wise statesmen and warlike heroes inaugurated the constitutional assemblies there.

A word on the fishing, and we must have done with our too brief notice of a book which in moderate compass is most variously and delightfully exhaustive. For the fishing, as we have remarked already, may be of importance to those who appreciate supper as well as sport. The fishing goes with the land, and leave must be obtained from the proprietor or tenant. Some streams in the immediate neighborhood of Reykjavik are preserved; but for the most part it

is very much the reverse, and the salmon are trapped in boxes or hounded into hand-nets in a most unsportsmanlike fashion. One ideal river Miss Oswald describes, though she is selfish enough to keep the name a secret, where the salmon are seen "lingering in shoals near the mouth," and where "the scenery spoils one for other landscapes, as the sport for other fishing, and the recollection for other memories." The salmon of Iceland are comparatively small; but the char and trout, both in loch and river, run very heavy. They are bright in color—rose-pink and deep yellow; and the flavor of the sea-trout especially is delicious. Miss Oswald, who went almost everywhere, taking things just as they came, must often, of course, have enjoyed the very best of the sport; though she tells us that the atmospheric conditions, with the temperature of the water, are apt to baffle the expectations which have been raised by experiences elsewhere. And she concludes with a word of warning, which those who are voluptuously inclined will do well to lay to heart. "There are very few places where tolerable lodgings can be found near rivers, so that the sportsman should be prepared to rough it in a tent, and say farewell to luxuries even more emphatically than in Norway."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

A TURNING POINT IN THE HISTORY OF CO-OPERATION.

BY EDITH SIMCOX.

NOTWITHSTANDING the immense development of certain forms of co-operative trading, it may be doubted whether the last five and thirty years have witnessed any general increase of interest in or familiarity with co-operative ideas. Most people have heard of the Rochdale pioneers, and a few remember the account of Leclaire and other French workmen's associations in Mill's "Principles of Political Economy;" but the ideas suggested by these names are vague and for practical purposes the word "co-operative" has three separate and distinct associations. To the West-end householder it suggests those convenient institutions for the supply of cheap groceries called after the civil and military

branches of the public service. To social and political economists it suggests an ideal method of production, dwelt on in imagination as promising the long desired reconciliation of capital and labor: while to the working classes of Lancashire and Yorkshire it represents something intermediate, but more considerable than the others—a combination of material interests and ideal aspirations which we have to recognize as a vast and beneficent fact, even while its existence remains something of a mystery to the speculative mind.

It is not a little curious that while most disinterested friends of the working man have set their hearts on his becoming his own employer and a partici-

pator in the profits of his own labor, the working man himself has preferred as a rule to consume himself into the possession of a small capital, which he is content to invest securely at moderate interest. The practical energy and enthusiasm at the service of the movement has been expended in inducing men and women who have set up shopkeeping for themselves, first to deal regularly at the co-operative store and to resist the temptation of casual "bargains;" and secondly, not to discount their economies in the form of low charges, but to pay for everything at its ordinary retail price, and so save up the profits of the co-operative shopkeeping for future investment by the shareholders and members. It is because the London stores simply lower prices instead of handing back to the purchaser a bonus on sales, that the men of Rochdale and their emulators say these stores are not "really co-operative;" and as these men represent the main force of the co-operative movement, it would be pedantic to object that there is no etymological warrant for this restriction of the word. As they have created the thing—the only phase of co-operation which is as yet a real force—they have a right to interpret the word by the light of their own triumphant practice.

The idea of co-operative distribution has thus developed into a kind of thrift made easy, with this circumstance added, that most of the stores were started by more or less zealous social reformers, so that the propriety of allotting part of the annual dividend for purposes of common interest is usually admitted, and a special kind of public spirit fostered by the habit of handling large funds with a sense of collective ownership and responsibility. This Rochdale type of co-operation, as it may fairly be called, was developed by gradual and tentative processes. The original twenty-eight pioneers were for the most part Chartists or Socialists, and we may trace the record of the wide visions with which they started in a summary of the "Objects and Rules" of the society published in 1854, ten years after its formation, containing the following clause: "That, as soon as practicable, this society shall proceed to arrange the powers of production, distribution, edu-

cation, and self-government, or, in other words, to establish a self-supporting home colony of united interests." In this same year the society opened its first cotton mill; four years before it had started a corn mill; in 1853 a wholesale trading department was opened; in 1856 branch stores began to be opened (at the rate of two or three yearly) in new quarters of the town, and two and one-half per cent was steadily voted off net profits for educational purposes. The measure of success that was merited came, slowly perhaps, but in due course, and, to sum up the credit side of the account, the *Co-operative News* reports the sales of distributive societies on the "Rochdale plan" in England, Scotland, and Wales as amounting in 1881 to a total of £14,330,460, and the net profits to £1,715,369.

Proputty, proputty sticks, and proputty, proputty grows;

but the "powers of production, distribution, education, and self-government" are not yet quite finally arranged.

The pioneers aimed so high, and have actually achieved so much, that there can be no disrespect or ingratitude in noting how far and in what directions the pressure of circumstances and human frailty have led them to modify their original programme. The means of attaining a good end soon became exalted into an end in itself; the duty of a good co-operator was to be "loyal to the store," *i.e.* to deal with it to the full extent of his requirements; and the *reductio ad absurdum* of this theory of the virtues of consumption was reached in 1868, when it was for a short time actually proposed to pay interest to shareholders in proportion, not to their investments, but to their purchases. Of course, this vagary was short-lived, but we "fall on the leaning side," and so it may help to explain the intense pre-occupation with the problems of consumption and thrift which made these excellent men blind and deaf to the true principles of co-operative production. Down to 1860 the Rochdale Co-operative Manufacturing Society adhered to its original programme of dividing profits among the members, giving an equal percentage to capital subscribed

and labor performed. But the share list being open to the whole town, and not restricted to the workers, as the stores are to customers, many became shareholders who had less than no sympathy with the co-operative idea, and in 1862 the supporters of a mere joint-stock method outvoted the real co-operators, and the principle of bonus or bounty to labor was finally rejected. Most of the mills now successfully worked in Oldham under working-class management have followed the Rochdale precedent, and are only joint-stock companies, with a large number of small shareholders. By their help many of the operatives have raised themselves to the position of *rentiers*, or *bourgeois*, as they would be called in France, where such transformation has always been commoner than with us; but the result in both countries seems rather to be, to increase the numbers of the middle, than to improve the condition of the operative class.

The history of corn mills on the Rochdale pattern is less disappointing. The demand for flour in a large co-operative society is something fixed and calculable; it has been estimated that 1000 families can't, 2000 may, and 3000 certainly will support a corn mill; while as a matter of principle there seems little difference between a society grinding its own corn, or its own coffee. The corn mill does not employ much more labor in proportion than the store itself, and its produce is likely to be bought impartially by all the members; it seems, therefore, not unreasonable that the society as a whole should appropriate the profits of the machinery it sets to work, though we cannot take such an extension of the store business as an equivalent for the original proposal of the pioneers "to commence the manufacture of such articles as the society may determine upon, for the employment of such members as may be without employment, or who may be suffering in consequence of repeated reductions to their wages."

This phase of so-called co-operative production is well worthy of attention. Over twenty corn mills, beside bread and biscuit works, and the manufacture of sweets, soap, shoes, and a few other articles, are now being carried on more or less under the direction and for the

benefit of the members of co-operative stores. Advocates are even to be found who maintain this to be the true and highest type of co-operation. Dr. Watts, in his evidence before the committee of the House of Commons, stated that many retail stores now employ workmen for manufacturing purposes, and that this course is likely to be extended. He explained that in the case of manufacture by the retail store, the profits go directly to increase the members' dividend on *purchases*, while in the case, also, of frequent occurrence, where the manufacture is carried on by federated societies (*i.e.* by a company the shares of which are held by societies) the profits are first divided among the various stores according to the capital they have provided, and then pass to the members of each store as dividend on purchases. In other words, the profits gained by the judicious employment of the labor of Leicester shoemakers are divided among the largest consumers of grocery in Manchester, or elsewhere, as the rewards of thrift; and the Leicester shoemaker is expected to emancipate himself, if at all, by a corresponding process, which will make him, not his own employer, but (what has always passed for more profitable) the employer of somebody else.

It is easy for outsiders to see the unideal character of this arrangement, and there have always been, within the co-operative camp, a faithful few who have maintained that co-operative societies, in their character of employers, are wanting to their own principles unless they take their employers into partnership, by allotting a share of profits to labor. But well-meaning persons do not desert their principles without temptation. It is said, and no doubt honestly believed, that co-operative principles are as much endangered by competition among makers as by competition among sellers. It is a sound idea that the consumer ought to know his own wants, and be prepared to order and pay (cash) for what he wants. It is a fair calculation that the manufacturer who has an assured market for his goods can afford advantages to his customer like those given by the stores to their members and customers, and a store that is at once member and customer of a manufacturing society has,

on co-operative principles, an undoubted right both to a share in its profits and to a bonus on purchases. But if co-operators are to banish selfishness and selfish competition from the realms of commerce, they must stop short here. There are only two parties to the transactions of a store that buys and sells, the shareholders and the consumers: the store exists for the benefit of the latter, who will cease to patronize it if they cease to benefit. Distributive societies on the Rochdale plan therefore content themselves with paying a moderate interest to capital and divide the mass of their shopkeeping profits among the frequenters of the shop; and societies of the civil service type have to adjust their prices so as to leave but a moderate margin of profit to the shareholders, under penalty of being deserted by their customers, who are bent upon being served as near as may be at cost price. There is thus far nothing that the fiercest socialist could call *exploitation*—of man by man or class by class—in the co-operative invention of bonus on purchases. The labor employed in distribution bears so small a proportion to the profits realized, that it seems scarcely worth while, or even possible, to allot the infinitesimal percentage which might represent the value of the salesman's zeal.

The case is very different when the stores enter as capitalists on the work of production—when they undertake to manufacture the goods they distribute. The reason is obvious. The profitability of co-operative distribution comes from its abridging and simplifying a process which had grown unnecessarily long and indirect; the co-operators honestly earn all that they save by dealing at the store: they collect their own debts, do their own advertising, provide their own capital, and run their own trade risks; they have, therefore, no one to contest their claim to the wages of distribution. If it were possible to abridge the processes of production to anything like the same extent, no doubt the economical result might be equally gratifying; but no economy is effected, or even attempted, by the mere substitution of a mass of shareholders for the one or more private capitalists who stand between the laborer and the purchaser of the fruits of labor; in fact, the private capitalist

is the simpler, and so far the more economical, instrument of the two, for he undertakes himself the work of supervision, which the society must delegate to a paid agent. The co-operative store commits no legal or moral wrong in becoming a joint-stock company for certain specified purposes; it only ceases at that point to deserve any more of the sympathy and admiration which it commands as long as it aims at making commercial transactions subservient to the social welfare of those engaged in them.

Still it must be confessed that these pseudo-co-operative societies for production come nearer to rivalling the success of the associations for distribution than the majority of manufacturing firms that are really and truly co-operative. The fact is noteworthy, and the advocates of co-operative production would be wise to take a hint from it. Where co-operative associations of skilled workmen have failed to establish a successful business, the failure has come, nine times out of ten, not from their inability to do the work proposed, but from their failure to secure a sufficient supply of orders to keep skilled hands regularly employed in sufficient numbers to be profitable. The large capitalist spends part of his money in inducing people to deal with him; a group of associated workmen have no money to spare for this purpose and would not know how to use it if they had; the best mechanic is very likely the worst salesman, and in these days of competition the best work cannot be trusted to sell itself. The co-operative stores are sometimes reproached for not being better customers to the few independent productive societies in existence; but it is clearly unfair to expect the officers of a society established for one purpose to endanger that in the interests of another in which they are less immediately concerned. If private firms can supply all that the stores want, better, or cheaper, or more conveniently than any co-operative society, the society has no right to complain. Only let us remember how much enthusiasm and missionary zeal has been spent in providing the original body of customers who have made the success of every successful store. If productive co-operation is to succeed, the co-operators must learn, first of all, to provide a

market for their goods ; they must calculate, as the pioneers did about their corn mill, how much custom will enable the society to live, and not launch it until they have secured promises of the necessary minimum of support. If a co-operative society undertakes to manufacture some article in constant request at the stores, it should be able to reckon upon a fair trial. But there may be intelligent and ambitious mechanics in trades appealing to other classes than those represented at the stores. If these mechanics are to succeed by force of skill with little capital behind it, they must either see their way clear to sell in the ordinary way of business, or they must bring together a little band of customers who consent, for the sake of inaugurating a social reform, to buy what they want through an unaccustomed channel. If this is done, the co-operative producer will be able to reward his customer with cheaper goods or a bonus on purchases, because in this case, as in that of the stores, the customer's goodwill represents a money saving, an economy of unproductive expenditure in puffing and touting ; while if the customer is a store, the "arrangement of the powers of production and distribution" will be pretty nearly complete.

Co-operators have no right to denounce the *régime* of competition while they accept as final the scale of prices fixed by competition which is often unscrupulous. When the stores or the wholesale society undertake to employ labor at its market price, and no more, they forget that this market price has been fixed, partly by the competition of laborers for employment, and partly by the competition *inter se* of non-co-operative traders, which lowers wages in order to lower prices : it does not represent the rate of wages which would rule in a "self-supporting home colony of united interests." The co-operative ideal will not be reached until every man is a partner in the factory where he earns as well as in the stores where he spends his wages. The members of stores, as such, cannot expect to monopolize the profits of industry as well as those of wholesale and retail trade. They may very profitably enter into an alliance with co-operative indus-

try for the direct supply of their wants, but as long as they fail to offer to their employees the same advantages as an industrial partnership or co-operative firm, so far from being able to "defy competition," they continue to invite competition in its most dangerous form, namely, from those who have chosen a more excellent way.

There is some reason to hope that these truths will soon receive more attention in co-operative circles than they have done of late. In those parts of the country where co-operation has done most, it has by this time done so much that the time has come when it must either do more still, or confess that it has come to an end of its resources. The North-country stores have proved themselves almost embarrassingly potent engines for the promotion of thrift. A large proportion of the money saved through them has been left with them for reinvestment, and many of the extensions already referred to were really prompted by the need of fresh investments for the rapidly accumulating capital of members and societies. The Wholesale Society, which acts as general warehouseman to co-operative stores, has for some time provided the latter with an outlet for their spare cash. Its funds are provided as follows :—New societies joining the Wholesale are obliged to take up one share of £5 (1s. paid up) for every ten members, the remaining £4 19s. being paid up out of accumulated dividends and the five per cent on capital which the Wholesale pays to its society members. For some years the Wholesale was naturally able to dispose of all the money thus obtained, partly in extending its transactions and partly in establishing productive works for the supply of articles in general request. But as the Wholesale has applied the co-operative principle of enforced thrift to its shareholders, the share capital goes on accumulating, new members join, the society thrives, its credit increases, and the end of the whole story of providence and prosperity is that the Wholesale has more money than it wants, and is paying for what it has at a higher rate of interest than it need. In other words, the co-operative world has already developed within itself some of those elements which in the

lower regions of competitive trade tend to produce a commercial crisis.

The situation is grave, but not yet disastrous. There are two possible methods of dealing with it. It is asked by zealous servants of the Wholesale, whose business it is to declare the best dividend they can, why co-operators of all people should have a divine right to five per cent interest on their money : why should the Wholesale be obliged to accept and pay for at this extravagant rate whatever sums it pleases the societies to save? Why should not the Wholesale be allowed to refund or refuse superfluous investments and leave the co-operators to buy consols or South American bonds at their own discretion like other private citizens? These questions may be asked ; but all leading co-operators are agreed upon the disastrous consequences that would ensue if societies were to hand back to their members the sums which the latter have been, with sufficient difficulty, induced to economize. If such savings were forcibly handed back to their owners, some would be spent at once, some would be unfortunately invested, and the habit of saving would receive a shock the effect of which would last for years.

The other alternative is to find fresh channels for co-operative industry and skill which may prove profitable enough to warrant the continued payment of five per cent to investors, and this plan naturally finds the most favor, though the practical difficulties in the way of its application are not thereby overcome. Up to the present time, local co-operative stores have invested the savings of their members in corn mills, in building societies, in the Wholesale, and, more rarely, in the productive societies which admit their customers to membership. The great wholesale societies invest the savings of their members, partly in productive works (of the pseudo-co-operative kind), partly in legitimate developments of their own business—the Manchester Wholesale has several vessels engaged in the carrying trade—and partly in the banking department of the Wholesale itself. It may be said in passing that the relation between the banking department and the trading department of the Wholesale is one of the burning questions of co-operative politics.

Whether the two branches should be altogether separate and independent : whether one exists for the convenience of the other, and if so, how far the subordination of the auxiliary may be allowed to endanger its chance of dividends—these are questions which easily lend themselves to debate that rapidly runs off into points of detail of little interest to the general public, and with but little bearing on the main principles involved.

The existence of the controversy proves at all events that the creation of the co-operative bank has not solved the problem the existence of which suggested its creation. The bank has not exactly proved a failure, but it has not succeeded as the stores and the trading part of the Wholesale have succeeded : something more than a supply of shareholders with plenty of money seems necessary to create a banking business. Ordinary banking is one of the most lucrative of industries, as it is one involving the smallest employment of labor ; nothing could be more natural than for persons themselves engaged in other branches of industry to conclude that if they put their money together into a bank, it would take care of itself forever after. They forgot that in this particular instance the advantage of a ready-made market for their wares was wanting. The development of banking is synonymous with the development of credit ; the development of co-operation means a return to cash payments and the division of the banker's profits between debtor and creditor outside his doors. The Wholesale only allows its own members seven days' credit ; little bill discounting is required even by the productive societies ; and, in fact, the convenience of a small current account for cash and wages represents about all that co-operators in general require from their bankers. It need hardly be said that this is not the profitable part of a banker's business. If on the other hand the bank of the Wholesale begins to solicit the custom of the outer world, and offers to lend money to private traders or manufacturers, there are not wanting acute co-operators to point out that this is worse than seething the kid in its mother's milk ; it is providing their own rivals with the means of com-

peting successfully against the co-operative stores and workshops. It is at all events a surrender of the peculiar principles of co-operation, and it is not easy to say why an ordinary bank should inspire any peculiar confidence or enjoy any peculiar security merely because some of its directors are interested in stores. At the same time the managers of the present bank are justified in pointing out that they have no right as bankers, dealing with other people's money, to make advances on the security of co-operative sympathies alone, and provide funds for new co-operative enterprises without ordinary guarantees for repayment of the advance.

Alone among social reformers, co-operators have got beyond the easy first step which anyone may take; visionaries and idealists may be found to people any one Utopian community or institution; the impossibility is to get a whole stateful of visionaries and to make all co-existing and indispensable institutions Utopian together. Co-operators have shown themselves able to reproduce, with certain conscientious modifications, all those economical processes and relations which are indispensable to the fabric of modern civilization. A society conducted throughout upon co-operative principles would demand no intolerable self-abnegation from its members, while it would certainly raise the minimum standard or allowance of well-being. Co-operation does not prevent the skilled, the thrifty, and the fortunate from growing rich, while it will preserve the dull or the unlucky from falling into quite abject misery; but it has not yet got so far as to teach those who are on the way to be rich how to lay out their riches without prejudice to themselves and other members of the community.

In a paper by Mr. James Crabtree, read at the late Co-operative Congress at Oxford, on the possible extension of co-operative banking, the issue is stated very fairly: "We ought not," he says, "to disguise from our minds the fact that we have been and are to-day making capital, or saving money, faster than we have hitherto known how to use it with advantage to the movement. It is a problem that is now troubling all the cleverest financiers and bank managers

in London—How to place money so as to secure more than the bank rate of interest without the risk of losing any of the principal." Co-operators cannot consistently join in the general game of speculation: they hold their funds in trust for the benefit, moral and intellectual as well as material, of the class which has supplied them, and they are bound by their own principles to employ the money usefully which they seek to invest profitably. This obligation is even more obvious than the corresponding duty which the pioneers and their followers have so successfully enforced, of employing providently the money saved by co-operative shopkeeping. If those who conspire together to save their money are especially bound to deal wisely with their savings, much more must those who join together for the earning of money be bound to earn it subject to whatever conditions the common interest may impose. And it may yet be found that the frank acceptance of these conditions will give an impetus to co-operative production equal in the importance of its results to the rewards of collective forbearance accumulated in the past.

The industrial world is divided into producers properly so called, and the dealers in their produce, and both producers and dealers appear beside in the common character of consumers. The kind of co-operation which has achieved a brilliant success ignores the producer, and makes the consumer do his own dealing; the kind of co-operation which has not yet succeeded brilliantly ignores the consumer, and has therefore not enabled the producer to be his own dealer. The co-operative climax is an alliance between producers and consumers in which the desire of each class to minister to the advantage of the other takes the place of the interested and costly intervention of contractors and middlemen. And as an alliance can have no better guaranty of durability than the essential community of interest between the two parties to it, it is, on the whole, rather fortunate that co-operative investors should have been forced by experience to admit their need of just such help as co-operative producers can offer. It is perhaps fortunate too that co-operative capital has held back from co-

operative enterprise until the latter has had time to learn that industry in want of capital cannot have a better security to borrow upon than the security of a ready-made market. Capitalists, who owe their position to co-operation, stultify themselves by lending their savings to prop up industrial enterprises based on credit and competition; and working men who wish to increase their capital by co-operative production as well as saving must make a conscience of preferring those industries for which there is a co-operative demand, in order that the needed capital may come to them on the security of this demand. It remains to be seen whether a sufficient number of channels can be found through this alliance to absorb the savings which will go on accumulating all the faster if they are employed in enabling the working classes to earn a larger margin out of which to save.

There is nothing, to begin with, to prevent the formation of co-operative workshops to do every kind of work required by the stores, and if the stores are unable by themselves to support any such workshop, there is no reason why they should not help, as one customer among many, to supply the quantum of orders which will swell the dividend in which they have a purchaser's interest. This is inverting the process to which co-operators lawfully object of spending co-operative money in support of individualist trade, for individualist custom may harmlessly help co-operative funds to fructify. The difference between this method and the existing corn mills and shoe factory is simply that between co-operative and joint-stock management, or between administration by partners and by agents. The stores are accustomed to have their administrative work done for love as well as for money, but the sympathies even of a co-operator have their limits, and the same men cannot buy, sell, carry, and conduct a dozen different manufactures all with the same personal enthusiasm and zeal; and the manufactures will fall below the co-operative standard of success and efficacy unless their conduct is intrusted to men of the craft who will identify themselves with the cause of production as the original pioneers identified themselves with the cause of distribution in

the interests of thrift. There is a natural difference of qualities and temperament corresponding to the great division between commerce and manufactures which runs through all grades down to the petty shopkeeper and the mechanic. The success and power of trade-unionism, which is fully equal in its way to that of co-operation, is a proof that mechanics are not less organizable as such than in their private capacity as consumers of grocery; but the two movements are led in the main by a different set of men. The moral pointed by forty years of experience is that *co-operative capital cannot find safe and suitable investment for itself without the help of co-operative labor.*

If this conclusion is borne in mind as a fixed principle, the discussions what to do with the surplus funds of the co-operative societies will become less desultory and unfruitful. To quote from the "Manual of Co-operation" prepared by Mr. Hughes and Mr. Neale, "Co-operative union, carried on upon the Rochdale system, places in the hands of the poorer classes, without any burdensome effort on their part, this indispensable condition of their effective action for mutual help, collective income." And this advantage will be doubled when the collective income is derived from capital itself employed in beneficial works. It would be impracticable to give an exhaustive list of the possible works of this kind. It may be plausibly argued that there should be one co-operative workshop for every trade in every town as a city of refuge for the operatives during trade disputes, and apart from the risks of these disputes such workshops might be formed wherever a trade society, the co-operative store, and the intending workers were each prepared to subscribe a third of the required capital. The Central Board of the Co-operative Union should be prepared to advise the projectors of co-operative workshops as they do the promoters of a new store, and there would be little fear of loss from imprudent loans if the investors agreed never to provide more than a given percentage of the whole working capital, and that only upon a clear showing that the amount of work reasonably to be anticipated would be sufficient to cover working expenses

and interest upon capital. If further general orders were given to the buyers of the Wholesale and the stores to give the preference, other things being equal, to the produce of co-operative workshops or factories, the investors will have done their part toward such co-operative enterprises as originate with the workers themselves.

But there are other enterprises that might very properly originate with the capitalists. When there is and ought to be a distinct demand for any kind of service, it is a foolish inconsistency for co-operators to leave the supply of such services to the wasteful risks of private competition. Notwithstanding the use and abuse of hospitals, it is probable that the working-classes spend a larger proportion of their income on drugs and doctors than any other section of the community. Why is there not a provident dispensary attached to every co-operative store? Such dispensaries would be self-supporting in the fullest sense, paying a dividend on their original capital, as well as benefiting their customers. Medical men of standing would be glad of appointments to such dispensaries, which would combine the advantages without the drawbacks of hospital work; and the saving to the patients in drugs may be estimated when we remember that there is a saving of seventy-five per cent on prescriptions made up at the Civil Service Stores, as compared with ordinary chemists' charges. Then, again, the provision of houses for members has been recognized as an undertaking in which the spare funds of societies may be invested; but the habit of limiting all advantages connected with the use of co-operative funds to the "joined members" of the co-operative body, has restricted action in this direction. If there were a society of practical working builders, prepared to lay out building estates in workmen's dwellings, there is no reason why such a society should not be intrusted with an increasing proportion of the general funds, and extend its operations so as at last, may be, to compete successfully with those suburban curses, the land speculator and jerry builder. It is simply absurd for co-operators to complain of the dearth of investments, while house property continues to rise in value

and nine out of ten working men are villainously housed.

Of course each special enterprise of this kind presupposes energy and enthusiasm that can be specially directed toward its conduct, and a different group of enthusiasts would have to be enlisted in each case. Sanitary reformers would take up the dispensaries as a kind of extra, not demanding their whole time or personal labor. A building society that really built, instead of only employing builders, would have to consist of bricklayers, carpenters, and masons, with a taste for art and architecture, and a passion for good workmanship such as finds little scope for indulgence in these days of high ground-rents and short building leases. These workmen, who are the very salt of the salt of society, have not yet ceased to exist among us, but they are an independent, self-sufficient race, not needing the stimulus of good company to teach them how to spend or save their earnings. Hence, as a class, they are not fascinated by distributive co-operation alone; but once let an alliance be proclaimed between co-operative capital and co-operative labor, and they would take their place as leaders of a great movement in favor of co-operative production.

There is one more point to be considered, or rather reconsidered, from an altered point of view, and that is the great banking difficulty. We have seen that a joint-stock bank, promoted by co-operators, is not co-operative, and runs great risk of not being even successful; but that does not prove that there is no demand for co-operative banking. The people's banks in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere, do a business rivalling even that of the North-country stores in profitableness and extent. They are not mere savings banks: by a simple system of mutual insurance they are enabled to make loans and advances at reasonable interest to customers of a class whose chance of obtaining credit would otherwise be hopeless; instead of existing merely to provide investments, they are essentially co-operative in the sense of bestowing benefits on their members rather as customers than as shareholders. In times of temporary distress, the working classes in this country must live on their savings, if

they have any, and after that they *cannot borrow without getting into debt*; they cannot borrow money at reasonable interest to be repaid gradually upon the security of character and savings. However good their character, their credit is bad, and those whose credit is bad, if compelled to raise money, can only do so upon improvidently extravagant terms. Hence there can be little doubt that a co-operative bank, established for the benefit of the working classes themselves, and used by them instead of by private traders and rich stores, would meet a real want, and not, therefore, have to complain of want of custom and a superfluity of capital.

But perhaps the branch of banking which has the first claim on the attention of co-operators is that most ancient, now most humble branch of the profession symbolized by the three golden balls. The subject deserves a treatise to itself, and we can only spare a word; but there is probably no one direction in which an application of co-operative principles and customs would produce greater results than this. Weekly dealings at the pawn shop may to a certain extent be a sign of recklessness and improvidence of the more culpable kind; but when we remember that the very poor have no other means of raising money to meet their most urgent needs, and when we realize that from 200 to 1000 per cent is frequently charged upon the money advanced on pledges, it will be seen that some of those who have fallen into the pawnbroker's clutches by no fault of their own, can scarcely hope to escape by their own unassisted efforts. There are thousands of families in London who, having once "got behind," having been obliged in some one hard winter, through illness, slack work, or

any other mischance, to pawn their few household gods for food and firing, have redeemed the same in the following summer, instead of laying by for the winter's needs; henceforward the cycle repeats itself for ever, and the pawn shop draws a revenue from the unhappy family in the long run perhaps amounting to many hundredfold the small sum which began their troubles. It is obvious how easily the co-operative pawn shop, with its division of profits as bonus among customers, would enable the respectable poor to retrieve their position, instead of becoming more and more involved; and as every such shop would naturally be an agency for the other branches of co-operative bank work, many of those who came to squander might be induced to "remain to save." Forethought can only be expected from those who have some reasonable prospect of good to look forward to.

The question for the rising generation of co-operators is really this: Will they attempt and accomplish as much as the generation which has now grown gray or gone to rest, or will they be content merely to carry on upon the old lines the work that better men began, in the face of the oft repeated experience, that a movement which has come to the end of its power of growth soon reaches the end of its idle life by the natural processes of decay and disintegration? There is no reason at present to anticipate such a gloomy end to a gallant career; but as religious orders require periodical reform, and religious zeal periodical revival, so it may well be that to develop all the social possibilities of co-operation we require a fresh influx of enthusiasm and a reversion to the broadest ideals of the ancient pioneers.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS ABOUT GARIBALDI.

BY KARL BLIND.

I.

RELATIONS SINCE THE SICILIAN RISING.

A MOST lively picture is before my mind's eye, of Garibaldi's personal appearance as I saw him in spring, 1864, amid charming surroundings—shortly

before his triumphal entry into London—in the house of Mr. Seely, M.P., in the south-western part of the Isle of Wight.

England was then in an indescribable state of excitement. It was a time of anxious desire of reform, not unalloyed

with misgivings as to the result of the battle felt to be in the air. Like some fiery meteor, the "red shirt" of the liberator of the Two Sicilies—of the Vanquished of Aspromonte, who even in defeat had not lost his halo as a Power of the Future—suddenly rose on the overcast political horizon. With hopeful expectation, with hearts more deeply moved than many among the present generation may be able to understand, great masses awaited his arrival.

Had he not, like a Norse viking, dared with his own hand to strike the crown from the head of the Bourbon King, and with two leaky ships, and a thousand volunteers, attacked and overthrown a government which commanded an army of 150,000 men and a war fleet of 98 vessels with 832 guns? If such achievements were possible, need any righteous popular cause despair? These were the days when in England no second Reform Bill had yet been obtained; when, out of a population of some nine to ten million men, at most one million possessed the suffrage—while from across the Atlantic, where in the Union war the principles of human right had been triumphant, a mighty ground-swell was beginning to thunder toward the English shores.

With uneasy glance, a small, ultra-aristocratic circle looked forward to Garibaldi's coming. How could the influence of this great leader whose name was identified with so many revolutions, be diminished among the masses? How could the relations between England and her "illustrious ally," the French Emperor, against whose occupation of Rome the expected "Guest of the English Nation" had risen, be protected from injury? This was the consideration for a body of men filled with deep anxiety, yet conscious of being unable to stem the torrent of popular enthusiasm.

Garibaldi had landed in Southampton. But before he even stepped on English soil, some highly-placed members of the governing classes, in connection with the Italian Embassy, were suspected of wishing to place an embargo upon him; to have him surrounded, with the aid of the initiated, like a victim adorned with garlands; and thus to prevent him from being master of his

own movements. Honors were to be showered upon him, but he was to be kept within a "charmed circle." As a matter of fact, it is well known that before the Ripon touched at Southampton, the vessel was boarded and a hasty war-council held there, and that a pencil-note was obtained from Garibaldi, to this effect:—"Dear friends! I do not wish to receive political demonstrations. Above all, no tumults must be raised! (*Sopra tutto, non eccitare dei tumulti.*)"

Being the guest of the English nation, the unselfish and easily impressed man of the people had yielded to a desire conveyed to him in his native tongue. He spoke English very imperfectly; and many feared that he had been brought to misunderstand the real state of affairs. In London, at any rate, much dissatisfaction arose among the then leaders of the popular movement. Many thought he had been unfairly subjected to social and political strategy, and that even the delay of his entry into London had been occasioned by it.

For justice' sake it must be stated that he had bound himself beforehand to those who brought him over and offered him hospitality, for a stay of nearly a week in the Isle of Wight. A day after his arrival, I received a letter, dated Brooke House, in which he said he would be very happy to see me. "If we are together for a talk"—he wrote—"I will arrange so that we shall have full time for it."

By correspondence I had been in frequent intercourse with him since the Sicilian rising, and received various notable communications from him, either of a confidential nature, or destined for publicity, as well as precious tokens of friendship. Before me are two portraits he sent to us from Caprera, after 1860. They seem to be taken from an oil painting, but are most life-like. In them, he has an open, slightly "daredevil" expression; long hair, one of the locks on the right temple being curiously curled in sailor-fashion; and he wears a round Spanish hat, a little cocked on the right side. I do not remember having seen the same likeness anywhere else. The cards bear his name in his own handwriting, as well as the inscription:—"Al mio amico Carlo Blind," and "Alla Signora Blind."

He at the same time added a representation of his simple dwelling on the stony Goat Island where he lived in Cincinnati's style.

As a prisoner in the Varignano, he sent a photograph showing him on his couch of pain, where he lay with ankle broken by a bullet from the army of that king upon whom he had conferred the crown of united Italy. His face looks exceedingly wan and sad, as he sits up in bed reading. A letter of thanks, dated Varignano, October 17th, 1862, and written partly in his name by a well-known Italian patriot, Augusto Vecchi, in reply to words of sympathy I had addressed to him after Aspromonte, contains the following:—"We have the Ministers whom you know. We have the King Honest-Man . . . whom you also know. We have a 'magnanimous ally' . . . whom the world knows! I assure you that to be an Italian and to live here, is truly a great misfortune."

Of the expedition for the deliverance of Rome from the French and Papal yoke, which ended so fatally at Aspromonte, he had given me previous information by special confidential messenger. Mazzini, whose intimate and precious friendship I enjoyed from 1858 down to his death, was held by many to have been the instigator of the expedition. Nothing could be further from the truth. Not only had he no part in the preparations; but he was not even aware of the real aim of Garibaldi. To me, Mazzini gave vent to his vexation, after Aspromonte, at what he thought had been an ill-advised move. I defended Garibaldi before him, as well as in public by a German Address, and by numerous writings in the English, German, and American Press. For some time afterward, Mazzini was therefore wont to say, a little nettled but with friendly good humor: "Ah! *your* Garibaldi!" Between the two foremost leaders of Italy a cloud arose ever and anon. I often endeavored helping to disperse it; but the obstacles seemed great indeed.

In 1864, I was glad, for more than one reason, to obtain an early opportunity of seeing Garibaldi face to face in the Isle of Wight, before the turmoil of enthusiasm, which already vaguely rose

up in London, should surround him with its stormy waves, carrying him from one demonstration to the other. Our countrymen in London had resolved, in a mass-meeting, upon presenting to him an address of their own. By unanimous vote, the honoring choice of a speaker of the deputation fell upon me. The desire was expressed that I should see him first privately, as their representative, in the Isle of Wight. "I am very glad"—Mr. Charles Seely, M.P., wrote from Brooke House—"the Germans in London will give a hearty welcome to Garibaldi. It will have a good effect." Garibaldi himself telegraphed: "I accept with deep gratitude and satisfaction the offer of the noble Germans."

In the boat in which I crossed the Solent, there were a number of political men, bent upon the same visit; among them, if I mistake not, several members of parliament. The conversation soon turned upon the question as to whether it was desirable that Mazzini, the Triumvir of the Roman Republic of 1849, which Garibaldi had defended against the assault by the French troops, should come into closer contact with Garibaldi during his sojourn in London! Owing to the Greco affair the name of the steadfast Apostle of Italian Union and Freedom was then the butt of many attacks. An Ultramontane member, Mr. Pope Hennessy, who went over to Paris to see Napoleon III., endeavored, in connection with the reactionary enemies of Lord Palmerston's ministry, to turn the fabrications of the French police to political account. In order to relieve government from all difficulties, Mr. James Stansfeld, Mazzini's most trusty friend, generously resigned. Many a weak-kneed member of the party, however, was shaken by these occurrences.

Knowing, as I did, the important part which Mazzini had had in bringing about the Sicilian rising of 1860, I gave utterance to my astonishment at the remarks made against him during the journey to the Isle of Wight. Repeating what I had stated in our German meeting, I could plainly perceive, on the faces of those spoken to, the signs of that hypercritical doubt which is so often the child of ignorance. Was it

possible that the first preparations for the overthrow of the Bourbon power in Naples had been made by this much-abused leader—preparations into which even Garibaldi had at first not been initiated? This doubt seemed to be the meaning of puzzled looks; and questions to that effect followed.

After all, I could speak with some degree of certainty. Several months before the rising, I had been present at confidential discussions of that subject in Mazzini's humble room. On that occasion I experienced, now and then, a little difficulty in following the conversation, though being fully conversant with Italian. The Sicilian present, whose auburn hair reminded one more of the Normans than of Greeks, Italians, or Saracens who had alternately held sway in his native island, spoke rather broadly in the dialect of his country. On his part, Mazzini, as if to take his own ease, lapsed off and on, in pronunciation at least, into the ways of the Genoese.

Only a small intimate circle of friends was kept informed, by Mazzini, of the doings before the insurrection. Among them was Ledru-Rollin. The latter whose sanguine temperament subjected him to alternate fits of despondency from hope too long deferred, one day lost all faith in the possibility of the movement.

"It is a long time in coming!" he said to me in despairing mood. "Will it ever come?"

But it came, after all; and there was undoubted wisdom displayed in the selection of its chiefs. Three Sicilians officered it; chief among them, Rosolino Pilo, whom I had met when he was here. This exclusive captaincy of Sicilians was a necessity, in the first instance, owing to the autonomist tendencies then prevailing in the isle. Italians from the mainland could not have carried the people with them in the beginning. It was different with Garibaldi, whose cosmopolitan fame and highly sympathetic personality easily attracted men. But of the reasons why he was originally a stranger to the preparations, and of his hesitation for weeks to accept the leadership when offered to him, more is to be said afterward.

II.

MEETING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A MOST soothing rural calm lay over the bit of country in the Isle of Wight where Garibaldi stayed—if calm can be said to exist amid the cawing of what seemed to be an interminable number of rooks and ravens fluttering about tree-tops, or otherwise busying themselves in the neighborhood. These dark-winged birds, though once sacred to Odin, or rather because once sacred to him, are at present held in German superstition to be birds of ill-omen. I have always been glad to find that it is still different in England where their cawing goes on merrily, if not very harmoniously, in the vicinity of the dwellings of man. On entering the house I learned that the host and his guest had made an excursion to Portsmouth with Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour to see the dockyard and the shipping. After some time spent in the company of the wife of Colonel Chambers, the trusty friend of Garibaldi, the famed Italian leader himself entered.

With touching vivacity and almost stormy heartiness, he came toward me, in spite of the lameness of his foot, which entailed caution upon him. He was then in his fifty-seventh year; but a glow of youthful fire and animation was plainly discernible in him. His manners were highly sympathetic; at once dignified, simple, and full of cordiality. His countenance, a moment before furrowed with deep seriousness, lost its sternness all on a sudden, lightening up with a beaming expression, as he held forth his right hand, and in pleasing sonorous voice gave a greeting. He was of middle height, or rather a little below it; of well-set, graceful frame; lithe and active; and apparently strong withal. He came in with a swinging gait, like the old seaman he was—though evidently hampered in his movements. The large drapery of his light-colored mantle, under which the red shirt and silver-gray trousers could be seen, impressed one with the notion of his being rather square-shouldered. A small, black felt hat covered his head. He was leaning on the "stick of Aspromonte."

His broad, massive face and large forehead; his fair long locks, reddish golden, slightly mixed with gray; his blue eyes (somewhat small, but of piercing glance); his whole figure and bearing had nothing of the typical Italian. With his head, at all events, he seemed to have stepped out of Tacitus' "Germania"—*cærulei oculi, rutilæ comæ*. Nor did his gestures—few, and of the simplest kind—remind one in the least of a southern man. Physiognomy, build, measured manner of speaking; all formed the strongest contrast to Mazzini's appearance, who was dark-eyed, dark-haired, slender, of finely-cut features, with comparatively small head, but large forehead; of utmost rapidity of speech, and expressive Italian gestures. At first sight, Garibaldi might have been taken for a German or a Scotchman of the Lowlands. This impression became even stronger, after I had repeatedly met and held prolonged close converse with him.

Italy is full of Tibaldis, Grimaldis, Rinaldis, Rolandis, Umbertis, Robertis, Giobertis, Sismondis, Raimondis, and numberless other names pointing to Teutonic conquest and settlement—even as the name of Lombardy itself. Garibaldi is a purely and historically well-known German name. It means "Spear-bold," or "War-bold," and is, therefore, eminently suitable in the case of the famed Nizzard, the Italian descendant of ancient Teutons. Bavarian dukes of the Agilolfing race bore that name—which once was what we now would call an ordinary pre-name—in the sixth and seventh centuries. Garibald I. resided at Regensburg; his daughter Teutelinda, whose romantic story Gibbon records,* was married to the Lombard King Autharich. Garibald II., duke in Bavaria, warred against Slavs and Avars. To this day, a noble family in Austria bears the name of "von Garibald." A still frequent commoner's name in Germany—Gerbel—is but a contraction of Garibaldi. Even in England there is a village in Norfolk, Garboldisham, once the home of a German leader of that name. And to none more than to Joseph Garibaldi does the

description of the Longobards, as we find it in Roman authors, apply, who depict them as stern-faced and fiercely valiant, but most good-hearted and wonderfully kindly the moment the battle was over.

After the first warm greetings, Garibaldi asked me at once to come up with him to his bedroom for a quiet, uninterrupted talk. I saw in a moment that he had to make some communication of importance. I offered him my arm; with dragging leg he mounted the staircase, repeatedly stopping. The Destroying Angel of that Monarchy into whose hand he, in 1860, had pressed the sword of power, had truly grazed him closely enough on the heights of Aspromonte, and given him a taste of the edge of his glaive.

There we now sat in the small room for friendly intercourse. It was the time of the Schleswig-Holstein war—a time of great issues for our fatherland. Repeatedly, Garibaldi had expressed to me, before, his sympathy with Germany as a nation. For all that, he could not forget that Venice still lay under Habsburg dominion. Neither at Vienna, nor at Berlin, did freedom flourish very much. The names of the ruling houses of Austria and Prussia had not a liberal sound.

"How, then, if Italians were to make an assault on the side of the Alps and the Adriatic, while the Austrian and Prussian armies were engaged in the North?"

This was the thought, this the hinted proposal of Garibaldi. Of a plan to that effect he gave me an intimation. Was it simply his own idea? Had the Party of Action suggested it? Or had sympathizers in this country with the Danish cause something to do with it?

I do not know; but at all events I had, for years past, defended the Schleswig-Holstein cause. In 1848 we rose in arms in Southern Germany, after the armistice of Malmö had been treacherously imposed upon the Schleswig-Holstein people by the King of Prussia. Narrowly escaping from death by court-martial as a member of a Provisional Government, I had undergone long imprisonment in the casemates of Rastatt until freed by a new successful rising.

* "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," v. 124.

In exile, I had with a number of friends started a propaganda for the same patriotic cause; advocating it in German, English, French, Italian—at last using even the Polish and Magyar languages to some of the Austrian troops engaged in the war. Numerous letters to the *Globe* (then Lord John Russell's organ), to the *Times*, and other journals, thousands of pamphlets sent to all the statesmen, diplomatic representatives, and newspapers of England, had expressed our views. The memoranda privately sent to the English Foreign Office by the leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, Messrs. Hansen and Thomsen-Oldenswort, were transmitted by me to Lord John Russell; first by the intermediary of Mr. Dunlop, M.P., and then directly. These memoranda had to be smuggled out of the Duchies, owing to the severe watchfulness and tyranny of the Danish authorities. Brought by a trusty man to Hamburg, they were conveyed to London under another address; and as the Schleswig leaders could not dare to put their signatures to it, I had to vouch for the authenticity of the documents to Lord John Russell.

In 1863-64, the movement in Germany was so strong in favor of Schleswig-Holstein that the princely governments might have been overwhelmed by a popular storm, had they not yielded to the national current. At Frankfort, a vigilance committee of thirty-six was established, composed of prominent representatives of the people—many of them known in 1848-49. At any moment that committee might have convoked a provisional parliament, as in the year of revolution. My own advice was in this direction, as soon as it appeared that the courts of Berlin and Vienna were wavering in their policy. From London we had organized an extensive agitation among the troops, in the sense of the full independence of Schleswig-Holstein, as desired by its population and parliaments. There would have been personal danger for the commanders of the army had they given the order to turn back from the task for which the nation had made up its mind.

To several of the chief members of the Frankfort committee I had engaged myself beforehand, by private letter, to come to Germany, in order to share the

risk,* as soon as they gave a hint that they had resolved upon a popular rising. Truly, my heart was set on the cause of our oppressed brethren in the North.

And now Garibaldi, of all men, threw out such a proposal!

I did not wait for many details of his idea. "That which Lombardo-Venetia was, or is, for you," I said to him, "Schleswig-Holstein is for us. If the Italians should make an attempt of the kind mentioned now, they would lose all sympathy among the German people. Their act would be looked upon as the act of an enemy, although all liberal parties of our country acknowledge the right of Italy to Venice—but no further. Perdition will come upon those who now attempt an attack in our rear."

I then explained to him that which I had stated formerly, in controversy with Harro Harring, through Mazzini's "Pensiero ed Azione:" that the people of the Duchies themselves had for three years (1848-51) carried on the struggle against Denmark; that Schleswig, like Holstein, had of her own free-will sent her representatives to the Constituent Assembly of Germany in 1848-49; and that this was eminently our national cause.

Garibaldi listened attentively. Without further opposition, he gave up the idea of an attack. He even said: "On the day when German democracy, when the German nation, unfurls the banner of independence, I will be one of yours in the Schleswig-Holstein cause, and take part on the side of Germany."

Those only who remember the then state of feeling in this country, can imagine what the result of Garibaldi's projected initiative might have been. The English Cabinet was ready to side with Denmark. So Mr. Gladstone has stated as recently as 1878.† The intention

* "In the public place Germany's fate must now be decided. Some of you, at least, know well that he who gives this counsel has also given the pledge of his personal readiness."—(Address to the Committee of the Thirty-Six, London *Hermann*, January 30, 1864.)

† Defending himself against the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which had said that, among the party of Mr. Gladstone, distaste for national greatness had grown into a permanent sentiment and a matter of principle, Mr. Gladstone replied: "I simply ask at what date it was that

was to fight Germany, in alliance with France. The queen, it is true, was strongly opposed to any support being given to Denmark, even as she had been opposed to any support being given to the Slaveholders' rebellion in America, and as she was afterward opposed to the French view in 1870-71. I have learned, since, that years ago Prince Alfred (the Duke of Edinburgh) one morning received a letter of eight pages from his mother, impressing upon him not to allow himself to be influenced in the Danish sense.

In the same interview with Garibaldi, as well as some days later in London, French, Polish, Mexican, and North American affairs were touched upon. He showed himself deeply interested in the prospects of Poland. Learning that I was in personal relations with Mr. Cwierzakiewicz, the diplomatic representative of the Secret National Government of Warsaw, he eagerly put many questions. For the American Union he expressed the best wishes. He gave it as his opinion that troubles would yet arise for French dominion in Mexico, even though the Empire of Maximilian were established in every part of the country.

On this subject, Ledru-Rollin, Mazzini, and myself had addressed President Lincoln in a memoir, drawn up by me, showing that the ulterior object of Napoleon's enterprise was the dismemberment of the Union. The memoir pointed out the help which the popular parties of Europe, of France before all, could afford to the American Republic. President Lincoln, to whom the letter was handed by a United States General,

the Liberal Administration of this country adopted the 'permanent sentiment' and the 'matter of principle' which have been their ruin? . . . Not when, in 1863, they invited France to join in an ULTIMATUM TO THE GERMAN POWERS, and to defend Denmark, with us, against the intrigues which Germany was carrying on under the plea of the Duke of Augustenburg's title to the Duchies; and when they were told by Louis Napoleon in reply that that might be a great British interest, but that it had no significance for France." (*Nineteenth Century*, of September 1878.)—Napoleon's refusal is to be accounted for by the previous refusal of the English Government to join him in a projected intervention in Polish affairs, which he was supposed to have intended beginning in Rhenish quarters.

received it favorably. He reserved his final decision for the time of crisis; but before that arrived, the hand of the assassin struck him down. With the special proposals of the memoir, Garibaldi, to whom I communicated them at Brooke House, fully agreed. He said if the moment for action came, he was ready once more to start an expedition against French dominion in Rome.

In France, a number of officers were known to Ledru-Rollin to be as dissatisfied with the Mexican war as many of the private soldiers and the population were. Had this condition of the public mind been properly used, Napoleon might have fallen through a movement from within. How different would have been the course of contemporary history! As it was, Mentana—Garibaldi's next enterprise—was unsuccessfully fought after the Empire of Maximilian had collapsed and the French troops been withdrawn from Mexico.

For the sympathy evinced toward his struggling commonwealth, President Juarez sent me an official letter of thanks after the death of the Archduke Maximilian. I prize it highly as a remembrance of that truly honest and excellent man whose character shone forth splendidly from the crowd of self-seeking adventurers, so common, unfortunately, among the ephemeral Presidents or Dictators of Central and South American Republics.

In the conversation on English statesmen, Garibaldi, before coming to London, seemed to entertain curiously hopeful ideas as to what he might expect in the way of active help in the future. I was sorry I had to express a contrary view, which he afterward had reason, more than enough, to acknowledge as having been but too true. To England as a nation he showed himself sincerely, nay lovingly, attached. The maintenance of the Union he, like Mazzini, held to be as necessary for real freedom, as for the ultimate good of Ireland herself.

His words on Germany to me, as recorded at the time in the journals, were: "Pray, tell your compatriots that I wish to show my sympathy with the great German nation in as open and large a manner as possible. Upon your nation, whose solid qualities are a guar-

antee for the future, the political fate of Europe will finally depend!"

He pressed me to stay over-night. I had, however, to be back in London the same day, and took leave of him; fully satisfied with the result of the interview.

III.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF 1859-60.

THE inner or secret history of the Italian events of 1859-62 is not yet fully written. Seeing that the part borne by the several leaders is still so much misunderstood, the following facts may help to bring about a correcter appreciation.

Immediately after the conclusion of the peace of Villafranca, Mazzini had projected an attack to be made, through the Papal States, upon the Neapolitan kingdom. The war of 1859 he had strongly disapproved. In an interview I had with him, end of December, 1858, in presence of Aurelio Saffi, one of the ex-triumvirs of the Roman Republic, he proved himself fully informed of Louis Napoleon's intention of drawing the sword against Austria—an intention only afterward declared, to the surprise of Europe, by the famous speech on New Year's Day, 1859. The very details which Mazzini gave to me—namely, that Lombardy only would be aimed at, and that peace would be concluded at once, if Austria yielded after a defeat—turned out to be strangely correct. I found him repeatedly in possession of similar early information; for instance, in 1866.

Of the coming Franco-Italian war he said, in December, 1858, that "Garibaldi had conditionally accepted Cavour's offer to range the revolutionary elements under the Sardinian banner." "I myself," he continued, "have been asked by the Working Men's Union at Genoa whether this policy was to be adopted. I replied at once: 'No!'" He thought there was reason to fear that a compact dangerous to European security was being formed then between Louis Napoleon and the Czar. Together with Saffi, Campanella, Quadrio, Crispi (subsequently Speaker of the Italian House of Deputies, and Minister), Alberto Mario, Rosolino Pilo, Filippo de Boni, Vitale de Tivoli, C. Venturi, and others, he, on February

28th, 1859, issued a protest against the coming war; recommending abstention to his party.

After Villafranca, Mazzini changed his tactics. He then sought to enlarge the area of action. His parole was: "*Al Centro, al Centro, mirando al Sud!*" ("To Central Italy—in the direction of the South!") Very much to the astonishment of several of his friends, he addressed a public letter to the king; proposing, for the sake of Italy, to make common cause. He himself, he said, would be ready to go back into exile afterward, there to die with the republican principles of his youth intact. When he wrote this, he was staying in seclusion at Florence. On his return to London, he showed to me the official proof of his having entered into relations with Ricasoli.

It has become known since that an offer to "revolutionize the South," which he declared to be "easy," was at the same time made secretly by Mazzini to the king. Victor Emmanuel was only to give his tacit approval, and to convey to Garibaldi a message to this effect, either direct, or through Ricasoli or Farini. In case Austria, however, intervened, the king was openly to support the rising in the Two Sicilies. As this offer had no result, Mazzini approached Garibaldi for the purpose of immediate action.

Victor Emmanuel—this is Mazzini's own statement to me—was to be left now wholly out of the affair, lest Cavour, and through him Louis Napoleon, should get wind of the plan. Garibaldi, as General of the Volunteers, was to suddenly give the order for starting toward the Centre and the South. At Naples, and more so even in Sicily, preparations for a rising had in the mean time been made. Garibaldi accepted. But though he promised to keep silence, Garibaldi thought he might as well inform the king, whose own interest was involved in the expedition, and with whom he was on the best personal terms. The king told Cavour. Cavour informed Napoleon. A thundering despatch from the Tuileries was the result. Garibaldi, on the point of issuing the order for the forward march, received a counter-order from the king, and had to give up the expedition. On November 26th, 1859,

he resigned his command. Nothing was done.

The Party of Action were wild with rage. An attempt has been made to charge Garibaldi with faithlessness, or worse, for having broached the matter to the king. The fact is, he acted from a mistaken feeling of confidence; being, no doubt, unaware of the previous secret offer made to Victor Emmanuel by Mazzini himself. However, the upshot of all these moves and counter-moves was, that Mazzini now made independent preparations for a rising in Sicily, into which Garibaldi, in the beginning, was *not* initiated.

Napoleon's decisive protest against the expedition planned in autumn, 1859, was, of course, dictated by due regard for large schemes of his own. He had never intended founding Italian Unity. On the contrary, his idea was merely to procure, at the expense of Austria, a slight aggrandizement to Piedmont which in future was to be a serviceable ally for him, while France was to obtain a territorial increase of her own at the expense of Piedmont. In Tuscany, Jerome Napoleon, who shortly before the war had married Victor Emmanuel's daughter; in the Neapolitan Kingdom, Prince Murat were to be introduced as rulers. The whole country was to be grouped into a Confederation under the honorary presidency of the Pope. The French Emperor was to be practically the Lord Paramount of Italy through his military occupation of the Papal States. In slightly altered form, it was the policy of Napoleon I.

Now, the steadiness with which Napoleon III. worked toward his aim, may be seen from a much-forgotten programme drawn up as early as January, 1852, a few weeks after his state-stroke of December 2d. The programme found its way into a very influential German paper, through its Paris correspondent, who received frequent and early communications from the Elysée. He wrote thus:

If I am correctly informed, and I have every reason to believe so, Louis Napoleon intends, even as at home, so also abroad, to introduce an active policy, instead of the merely negative one, as it was until now. For such a bold and active policy—Louis Napoleon thinks—Lord Palmerston alone would be a ready ally. The President proposes to urge the solution of the

Eastern Question, and in doing so, to be on the side of England. He then will claim England's assistance in Italy, where, in alliance with Piedmont, he means to intervene against Austria. The Republic (France) is to be aggrandized by Savoy and Nice; Sardinia to be indemnified by Parma, Piacenza, Guastalla, Modena, and Lucca. For the carrying out of this plan, as against Austria's opposition, no war will be shrunk from (*soll . . . kein Krieg gescheut werden*), while England will have to take care that the Italian war does not degenerate into a European one.

Here we have the Russian war of 1853-56—the Anglo-French alliance—the Italian war—the alliance of Louis Napoleon with Piedmont—the aggrandizement of France through Savoy and Nice—the increase of territory for Sardinia—the neutrality of England—and the "localization" of the war of 1859, foreshadowed word for word! And all in the order in which it happened. It was in the *Kölnische Zeitung* that this memorable programme was published more than thirty years ago. Only those who think that politics grow of themselves in some mysterious way, independently of the planning of individuals, will be taken by surprise when reading the above.

After 1859, Napoleon continued his endeavor to establish French vassal states in Italy, although Tuscany had escaped from his grasp in the first hurricane of the national movement. At Naples, his emissaries were very active, trying to turn the hatred against Bourbon tyranny into the channels of Bonapartism. Italian patriots had, therefore, good reason to hasten their own preparations in that quarter. Mazzini understood this situation to perfection.

The Bonapartist danger was all the greater because Cavour by no means opposed the scheme of the introduction of Murat at Naples. At present, Cavour is often held to be the real founder of Italian unity: wrongly so. Almost more French than Italian; or, at least, more of a North Italian than of a large-hearted Italian patriot, Cavour did not believe in the possibility of placing the Two Sicilies under the House of Savoy. Nay, he did not even wish it. In the South—he thought—people are either Bourbonist or Democratic; the middle sort necessary for a useful junction with Piedmont would be wanting. Altogether the South seemed to him a

strange, heterogeneous element. Hence he did not care much whether French agents were busy in that quarter.

Here we come now to the mighty event of 1860—the overthrow of the Bourbon rule. Those who assert, as was done even in a London obituary notice, that "Garibaldi was, to a great extent, a puppet worked from Turin," do not know the simplest facts of the case.

It was neither Cavour, nor even Garibaldi, but Mazzini, who planned the rising. Garibaldi, at first, was not told of the new enterprise. Rosolino Pilo, however, the leader appointed for the rising, before starting from Genoa for Sicily, approached him by letter, asking him to officer it. Garibaldi refused, believing things were not ripe. From Sicily, Pilo once more sent a pressing message. To the intermediary, Garibaldi doubtfully said: "But France? But Cavour?" Finally, he resolved upon accepting the command-in-chief.

Then, only he disembarked with the Thousand—six weeks after the Sicilian insurrection had been begun. In one of the battles in the island, Pilo fell from a bullet. He was truly the pioneer of the movement. Well do I remember his face and figure as I saw him in Mazzini's dwelling where the preparations were discussed.

Cavour had done nothing but confiscate the arms and money destined for the rising. Unable to prevent Garibaldi from starting for Sicily with scanty means, in two rotten vessels, he hoped that "this fool" (*questo pazzo*) would come to grief in mid-sea—perhaps be captured by a French cruiser. That was also Farini's belief. Even after Sicily had been conquered, the king wrote, or was made to write, an autograph letter to Garibaldi, ordering him not to cross the straits. During the Liberator's still triumphant progress, Cavour cunningly wrote a few lines with an eye to future possibilities. He also set a powerful intrigue on foot for depriving Garibaldi of the Dictatorship and pocketing his successes. This was all that the wily Piedmontese statesman did.

No one knew better than Garibaldi what Cavour's conduct had been. In his blunt way of speaking, he often gave

expression to his contempt. "*Questa c——!*" he once exclaimed. With difficulty he was brought to meet Cavour once more. In London also, he showed his aversion to him very strongly in conversation with me.

Rosolino Pilo had started the movement with the pledge that the question of a Republic should not be raised (*che non fa questione di repubblica*). Garibaldi had accepted with the declaration that the programme should be: "Italy and Victor Emmanuel!" On the testimony of Mazzini I have it, however, that the movement was to be continued up to Rome, and that then a CONSTITUENT NATIONAL ASSEMBLY should be convoked there. *Venice was not to be touched for the nonce, unless the force of circumstances compelled to do so.* A number of men on Garibaldi's staff were reckoned to be won to his plan. Garibaldi himself was said to have consented.

I know that this statement is at variance with others that have been published. I give it as Mazzini distinctly made it to me more than once, before and after the events of 1860. A fact of some importance is, that Garibaldi, toward the end of his government, offered to Aurelio Saffi, Mazzini's best friend and one of Italy's noblest sons, the pro-Dictatorship of Naples. Saffi declined, owing to the state of public opinion.* At all events, this offer seems to be strong evidence of Garibaldi having felt morally bound to Mazzini's version of the original programme. It may be that Cavour, having got wind of it, felt all the more induced to work with might and main for the overthrow of Garibaldi's Dictatorship, on which Napoleon also insisted, who, from fear of England, did not dare to intervene himself.

IV.

REVELATIONS ABOUT ASPROMONTE (1862).

ANOTHER proof of the strange want of public information on the inner causes of important historical events may be found in the remarks of two prominent Liberal papers in London, one of which, after Garibaldi's death,

* See Saffi's letter in the "Scritti Editi e Inediti di Giuseppe Mazzini," vol. xi. Preface, cl.

spoke of the "almost *criminal* campaign of Aspromonte," while the other said that "Mentana did not symbolize a brilliant, nor Aspromonte a *rational* object."

In the order of things, Aspromonte ought to have been named first. It certainly was not Garibaldi's object, though he was brought to a stop there. No doubt, that brave, unselfish man has thrown himself into many apparently hopeless campaigns, which, however, in spite of defeat, mostly produced, in the end, some good result for his aims. But the object of the attempt of 1862 was not an irrational one, albeit it broke down quickly on that hill where Victor Emmanuel had a bullet sent into the leg of his friend, the founder of Italian unity.

Of the approach of that rising, and of the reasons which induced Garibaldi to risk his whole fame and name once more, in so unexpected a manner, with the cry of "Rome or Death!" I was apprised by him through several confidential communications, made partly in writing, partly by word of mouth by trusty persons sent to London. This time it was he who alone had planned the movement. Mazzini was not initiated into it. Hence the organ of the latter, in answer to an allegation of Rattazzi, had to say, as late as June 5th, 1862: "The *Unità Italiana* has not revealed anything of Garibaldi's projects; it *could not* (the italics are those of the journal) reveal anything. Like other papers, ours has simply collected the current rumors, as spread by the papers of the Moderate party, and given them without any guarantee."

I well remember how often the estrangement which had again arisen between the two popular leaders in consequence of the abrupt termination of Garibaldi's Dictatorship in 1860, was the topic of friendly conversation then. For my part, I always thought and said that Garibaldi could not help himself, when suddenly giving up the reins of power; that, owing to the harassing action of the Cavourian party, he had ceased to be master of the situation; and that, therefore, he must not be harshly judged for having left the programme of the rising partly unfulfilled.

Now, the motive which led Garibaldi,

in August, 1862, to strike out for the recovery of Rome, was one that redounds greatly to his honor. Before stating his reasons in detail, I must refer to the rumors which arose in spring of that year, as soon as it became known that he intended again forming battalions of volunteers.

The general belief then was, that he meditated an attack upon Southern Tyrol. The Italian Press was full of such statements. Rattazzi was supposed to have suggested the invasion. On this subject I entered into communication with Garibaldi on March 30th, 1862. There was special reason to do so, as the Italian Party of Action had been deceived by a so-called "General Directorate of the German Movement," which professed to be friendly to the establishment of Bohemia as an independent Slav State, and to the handing over of Trieste and Southern Tyrol to the Italians. I informed Garibaldi of the utterly unrepresentative and even suspicious character of that alleged "Directorate;" sending words of distinct warning against any attempt at touching the soil of the German Confederation, as distinguished from the Venetian possessions then still governed by the House of Habsburg, outside the Bund.* I had invariably held the same language to Italian friends; for instance, in the pamphlet† in which I replied to the "Letter on the Position of Germany toward Italy," which Mazzini had done me the honor of publicly addressing to me in February, 1861.

Trieste united herself, of her own free-will, to the German nation five hundred years ago. The southern part of the Tyrol, in which the German tongue has but gradually gone back, has belonged to the German Empire and the Bund since about three hundred years. Trieste was the only Federal German (now Austrian) port in the Adriatic. The Southern Tyrol, on account of its narrow mountain gorge, is well known to be easily made a dangerous means of attack against Germany, especially when combined with an invasion from the Rhenish side. Hence the continued

* London *Hermann*, April 5th, 1862.

† "Answer to Joseph Mazzini," on "The Position of Germany toward Italy." By Karl Blind. London, March, 1861.

possession of that bit of mountain territory—so old an integral part of the German Empire and Confederation—is apt to save our fatherland, whose central position in Europe lays her open to many simultaneous risks, a good many men in a time of war. The German Tyrolese are fully alive to this state of things. They will not hear of a dismemberment of their land. No statesman can lightly throw such considerations to the wind.

Mazzini himself blamed the cession of French-speaking Savoy for similar reasons.* As to Germany's interest in the Southern Tyrol, it had acquired an additional urgency in consequence of the Piedmontese dynasty having, by alliance and intermarriage, become so closely united to the Court of the Tuileries as to give up to France the very birthplace of Garibaldi, as well as the cradle of the House of Savoy.

Nor could it be forgotten that, though the principle of nationality is in the main the correct one, almost every State of Europe shows exceptions to the rule. Belgium, Hungary, Switzerland are even based on the exception, having within their frontiers a variety of races. In the case of Belgium and Hungary, these races are by no means agreed among themselves, while Switzerland jealously guards her Italian-speaking canton. All this went to show that the Italians would do wisely in restricting their efforts to the annexation of the Venetian territory. Already, in 1859, when Garibaldi warred in the Alpine districts, Germany was on the alert. Had the Peace of Villafranca not been rapidly patched up, the Federal German Army might have stepped in to guard the Southern Tyrol.

Was it advisable, then, to provoke the danger of hostility between two nations inclined to friendship?

Considerations of this kind I urged upon Garibaldi. On May 20th, 1862, one of his chief confidential agents, then in London, wrote to me :

It is quite probable that I shall go back to Italy at once on Friday next. Will you send

me a few words for Garibaldi to-morrow, Thursday? . . . I say this, in case I should not be able to call upon you during the day ; for I shall have to run about a great deal. Although the enterprise seems to have collapsed for the moment, there is the chance of the unforeseen ; and if such an opportunity presents itself (*en cas échéant*), I want to be in the line of battle on the day that a battle is to take place. I have written to Garibaldi in detail your conversation, giving your arguments, the importance of which, in point of law and fact, I certainly cannot doubt. He would surely like very much that in your letter you would say something on the contingency of an attack made upon a point of territory *not belonging to the German Confederation*, as well as to the chances which you may foresee in regard to a rising at Vienna.

There was no chance of a rising, then, at Vienna. Yet I may say that, in the years between 1860 and 1866, a great many more men of good position, whose real opinions were little suspected by the Austrian Government, had freely entered into relations with German exiles abroad who worked for national freedom and union.

On June 2d, 1862, Garibaldi astonished many by suddenly announcing that he did *not* intend an attack on the Tyrol. In a letter to the President of the Chamber at Turin, he declared the rumors in question to be utterly false, and the alleged conception of such an expedition to be simply a dream. At the same time he darkly hinted at offers that had been made to him by the new Ministry of Rattazzi. He added that Rattazzi had equivocated, or played false (*equivocò fatalmente*), by arresting a number of his volunteers. Thereupon a stormy discussion arose. Revelations were threatened, though not fully made. Mr. Crispi exclaimed : "The Minister (Rattazzi) is one of those men who have the wish to conspire, but who do not possess the boldness, the courage, of the conspirator. He prefers helping on conspiracies up to a certain point, and then to turn them to his own advantage. I declare absolutely that Mr. Rattazzi had promised a million, and arms, for an expedition which was to be made beyond sea (*al di là dei mari*)."

Amid the hilarity of the House, Rattazzi answered that the million lire had been intended to aid the emigrants from Venice, so that they should be enabled to "exercise their industrial capacities abroad !" In his reply, Crispi described

* "In a military sense we have, through the cession of Savoy, no longer any frontier, neither on the side of Austria, nor on the side of France. Milan and Turin are at the mercy of the foreigner."—"Letter of Mazzini to Bertani" (1860).

an expedition against the Tyrol as even more dangerous than one against Venice, because the former enterprise "would rouse against us the German Confederation," while one against Rome would convert France into an enemy. Crispi was on this occasion supposed to be the mouthpiece of Garibaldi.

Later on, Garibaldi suddenly appeared in Sicily, as in 1860, and then crossed over to the mainland. By messenger, he made to me the following startling communication :

Being invited to come over from Caprera, he had been closeted with Rattazzi, whose Cabinet was then just constituted, and who wished to speak to him on an important affair. From what Garibaldi gathered on this and on another occasion, a strange scheme had been concocted, in which Eastern affairs were curiously blended with Napoleon's Mexican policy, as well as with a plan for a *future war to be carried on simultaneously on the Rhine and the Mincio*. The details were to this effect. The French Emperor held out a hope to the Italians that he would give them an opportunity, through combined action, for the conquest of those territories which they yet wanted to wrest from Austria. Before embarking upon war in Europe, the Government of Victor Emmanuel was to give a pledge of alliance and friendship by sending an *Italian contingent to Mexico*. After the expected success of the Mexican war, a joint French and Italian attack was to be made upon the German Confederation (in which Austria was then still included), *the Italians sending, also by way of pledge, a contingent of theirs to the French army on the Rhine*, while a French auxiliary force was to act with the Italians at the Mincio. Garibaldi was offered a special part in this plan of the future. He was to operate from the Dalmatian, or Turkish coast in the direction of Hungary, so as to distract Austria there, and thus to facilitate the French attack on the Rhine by preventing Austria from fulfilling, on the western frontier of Germany, the obligations imposed upon her as a member of the German Bund. Arms and a million lire were promised to Garibaldi, if he entered into the scheme.

So far the communication conveyed to me through Garibaldi's confidant, previous to his raising the cry of "Rome or Death!"

Had this plan been acted upon, Russia would have obtained an opportunity for some of her own projects on the Danube. Before the war of 1859, Napoleon had sought to gain over Russia to combined action against Austria. His policy always was—as he expressed it already, when in exile—to beat the members of the former "Holy Alliance" one after the other, by making alter-

nately use of one against the other. In the end, England herself was to be humiliated.

Garibaldi listened to Rattazzi's proposals, but keeping his own counsel. When he became fully alive to the extent of the Bonapartist and Rattazzian plot, he drew the sword, in order to strike right across. In his proclamation of August 24th, he said :

I bow before the Majesty of Victor Emmanuel, King elect of the nation, but I am hostile to a Ministry which has nothing Italian but the name, and which only strives to keep in the good graces of the Emperor Napoleon. . . . The livery of a foreign master shall never be a title of honor and esteem for any minister of ours. . . . Let the thought and action of all patriots be exclusively directed to the freeing of Rome. To Rome, then! To Rome! Hail to King Victor Emmanuel at the Capitol.

The key of this manifesto is contained in the above communication. When not a few deserted him, to whom he had formerly been like an idol, I thought it all the more a duty, in the name of German friends, to send him an address of sympathy in October, 1862. He was then a wounded captive, and the daily mark of vituperation. The English working classes steadfastly stood to him. But hideous sanguinary riots and brutal atrocities were enacted for three consecutive weeks in Hyde Park, by a bigoted Irish mob which attacked the English meetings with the cry of "No Garibaldi! The Pope for ever!"

The following were the chief passages of the German Address :

There are defeats which carry with them the germs of future triumphs. In uplifting the hand courageously against a usurpation that gnaws at the heart of your country; in raising the cry of "Rome or Death!" you have given timely warning to a nation that was in danger of becoming the prey of a vampire policy; and you have foiled, at least for a time, those nefarious despotic projects into which Italy was being drawn. Yet, in spite of the reverse which has interrupted your work of emancipation, yours has been a great service to the cause of progress. On the day when Italy shall enter into possession of her capital, your name will be inserted on the tablets of history as that of the true victor. . . . Allow me, my dear friend, to offer you also cordial greetings in the name of numerous German friends. . . . The ingratitude of a king will not weigh keenly on your heart in presence of the large popular sympathies. . . . Kings pass away; but nations remain; and to the nations that seek to establish the truly Free State, the future belongs with certainty.

When Garibaldi came to England, I again held it to be a duty, as chairman of the German meeting of April 5th, to say before our countrymen: "Even his defeat at Aspromonte has covered him with imperishable glory. I know that that bold move, though it has not succeeded in freeing the Italian capital from foreign dominion, yet has had most certainly this success, that it struck across a dark despotic plot which then was being spun against Germany. Yes, we Germans, before all, may thank Garibaldi for having averted by his Roman expedition, unsuccessful though it was, a danger which was nearing the Rhine. At least, we may thank him for having *staved off that danger for a while.*

(Deep movement and applause.) It is for us now to show sympathy to Italy. Ay, Venice is an Italian Schleswig-Holstein. When our own frontiers have to be guarded, we shall all stand shoulder to shoulder. But Venice is nothing more than a possession of the House of Habsburg; it does not form part of the territory of the German nation."^{*}

Only four years elapsed when the danger which had been averted by the campaign that failed at Aspromonte again threatened Germany for a moment, through the Luxemburg complication (1868). Two years more passed, and the storm at last broke forth, involving a tremendous catastrophe.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE SALVATION ARMY.

I.

WHAT IS THE SALVATION ARMY?

As the person who has had perhaps the best possible opportunity of knowing all about the Salvation Army, I can most positively state that nobody invented it, that it has been evolved out of no man's brain, produced by no man's scheming, and is never likely to answer any man's own purpose—seeing that it has sprung into existence in a wholly unexpected way, and has already attained proportions and influence that place it utterly beyond the power of any one man to design or control its future.

Some seventeen years ago I came to London almost a stranger to its vast artisan population. I saw that they were without God, and I began in one of the great East End thoroughfares to do what I could as a preacher of the Gospel for their salvation. I had already had sixteen years' experience as a Methodist minister, and had been privileged to see so many thousands of hearts subdued beneath the power of the old-fashioned Gospel, that I was certain it only needed to be brought to bear upon these outlying masses to prove its efficiency for the salvation of the very worst of them. But how to get at them with it, that was the question; and upon that question, be it well understood, we consider we are still at work, for each suc-

cess attained serves but as an incentive to seek for more and as a guide how to attain more.

I have not been disappointed. The old Gospel from the very first produced the old results. In a very few weeks after I took my stand, Bible in hand, among the jeering crowds of the Mile End Road I had around me a valiant company of witnesses for Christ, recruited from among these masses, and the *little one* has steadily grown through all the seventeen years of conflict up to the present Army, with its 320 corps, its 760 officers entirely employed in the work, its 6200 services every week, its audiences of thousands and tens of thousands, generally the largest regularly gathered in any town it enters, and in most cases overtaking the capacity of the largest buildings that can be secured.

During those years we have had to unlearn and learn a great deal, and to all the lessons of our experience the world is more than welcome. As I have already intimated, we do not pretend as yet to have finished our education. War is a wonderful schoolmaster, and he is unworthy of the name of a soldier who does not continually seek to learn from foes, as well as from friends, how most completely and rapidly to conquer. We have trusted in no human

* London *Hermann*, April 9th, 1864.

wisdom or power, but in the living God; and while we set down to His glory everything of success in the past, we encourage ourselves in Him to look for far greater things than these yet to be shown us in the future.

As to our doctrines, however, let me boldly say we have never imagined there was anything new to be learned, and have no expectation of ever learning anything new. "The word of the Lord liveth and endureth forever." We have not a particle of sympathy with those who would seek to tone down, or in any way to adapt the Gospel of Christ to suit the fancy of the nineteenth century.

The old-fashioned Gospel that tells man he is thoroughly bad and under the power of the devil, that drags out the very hidden things of iniquity to the light of the great judgment throne, that denounces sin without mercy, and warns men of eternal wrath to come, unless they repent and believe in the only Saviour; the Gospel whose goodness does not consist in the suppression of all but sweet sounds of love, but in the plain straightforward ceaseless announcement of the whole truth; the Gospel of a crucified Saviour who shed real blood to save men from a real guilt and a real danger of a real hell, and who lives again to give a real pardon to the really penitent, a real deliverance from the guilt and power and pollution and the fact of sin to all who really give up to Him a whole heart and trust Him with a perfect trust—such is the gospel of the Salvation Army.

We believe the three creeds of the Church with all our heart. We believe every word of the Communion Service, and we go about denouncing the wrath of God against sinners just as people must who really believe that all these things are true. We have often been reproached, in fact, because we dwell so much upon what are often called "dark" truths, instead of joining in the popular chorus of excuse for iniquity, and sweetness and love for everybody; but we believe the greatest possible kindness to a man who is doing wrong and going to hell is to tell him so in the plainest and most urgent language that can be used. Once stopped and turned from his evil way, he will soon

find out for himself all the loveliness of the great salvation.

We teach men to expect salvation from the guilt of sin the moment that, turning from it to God, they trust Him to receive and pardon them. We teach the new convert that God is able and willing perfectly to purge his heart from all its evil tendencies and desires the moment the soul, longing for this perfect deliverance from sin, trusts Him for it all. We urge the people not to rest until God has thus cleansed the thoughts of their hearts by the inspiration of His Holy Spirit, so that they may perfectly love Him and worthily magnify His holy name. And we assure them that no matter how severely they may be tempted, how full of frailty and liable to error and to falling away they may be in themselves, God will preserve them blameless, and cause them everywhere to triumph as long as they fully trust and obey Him.

We teach that sin is sin, no matter who commits it, and that there cannot be sin without Divine displeasure, even if it be in His own children. And we teach that there is a real, constant, and perfect deliverance from sin provided by the Lord Jesus Christ, which all men are responsible either for accepting or rejecting.

We teach all saved men and women that they ought to lay down their very lives for the salvation of others: that being followers of Christ means sacrificing all our own interests and enjoyments and possessions—our lives in fact—to save a rebel world, and that whoever does not so bear the Cross has no right to expect the Crown.

Our training of converts is, of course, based on this theory. The moment any man, woman, or child, kneeling at the front row in one of our barracks, professes to have received the remission of sins through faith in Christ, we require them to stand up and tell the audience what the Lord has done for them. This, in itself, is a test of the genuineness of the work; seeing that this first testimony, as well as the public surrender to God, made by coming forward to the front, is witnessed by old companions in sin, members of a man's household, or workmates.

The professed convert's name and

address is registered, and where our plan of organization is perfectly worked he is at once placed under the care of a sergeant, whose duty it is to see that he comes up to all the services he is able to attend, or else to report him to the captain for visitation. The new convert is expected to put an "S" on each collar, or something of the kind, at once, and thus show his colors wherever he goes. It is of course explained to him at the penitent form, if he does not know it beforehand, that we require him to give up the use of intoxicating drink altogether, and he soon finds that we look upon tobacco and finery in dress as little less objectionable.

The converts are expected to take their place forthwith in every open-air meeting and procession, and on or near the platform in every meeting indoors, and to use every possible opportunity of service, in singing, speaking, prayer, door-keeping, selling of *The War Cry*, visiting—in short, to become soldiers. To all who so conduct themselves a soldier's pass or certificate is issued, renewable quarterly. Those who for three months conduct themselves in a satisfactory manner are to be passed from the general roll, on which all recruits are entered, on to the roll of efficient.

We have very little trouble in the way of discipline as ordinarily understood, for we compel all our soldiers to live under the blazing light of public service, and we find the barefaced hypocrite to be a very rare creature. No ordinary workingman or woman can maintain before workmates and neighbors for many hours such an open profession of religion as we demand, unless they really possess and enjoy it. On the contrary, one of our greatest difficulties is to find the fallen ones, who almost invariably avoid the very sight of an old comrade, even removing to a new home rather than encounter those who could remind them of their fall.

The wonderful newspaper accounts of persons, generally described as "captains," convicted of crime have all related, except in three cases of drunkenness, to people who were not connected with us at all, and the three cases referred to were those of reclaimed drunkards, who were never officers, but

who, after having for some time shown themselves faithful as privates, relapsed for a time into their former sin.

Of course there are many instances in which the work that seemed to be done proves either to have been unreal or transitory; but the proportion of these to the total of professed converts cannot be large, or the progress of the Army would suffer frequent and severe checks, instead of presenting in all directions such rapid and ceaseless growth. Having to organize mostly by means of uneducated persons, we have a slow and up-hill task in perfecting our local records and arrangements; but there is a constant improvement, and we hope soon to be able to account definitely and fully for every one who once comes beneath our influence.

Our plan of organization, moreover, makes every soldier in some degree an officer, charged with the responsibility of so many of his townsmen, and expected to carry on the war against the streets, street, or part of a street allotted to his care. Around every corps, in like manner, will be mapped a portion of the country, and every village will be placed under the care of a sergeant until a corps be established in it under commissioned officers.

The country is divided into some thirteen divisions, each under the command of a Major, whose duty is not only to direct and inspect the operations of all the corps already established; but to see to the extension of the war to new localities, to the calling out of new officers, and to the removal of either officers or soldiers, who have ceased to be fit for their position.

Each corps is under the command of a Captain, assisted by one or two Lieutenants, who are entirely employed in and supported by the Army, and whose duty is not only to do their best by conducting services outdoors and in, and by visitation of those already enlisted; but ceaselessly to plan and operate for the salvation of the whole population committed to their charge.

These captains and lieutenants are removed from one corps to another every six months or thereabouts, in order to avoid the danger of settlement into old ruts, or of a too strong attachment on the part of either the officer or

soldier to person or place, rather than to God and the war.

The system of government is absolutely military. Those who ridicule our use of military terms would cease to do so if they had any idea how really we are an army. We have thousands if not tens of thousands of soldiers who are ready at a word to leave all and go out to rescue the souls of others, and who glory in submitting to the leadership of the men or women placed over them for the sake of Christ and the world.

Some, of course, who have informed themselves of the facts, condemn this our absolute system of government as unscriptural and dangerous, if not worse than that. But we have tried other plans, and found them wanting. We began with the paternal system, but afterward experimented freely in a system of extreme democracy in government. For years we labored in the constitution of committees, large and small, after the models of the surrounding Churches. But we found in all this no advantage, and endless difficulty and trouble. We have always found the most godly and devoted workers the least disposed for debate or mere talk, and that the great result of consultations, committees, and the like, is obstruction, vainglory, and idleness. We find that real soldiers care little who leads, or how they march, so that there is victory, and that we get along best without the people who must needs discuss and vote about all they do. We have never enjoyed such unbroken peace and harmony everywhere as we have had since it has become thoroughly understood that the corps is under its Captain, the division under its Major, and the whole army under its General, with no hope for any one of successful agitation against superior authority.

The management of affairs has necessarily, with the growth of the Army, come to be divided, and the heads of departments at headquarters and the Majors in their several divisions have each to bear a large share of duties and responsibilities, in order that all the business may be speedily and carefully dealt with. It is also a very great object with us to avoid using our system of government so as to limit spiritual liberty or hamper with awkward restric-

tions any officer in the accomplishment of his great mission. To condemn, for instance, the devoted young man who, in his intense zeal for the good of others, issues a bill against which "people of taste" cry out instead of kindly helping him to do better, would be as ruinous and foolish as to shoot the young and spirited horse that has smashed your carriage against a gate-post.

The property of the Army is held for its exclusive use by the General for the time being, under the terms of a deed enrolled in Chancery on the 7th of August, 1875, and our solicitors, Messrs. Whittington, Son, & Barker, 3, Bishopsgate Street Without, E.C., hold in their possession our deeds and a complete schedule of all property thus standing in the General's name.

The finances of the Army—We have always taught all who attended our services the duty and privilege of giving in support of the work, and the majority of our corps are now self-supporting.

Each corps has its treasurer and secretary, to whom, as well as to the Captain, everything connected with the local finances is well known. The officers receive no salary until all other local expenses, such as rent, gas, etc., are met. The books of the corps are examined from time to time by the Major and by officers from headquarters, who have, however, nothing further to do with the local finances. Each division has its fund for divisional extension, administered by a local treasurer and secretary under the direction of the Major.

The general funds of the Army, out of which the expenses of the staff, the salaries and expenses of the Majors, the first cost of opening new stations, the support and travelling expenses of cadets, and all the other multiplied costs of management, are met, is sustained by subscriptions and donations from persons of all religious denominations, amounting last year in all to only some £21,000, and is accounted for under the constant supervision and annual audit of Messrs. Beddow & Sons, chartered accountants, of 2, Gresham Buildings, Basinghall Street, E. C.

The General has never received a penny out of the funds of the Army toward his support, which has always

been provided for, in the good providence of God, otherwise.

The publications of the Army, including *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier*, with a joint circulation of some 360,000 weekly, are not only a mighty power for the propagation of the Army's teaching, but will in time become a great source of income thereto.

The officers of the Army are drawn from the ranks. Those who prove the most valuable soldiers are recommended by their captains to headquarters, inspected and reported on by the Major, and if then able to answer, to the satisfaction of the General himself, a lengthy series of questions, they are invited to the Training Barracks at Clapton. Here a few weeks of East London work test their qualities and qualifications very severely, and meanwhile they are trained in conducting every branch of the service, carefully drilled, and taught the simplest way of conveying the great truths of the Bible to their people. The training given, however, does not purport to be so much scholastic as spiritual, the great necessity continually pressed upon every one's attention being that of holiness of heart and life. Those who prove to be unfit for an officer's post are unhesitatingly sent back to their place in the ranks. The care exercised in selecting cadets, however, is such that this necessity does not often arise. Very few persons are received as officers who do not give up homes or positions more comfortable from a worldly point of view than the one they come to, so that the Army is pretty well secured against the ravages of self-seeking persons.

After from six weeks to three months' stay the cadet is suddenly despatched as a lieutenant to some captain in the field. Neither captain nor lieutenant has often many shillings in his pocket when he lands in a strange town to commence his work. Constant dependence on God for all his needs is a lesson often learned amid very hard surroundings. But so rapid and complete is the success generally gained nowadays, that the officer's lot is not often one of great privation. Mob violence is becoming more and more unusual, as the Army is better known and understood by the authorities and the masses, and the officers

are able to give their whole strength with little drawback to the service.

Each officer is expected to conduct from 19 to 25 meetings weekly, extending over 30 to 35 hours; to spend 18 hours in visiting from house to house, and to spare no possible effort besides for the good of souls. The utmost amount of salary to be drawn by a single man captain is 21s. weekly, by a woman captain 15s., and by a married captain 27s., with 1s. per week per child, so that the Army is never likely to be troubled with drones.

The work of an ordinary Sunday commences with a prayer-meeting from 7 o'clock till 8. Then follow open-air meetings or marches from 10 to 11, from 2 to 3, and from 5.30 to 6.30, followed by indoor services from 11 to 12. 15, 3 to 4.30, and 6.30 to 10. Upon extraordinary occasions the programme is varied by a march at 6 A.M., a mass meeting in the open air from 10 to 12. 30, or a march after some of the indoor meetings.

The officer's position is, moreover, held simply, so to speak, by the sword, the unsuccessful man after sufficient trial being left without appointment. Moreover, as already pointed out, the officer who has for six months been winning the love of a corps and a town, is then removed, often at a very few days' notice, so that any little beginning of a selfish sentiment is checked, and the spirit of a united and single-eyed devotion maintained. An officer is, in short, expected to be an example of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world.

What will it grow to? Who can guess? I cannot. Never, I hope, into a sect. We have taken and shall continue to take every precaution against this. Warned by the failure of John Wesley in maintaining his unsectarian position, we are striving to avoid what we think were his mistakes.

1. Instead of refusing to complete our organization, we strive to perfect it more and more, making it, however, step by step, more exacting on all who join, so as to exclude all but real soldiers, leaving to the Churches all who wish mere church life.

2. Instead of insisting upon attendance on any church, even for the Sacrament, we teach our people to spend all their

leisure time with the Army, to visit churches only as corps by invitation, so as to promote general godliness and harmony, and to avoid as the very poison of hell all controverted questions.

By these means we have certainly attained already a most friendly footing in relation to all the Churches in many localities, and we trust, in another year or two, to have not only gained the warm sympathy of all godly men, but to have spread far and wide a spirit of love and hearty co-operation that will do much to lessen the dividing walls of sectarianism.

At any rate, whoever may smile or frown, "The Salvation Army is marching along." We are not only extending the work in this country at the utmost possible speed, but propose, God willing, ere the year closes, to reinforce and expand our operations in France, America, and Australia, and to establish headquarters, at any rate, in New Zealand, India, Sweden, and Holland.

We are just commencing, too, the organization of separate corps for children in each town, with barracks and daily services of their own, which will, we have no doubt, give a very great impetus to the War. We hope that ere the end of the summer the appointment of sergeants to villages near our town corps will have greatly increased our numbers.

But, above all, we trust ever to increase in that entirety of devotion to the Lord Jesus, which, sweeping away, as it must, all consideration for ourselves and our own future, must needs insure to us the greatest favor from Him who is our strength and our all, and the widest, the most unbounded usefulness to a ruined world.

II.

THE LAST REVIVAL.

It is difficult for those who regard this world as a Burning House to be tolerant of the deliberation and composure wherewith the official Fire Brigade usually carry the escape to the threatened quarters, and the dulcet whispers whereby they seek to rouse the slumberers doomed to destruction. It is equally difficult for unbelievers in mundane or post-mundane conflagrations to recognize with becoming gratitude the efforts of a trampling, shouting

crew of volunteers rushing uncalled to the rescue of souls, battering at everybody's door, and screaming warnings and invitations to come forth and be "saved."

The man of the world and the religious man have always been so far apart that what was wisdom to one has been foolishness to the other; but hitherto there has been on the part of "Mr. Worldly Wiseman" a tacit admission that it is a City of Destruction in which both he and "Christian" dwell; and that the policy of finding a refuge was only a question of time which his fellow-citizen was injudiciously disposed to hasten before the inevitable death-bed, where conversion would be pressingly expedient. Nowadays, a much more radical difference divides the minds of men, and it is by no means only the worldly man or the sceptic who discards the Burning House theory of human life. The most profoundly pious persons in our time have, as a general rule, passed on to a conception of religion as something altogether different from a contrivance provided for the escape of souls from perdition; and in the higher view that Divine punishments must ever and always be Divine mercies, they have reached a standpoint whence Revivalist alarms and rescues seem scenes of the spiritual nursery, unfitted for the grown-up sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty.

It is a matter of certainty, however, that while the earlier and cruder idea of religion survives, cutbursts of zeal for "saving souls" in firebrand fashion will periodically take place. The wonder is, not that we should behold just now such a phenomenon as the Salvation Army, as that there should at all times be thousands of people who seriously believe that their neighbors are tumbling hourly into the Pit, and who nevertheless find it possible to enjoy all the little pleasures of life with unabated gusto, and never lift their finger to save their hapless friends from perdition. Revivalism is far more natural, more human, more logical—*given the supposed conditions which it assumes*—than buying and selling, ploughing and reaping, going to dinner parties, and attending sales of art furniture; and it must and ought to reappear for many a day among us,

till it pass into the finer form (even now often ensheathed in its coarse husk) of passionate aspiration after the higher life for ourselves and our fellow-men. That which alone is really mark-worthy about the Salvation Army is, that it embodies the old revival spirit in a form of unusual vigor and coherency, and that it out-Herods all its predecessors in the audacious familiarity of its treatment of sacred things. It has, I think, three principal elements of success, and one element of failure—of failure so disastrous as to threaten to neutralize every possible good which it has done or may do.

1. First among the elements of success is the organization of the "Army," which combines the inspiriting military pattern with the rigid discipline and complete autocracy of the great monastic orders. "General" Booth's authority more nearly resembles, I believe, that of a General of the Jesuits or the Franciscans, than that of Sir Garnet Wolseley or Sir Evelyn Wood.

2. The adoption of the Temperance agitation by the Army has not only given it a practical aim and saved it from the mere hysterical excitement of ordinary Revivalists, but has commended it to the good-will, and in some cases to the warm support, of Churchmen who would have been the last to countenance a purely pseudo-spiritual revival. The teachings of the leaders of the Army and their practice are alike removed from mere subjective emotion. Mrs. Booth has repeatedly and indignantly abjured the doctrine that righteousness is no more than "filthy rags;" and it may be said justly of the Army that its Salvation is that of Works quite as much as of Faith. Teetotalism is at this moment the common ethical ground of all the sects, from that of General Booth to that of Cardinal Manning. The enthusiastic advocates of the system may be found everywhere, and eagerly support one another, casting for the moment all theological differences into the shade; a wholesome spectacle to be repeated hereafter through all the range of moral agitations. Those numerous gin-palaces alleged to have been shut up in Bristol through the agency of the Army and before the Blue Ribbon invasion, have afforded just the kind of

fruits which, when the practical British mind beholds, it ceases to cavil at the root. The renunciation of tobacco is another sacrifice demanded of the Army which, like all those asked of men, binds their hearts to the cause or person for whom they are made. As Carlyle remarked that Ramadan did more than any feast for Islamitic zeal, so the consciousness of effort and self-denial in the modern Temperance movement supplies fuel to enthusiasm such as no reward could afford. That it sometimes (and notably in the case of many Salvationists) goes further, and puffs up the Teetotaler with self-satisfaction and arrogance, was perhaps an inevitable consequence of such a practice of ascetic virtue. Every virtue, even the very small one of early rising has a tendency to nourish ostentation, but of all merits that of Teetotalism possesses greatest potency in this direction. Probably, as most people acquire it from a benevolent desire to set a good example to others rather than for their own moral exercise, they naturally feel that the utility of their self-denial would be lost unless everybody should be aware of it. In the less reticent classes, of which the rank and file of the Salvationist Army consists, the self-glorification of reformed drunkards is said to proceed so far that the fulfilment of his pledge seems sufficient *per se* to elevate the convert in his own eyes to the rank of a saint and martyr, and he reduces the whole Ten Commandments to the new one, "Thou shalt drink no alcohol." From the man who renounces beer, nothing further (he appears to think) ought to be expected in the way of virtuous effort; nay, God himself is somewhat in his debt for his splendid self-sacrifice.

It is needless to say that this kind of thing must be detestable in the eyes of the leaders of the movement, whose teaching (so far as I have heard it) is singularly comprehensive and sound on other moral questions. Teetotalism has accomplished wonders of reformation. We must not be surprised if it involve some evils and mistakes. *On a les défauts de ses qualités.*

3. To these two elements of success must be added the remarkable preaching powers of the woman who is, if I mistake

not, the soul of whatever is best in the movement—Mrs. Booth. Her real eloquence, with all its quaint and even grotesque forms of pronunciation and grammar, and amazing fabrication of words (such, for example, as "Jumbleization" occurring in a very solemn argument), is a powerful engine of persuasion; but she possesses more than mere rhetoric, however varied and vivifying. She has an immense store of sound sense and practical experience, combined with a genuinely high ideal of life and duty. After listening to her many times for hours together, I have found myself bringing away more fresh and sound ideas, and less "padding," than from any series of discourses it has been my fate to hear for many a day.

4. But the despotic Organization, and the Temperance work of the Army, and the eloquence of its leaders—all legitimate elements of success—are none of them its most characteristic feature. The harp and viol may have a share in its music, but the sound of the drum overpowers all the other instruments in a distressing manner to the public ear. That Christianity could ever have been made "rowdy" would have seemed an impossible feat; but the Salvation Army has accomplished it; and the very grave question presses, whether by this deplorable dereliction it is not doing a mischief for which the immediate and ostentatious "conversion" of hundreds of drunkards and sinners would fail to compensate. I suppose no one will dispute that this rowdyism really prevails in the processions, hymns, services, and publications of the Salvation Army. There is no attempt on the part of the leaders to soften the fact that "Aggressive Religion" involves compelling the attention of the unconverted, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear. Religion (such is their view) had been long tapping quietly at the door of men's hearts, and it had not obtained admittance. But even Dr. Watts's sluggard must not be allowed to turn round for a "little more slumber" when the Salvationists have put their hand on his knocker. Gentle means and excellent good taste on the part of the established clergy have failed. Strong measures must therefore be adopted, and decorum dispensed with

for the moment. Revolutions are not made with rose-water. Where eternal interests are at stake it is ridiculous to stand on punctilios. These principles have obvious application in a practical way. The first thing to be done is to make people attend the services of the Army. There would be no use in ringing bells, for bells have been ringing for ages to little purpose; so drums and fifes must be employed, and played about the streets. *The War Cry* must be read, and therefore made startling and attractive. Accordingly its articles are headed by such titles as "Jumbo and Jesus." Old psalms and hymns, even of the Moody and Sankey collection, are not stirring enough; so new canticles are composed, such as one heard at the door of a church in Torquay where a detachment of the Army halted as the congregation issued after evening service:

"Elijah was a jolly old man,
And was carried up to heaven in a fiery van."

The chorus being something in this wise:

"Let us every one be a jolly old man,
And be carried up to heaven in a fiery van."

The chariot of Elijah turned into the van-omnibus of a school feast, and the most solemn character in the dim twilight of history described as a "jolly old man," are touches which might seem to reach the climax of that which I have called Religious Rowdyism; but I regret to hear that some of the leaders of the Army have used much worse phrases because applied in higher connection. Speaking of the common reproach to the Army of being "always in a row," the preacher said, "And what if we are? Is not God always in a row?"

It is painful, perhaps scarcely right, to quote such words, even for reprobation; but only by citing a few of them can a judgment be formed on the question which, as I have said, it deeply concerns us to answer whether the proceedings of the Salvation Army are on the whole to be approved or deplored.

It is but justice in estimating these (to my thinking) frightful expressions, to bear in mind that the temptation to say grotesque things in a sermon intended to attract the multitude, must be, to a quaint and original mind, almost insurmountable. The first odd and uncon-

ventional sentence produces a sensation which it thenceforth becomes the object of the preacher constantly to renew. The receipt for platform discourses in the Salvation Army obviously begins. "Catch your Hearers"—by fair rhetoric and grave argument if you can; but if they will not be caught by these, then by the most extravagant thing you can think of. Persuade, if possible; but startle, if you cannot persuade. Now the evil of this plan is that the palate for jokes, like the palate for pickles, requires every day more piquant condiments. The quaint illustration, the homely use of solemn words, the introduction of slang into theology—all the little "effects" which send a subdued chuckle round a hall—must be heightened and rendered more grotesque if the same result is to be obtained Sunday after Sunday. The preacher feels bound not to fall below the expectations of his audience or disappoint them by tameness and sustained gravity, and so the evil grows. Pulpit vies with pulpit, and procession outsings procession. The older and more regular preachers of the churches who had indulged in a mild way their originality, find their heretofore popular pulpit jokes pale before the pyrotechnics of the Salvationists, and are proportionately shocked and indignant; while the new Revivalist finds himself drawn by degrees probably far beyond the limits which his earlier feelings and calmer judgment would place on his levity.

To such of us as can recall the profoundly solemn spirit which characterized the old Evangelical type of piety, there is something more than painful, even abhorrent, in the irreverence which now confronts us. The awe-inspiring psalm of our youth is changed to a music-hall melody whistled about the streets; and the sublime image of Religion is dressed up as a merry-andrew. Muscular Christianity did much, not always wisely, but on the whole, well, to break up the gloom which had settled on Evangelical piety of the Cowper stamp, and to stop the tendency to twaddle and cant which its baser imitators exhibited. To the school of Arnold and Kingsley has followed that of the Ritualists, who, while instituting a superfluity of corporeal

demonstrations of reverence in worship, have yet, it is to be feared, done somewhat to distract, by "histrionic" services and the multiplicity of genuflections, the aim of worshippers from that inward prostration of spirit which Evangelicalism sought alone. But far beyond all these, at the furthest swing of the pendulum, we now behold parading our streets the Salvation Army, among whom scarcely a vestige of religious awe, or even of decorum in touching things revered by their neighbors, can be traced. The French divine who some years ago disgusted the English readers of his book on Prayer by insisting that God was *débonnaire*, has been left far behind, and the stillness of Heaven itself is broken to our ears by vile talk of "rows," "Hallelujah gallops," and "jolly" prophets ascending in "fiery vans." Nothing is left for awe or solemnity above or below.

Now the question is whether, in thus despoiling religion of reverence, these well-intentioned people are not destroying *the thing itself*—whether religion be anything but heathenism, when it has been despoiled of reverence? May not a man as well aspire to Valhalla as to a Heaven whither he expects to be conveyed in a pleasure-van? And may he not as properly worship Æolus or the god of Tumults as a God "always in a row?" The matter is one deserving gravest consideration.

We possess a score of definitions of religion. It may be, in its germ, as Schleiermacher held, merely a sense of Dependence (*Abhängigkeitsgefühl*); or, as defined by Schenkel, a "sense of Dependence ethically induced;" or, it may be, it its essence, as Mr. Matthew Arnold teaches, "Morality touched by emotion;" or, as the ingenious author of the new treatise on "Natural Religion" maintains, it may be essentially Admiration, "for worship," he says, "is habitual admiration;" albeit to become religion in the complete sense, he adds, that it must not only recognize the Unity in the Nature which is admired, but "make sufficiently prominent that which is highest in it—namely, the moral principle."* For myself, I

* "Natural Religion," p. 95.

would define it in none of these ways, but as the perfectly natural and actual reception of the influence of the Divine and Infinite Spirit, by the spirits of His children; an influence which, in its highest benediction to the faithful soul, becomes Divine Communion. But, whatever definition we may accept for religion, one thing is certain—namely, that the sentiment of reverence must pervade it, or else it is a mere paganism. The "sense of Dependence" must be that of the consciously weak and faulty child looking up to infinite Strength and Goodness above him. The "Emotion" wherewith morality is to be "touched" must be the emotion of adoring homage for the Impersonated Moral Law. The "Admiration" which alone is religious Worship is that which prostrates the soul before the Sun of Righteousness arising before the eye of the mind. The reception of the influence of the Divine Spirit which is Religion, is that which man gives when he bows his head and says, "Thou art to me all that I desire; make me to Thee what Thou desirest, O Thou the most merciful of the merciful."

All forms of fetichism and polytheism, all the debased forms of Greek, Latin, and Teuton Christianity which have not saturated the souls of men with reverence, are not properly Religions, but mere Sorceries; systems for providing escape from the wrath of the offended invisible Powers. To be a true religion, no slavish adulation of mere power—no scrupulous performance of propitiatory rites—no intellectual and scientific recognition of theological verities—no æsthetic dilettantism in the beauty and sublimity of the Divine in Nature, will by any means suffice. But that which does suffice, and does constitute religion, is the feeling of reverence, beginning in awe and silence as the voice is heard in the desert: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" and rising at last to the climax of adoration as the soul seems to learn the full meaning of the cry which the Seer of Patmos heard: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

Thus to detract if ever so little from this sentiment of Reverence, and to lead men to think or speak or act with rever-

ence to Divine things with the familiarity which proverbially "breeds contempt," is to strike at the very root of religion. It is not merely to impair and injure and take the bloom off it, but to kill its very life. There is no such thing as vulgar religion. If it be vulgar, it is not religion; if it be religion, it is above all vulgarity and familiarity.

The loss of reverence in much of our modern life, in the relation of children to parents (Nature's normal school of the sentiment), in the relation of orders of society, and generally of the inferior to the superior, is an evil which has many causes. Speaking of it with deep regret and deprecation, the late John Stuart Mill said to me that he considered it an inevitable consequence of our very rapid progress, whereby the younger generation does really outstep the older, so that the son knows much more than his father; and for his part he hoped and believed that things would right themselves at a future time. This may be so, and it may be that the influx of democratic feeling—the "I-am-as-good-as-you-and-better" sentiment—which comes to us with every steamer from the Atlantic seaboard, and which may unhappily shortly rise up amongst us like a bad gas out of the Channel Tunnel from Paris—may be driven back by healthier breezes. But, as things are now passing, the part played by the Salvation Army in bringing all holiest things into the general Carnival of equality and jocosity, is by no means trifling or innocuous. City missionaries affirm that in every public-house in London, where heretofore whatever ill-talk went on, the subject of religion was tacitly left aside, the Salvation Army now forms the topic of interminable laughter and jests, amid which the most sacred names and the deepest human feelings and hopes come in for their share of ridicule. Of course, the publicans detest the Salvationists as preachers of Teetotalism, and rejoice when they can make them the butt of the rough wit of their customers; nor are they, perhaps, very anxious to suppress any of the numerous slanders which are current concerning their morals and other matters beside temperance. We must in justice to the Salvationists distrust everything brought against them

from the quarters of their natural enemies. Yet, when all is said, there is no doubt that the mischief done is deplorable when Prayer and Praise are parodied in the streets, and Repentance turned into the standing jest of a gin-palace.

III.

THE METHODS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

In the "Orders and Regulations for the Salvation Army," published by General Booth, directions are given to "Commanding Officers" of the Army to use all endeavors to get "newspaper attention." "It is to the interest of the service to be in the columns of the newspapers as often as possible; no matter in what way."*

This direction from headquarters has been faithfully obeyed. The Salvation Army has succeeded beyond all precedent in bringing its existence and its work into public notoriety; and one of the main difficulties to be encountered by any one who now tries to write upon the subject, is the fact that almost all that can be said about it has been said already.

I cannot hope to furnish any new information, still less to offer any new advice; but as I have had favorable opportunities of studying the Army and its work, I venture, in accordance with invitation, to state what are the impressions I myself have been led to form as to its methods and their results. The important place which the Army has won for itself in the religious history of our time seems to justify or even to demand from all who are interested in the Church's work, an endeavor to understand as a simple matter of fact, what it is which has, humanly speaking, led to the Army's present "success," and how far its "triumph" is likely to be either beneficial or permanent.

My knowledge is derived from frequent attendance at its meetings of all sorts in various parts of London, from personal intercourse with several of its foremost men, and from a careful study of its publications, both permanent and ephemeral. I propose to put forward as simply as I can, and with no more

comment than is absolutely necessary, the conclusions to which I have been led, respecting—(1.) The causes of the Army's present "success;" and (2.) The inherent danger or weakness of its present system as a permanent power for good.

I crave attention to the fact that I am writing only about its methods of work, and am expressing no opinion upon the much deeper and, in some respects, more important subject of its precise doctrinal teaching.

First, then, as to its present extraordinary "success." To this, it appears to me that at least six distinct causes are contributing.

1. *The "success" itself.*—Nothing succeeds like success. In May, 1877, the Army had 29 corps, 31 "officers, wholly employed," 625 soldiers ready to speak when wanted, and an income of some £4200 per annum. It has now 331 corps, 760 officers wholly employed, and at least 15,000 trained soldiers ready to speak when wanted. It holds more than 6000 services every week, and its income, which is rapidly increasing, is now at the rate of at least £70,000 per annum. These bare facts, when properly handled, are of themselves an enormous engine for successful advance. Nothing better proves the sound judgment of the Army's leaders than the prominence given in the pages of *The War Cry* to the records of each week's victory and advance. It might at first sight seem that a "newspaper," the circulation of which is at present at the rate of more than 300,000 copies a week, would best advance the cause for which it exists by devoting itself to stirring appeals, or to reports of addresses by the General and his colleagues. But its editors have, I believe, shown a truer wisdom, so far as immediate results are concerned, in giving to such appeals only the second place, and putting in the fore-front the weekly chronicle of achievement and triumph. Take as an example, selected at random, *The War Cry* of July 6th. It contains in all twenty-one columns of print; of these it devotes fourteen columns to separate reports of the Army's successes during the previous week at 108 stations in England, eight in Scotland, and one in France. The remaining seven col-

* Page 70.

umns contain two "addresses," four hymns or songs, a letter from the "General," asking for funds, and a long array of Army "advertisements," including a detailed account of a week's sale of *The War Cry* and *The Little Soldier*.

This system aims successfully at two objects. By its record of successful work, it encourages the "soldiers in the field;" and by exciting the interest of outsiders in a movement so widespread and apparently so triumphant, it induces them out of sheer curiosity to go and hear for themselves. "Once get people into the hall," remarked one of the officers, "and leave the rest to God and me."

I say nothing at present as to the real value of this very evident "success." I am now measuring, and not weighing.

2. The second cause I would name as conducing to the Army's success, is its employment of all its converts from the very first. Every man, woman, or child accepted as a recruit is supposed to become from that moment a centre of evangelizing work. One who has entered the hall out of sheer curiosity, or perhaps to scoff, is brought, it may be, before long, to kneel with bowed head at the "penitents' form." Half an hour later he is bearing public testimony to the fact of his conversion, and that night or the next day sees him with a great "S" upon his collar selling *The War Cry* in the streets and public houses, among the companions of his former life. With all the obvious dangers which surround such a system, its primary result must evidently be the rapid multiplication of converts.

It is important, however, to notice that this multiplication of converts is not the sole object, perhaps not the chief object, in view. A man is sent to sell *The War Cry*, not only in order that *The War Cry* may be sold, but that the seller's own shyness may be broken through. "It is wonderful what an hour at a street corner will do to make a shy man brave for life."

3. I would specify next the Army's recognition of the power of personal testimony, especially when it is borne by those on a level, social and intellectual, with their hearers. I have seen people sit agape for half an hour listening to the same "testimony," repeated almost in

the same words, by man after man, woman after woman, when they would not have listened to it attentively for ten minutes had it been quoted second-hand by an educated teacher. The officers of the Army would, I think, place this agency, hitherto almost unknown in the Church of England, as the foremost of all means for gaining adherents to their work. And here again we must notice the reflex action of his testimony upon the speaker himself, as being perhaps the chief object kept in view by those who put him forward to "commit himself" for his own good. May I add once more, that I am only stating the fact, not advocating the practice?

4. I would ascribe its success, in the fourth place, to the habitual use by the Army of language which Mrs. Booth euphemistically calls "the tongue of the people," but to which others have been apt to apply much harsher epithets. As I must return to this subject in a future paragraph I will only say here that, whether it be harmful or healthy, the style of language used in announcing, conducting, and recording the meetings has indisputably been one chief attraction to the multitudes who frequent them.

5. Akin to this is what—for want of a better term—may be called the *ritualism* of the Army, including under that name the adoption of military titles and uniforms, the use of banners and brass bands, and the purposely obtrusive character of its placards and hand-bills, as to print, color, and the like, apart from the matter which these bills contain. The utility of such agencies for their immediate purpose has of late years been proved beyond dispute by others than the Salvationists, and to me at least it is hard to understand why, if it can be shown to attain the desired result, this *modus operandi* should of itself be so severely censured.

6. The last cause which I wish to specify as contributing to the Army's "triumph," is one which ought, perhaps, to have stood first. I allude to the character, ability and zeal of those who have inaugurated and now control this vast organization.

Whatever be their errors in doctrine or in practice, I can only say that, after

attending a large number of meetings of different kinds in various parts of London, I thank God from my heart that He has raised up to proclaim His message of Salvation the men and women who are now guiding the Army's work, and whose power of appealing to the hearts of their hearers is a gift from the Lord Himself. I am sorry for the Christian teacher, be he cleric or layman, who has listened to such addresses as those given by "General" Booth, Mrs Booth, and by some five or six at least of their "staff officers," and has not asked for help that he may speak his message with the like straightforward ability and earnest zeal.

I have tried to trace the causes which, humanly speaking, have led to the really great position now held by the Salvation Army as a spiritual agency in England. Other causes, no doubt, have contributed to the result, and not least, perhaps, the persecution which the Army underwent at first in many towns—a persecution, I trust, now happily at an end. I pass on now to notice some of the characteristics of the work, which, if uncorrected, must tend, as it seems to me, to impair its usefulness as a permanent agency for God's glory and man's good. Some of them may at present be mere symptoms of possible danger ahead. If so, the more reason they should now be considered and examined, both by the "Army" and by those who wish it well.

1. The point which naturally suggests itself first, though I do not think it is the most important, is the *Autocracy of the General in Command*. Few outsiders, probably, are aware how absolute is his rule. He is the sole trustee for all the buildings and property of the Army; he is empowered to nominate his successor in the trust; and he can by his mere fiat dismiss any officer in the service, or transplant him to another station or to new work. Perhaps the only parallel to be found in history for the position he occupies is that of the "General" of the Jesuits. And the parallel is so curious, in other respects than the name, that I venture to quote from Dr. Littledale's striking description of the Jesuit polity a few sentences which might be applied verbatim to the position of Mr. Booth:

"The Jesuit polity is almost a pure despotism. . . . The general is, indeed, elected by the congregation of the Society, but once appointed it is for life, and with powers lodged in his hands . . . which enormously exceed, as regards enactment and repeal of laws, as to restraint and dispensation, and both in kind and degree, those wielded by the heads of other communities. . . . He alone nominates to every office in the Society. . . . The admission and dismissal of every member depends on his absolute fiat, and by a simple provision of reports to him he holds in his hands the threads of the entire business of the Society in its most minute and distant ramifications."*

Now this may work very well so long as Mr. Booth is alive and able for all his duties, but the experience of history does not lead us to anticipate that it will of necessity work equally well when he is gone.

What Dr. Littledale says of the Jesuits' failure may prove equally true of the Salvation Army—

"Among the causes which have been at work to produce the universal failure of this great company in all its plans and efforts, first stands its lack of powerful intellects. . . . It takes great men to carry out great plans, and of great men the company has been markedly barren from almost the first. Apart from its mighty founder and his early colleague, Francis Xavier, there are absolutely none who stand in the very front rank."†

It is understood, if not yet definitely enacted, that "General" Booth is to be succeeded by his eldest son, already a prominent officer upon his father's staff. If the system of arbitrary generalship is—judging by the experience of history—a dangerous one for the common good, the danger in the case of a religious organization is certainly not diminished by introducing the notion of hereditary rule. Unless it be in some of the smaller and more benighted Eastern Churches, where the Patriarch is necessarily succeeded by his nephew, I doubt whether an analogous system can be found in any religious community in the world. It may possibly be said that the results should be left to God, who will guide and protect His own. But a like plea might of course be put forward for any honest system which could be devised, and the problem is not by any means thus easily disposed of.

* "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1881, vol. xiii. p. 646.
 † *Ibid.* p. 651.

2. The next rock ahead which I seem to see in the Army's course is the lack, in its teachers and promoters, of an intelligent basis on which to ground the faith which they proclaim.

The man who is thoroughly in earnest has in the mere strength of his faith a huge power given him. But the multiplication throughout the land of so-called "officers," who are really to be teachers and expounders of the Word of God, and who yet do not even profess to have an intelligent understanding of the Bible as a whole, is—to say the least—a venture of no small magnitude. The parallel repeatedly drawn in this respect between the Army's officers and the Apostles of the Lord, takes for granted a good deal which we have no sort of right to take for granted, and leaves a good many plain facts out of sight. I am carefully avoiding, as I have said, the doctrinal side of the controversy about the Army and its work, but in estimating the effect it has had among the working-classes of our large towns one plain fact stares us in the face. The doctrines upon which the Army's officers lay most stress are the very doctrines which, when presented by uneducated men, in a natural blunt or exaggerated form, have already proved a stumbling-block to so many intelligent and earnest working-men. The Army does not, I believe, even profess to have won any victories against the forces of Secularism, while the *National Reformer* bears abundant testimony to the effect it has produced in the opposite direction, as offering a mark for sneers and gibes perhaps not always undeserved. It is one thing to utilize under the pressure of emergency every agency, be it man or thing, that comes to hand. It is another thing altogether to organize a permanent "Army," which, possessing an income of £70,000 a year, makes no provision whatever for answering the intelligent and reasonable questionings which in these days of universal education have arisen among the very class with which the Army sets itself to deal.

3. Thirdly. No body of Christians, I believe, has ever before striven thus to live their whole life in the full glare of day, with scarcely even a pause for the secret communing of each man

with his God. Prayer, confession, praise, are all public and unreserved. Great as is the power of the plain testimony of personal experience, when it is heard from a man's own lips by the companions of his former life, its indiscriminate use is fraught with the gravest peril. Even the timid girl must stand forward in her turn upon the open platform under the gaze of a godless crowd to tell forth in her loudest tones the inmost secrets of her new-found life with God. "Can they not see how fatal it may be to some natures thus to wear their hearts upon their sleeves? thus to drag the secrets of their spiritual life out of the gracious shadows wherein God leaves them?"* Neither in the books published by the Army, and intended, with the bare unexplained text of the Bible, to form the sole reading of the soldiers;† nor in the training-system of cadets at Clapton and elsewhere; nor in the general advice given at the Army's meetings, have I found any direction but the sparest and slenderest in favor of private prayer. Can anything be less like the example or the teaching of the Lord himself? Can anything be less like the example or the teaching of St. Paul? And yet Mrs. Booth protests against the imputation that the Army's plan is a new one. "People accuse us of new measures. Oh, no! theirs are the new ones; ours are as old as the Apostles! I will contend this with any bishop in the land (cries of 'Hallelujah!')."‡ There is here a distortion, as it seems to me, of the fundamental principle upon which the life of a Christian worker ought to move. Everything is made to act inward from the circumference to the centre, instead of radiating outward from the centre to the circumference. All care is devoted to developing that part of the life which is in touch with the world outside, in the hope that its activity will react upon the inner life of the man's own soul. A strange contrast this to the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount: "Thou, when thou prayest,

* Canon Farrar's Sermon in Westminster Abbey. *Guardian*, No. 1909, p. 940.

† See "Doctrines and Discipline of the Salvation Army," p. 123.

‡ Official Report of Mrs. Booth's Lecture at Carlisle, Sept. 21, 1880, p. 16.

enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly."

"And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings, so our prayer
May readier spring to Heaven, nor spend
its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air."*

4. I come next to the gravest danger of all. I half shrink from dealing with it lest I should seem, by any words I use, to do ought to quench what I indeed believe to be a work of God, or to damp the holy enthusiasm of those who are veritably fighting His battles. I have, I think, seen no single criticism of the Army's work in which its *irreverence* has not been held up to condemnation or rebuke. And not always, as it seems to me, quite fairly. I have heard addresses given at crowded Army meetings, both in east and west, which it would have been easy, by the mere report of a short-hand writer, to represent as irreverent in the extreme. And yet, when spoken in plain old words by an earnest man to a rough audience, whom he had hushed into silence by his manner and his tone, there was no irreverence about them, but a solemn and heart-stirring appeal to his hearers' consciences in a way—perhaps the only way—that they would understand. So again with hymns. There is nothing of itself irreverent in the clash of cymbals or the roll of drums, whether out of doors or in. The wholesale criticism of the Army as "irreverent and even blasphemous in all its methods" (I quote words actually used) is as harmful as it is unjust, and not least because it diverts attention from the very real danger of irreverence which sometimes—and not seldom—does exist.

I will not quote again the particular advertisements or notices of meetings which have of late been commented upon with just severity by almost every speaker or writer on the subject. I will merely say that, as a matter of fact, I have, after bringing it repeatedly before them, heard no defence, or attempted defence, by any one of the Army's officers, of some of the language which is

well characterized by Canon Farrar as "grotesque and irreverent phraseology, calculated quite needlessly to disgust and to repel." I hope and believe that we shall see less and less of this. One can but deplore the indiscretion or mismanagement which permitted such placards to be issued at all.

Nor would I attempt to deny or palliate the irreverence I have myself occasionally seen and heard at Army meetings, both in London and elsewhere. Its frequency has, I think, been exaggerated, but the fact remains. When an excited and illiterate young man or woman is put forward to declare in the loudest tone "what Jesus has done for me and what He will do for you," there must be, here and there at least, the grossest irreverence. The risk, which is a grave one indeed, is inherent in the system pursued. And, again, in the excitement of a great meeting, when the rough audience has caught the enthusiasm of the speakers, and is joining vociferously in doggerel hymns or songs, to the noisy accompaniment of a great brass band, irreverence—gross irreverence in the view of every thoughtful Christian man—is, to say the very least, perilously imminent. I am not now trying to suggest how this danger can be averted—I believe it might at least be minimized—while the Army works upon its present lines. Whether it can be averted or not, it is at present a serious and disquieting fact. I pray that its gravity may be recognized by the leaders of the Army. I am inclined to fear it is not so recognized at present. In some directions, the danger will necessarily increase. The excuse for the present startling notices and placards, which I am not prepared to condemn wholesale, is that something novel was required in order to startle the people accustomed to disregard the usual advertisements of the kind. Now, "whereunto is this to grow?" In a few years at most, people will be as well used to the "Blood and Fire" placards of the Army, as they are now to the old-fashioned notices of church and chapel. Are we, then, to have something more startling, more "unconventional" still? The General has long ago put out directions as to the sort of placards which should be issued. I

*"Christian Year," 24th Sunday after Trinity.

subjoin in a foot-note one of his orders on the subject.* It is not difficult to see how the "inventions" suggested to the enthusiastic mind of some young officer, may lead to the kind of scandal to which so much attention has been called. In this matter, almost before all others, the possibilities for good or evil seem to lie within the reach of the leaders of the Army. I see no reason whatever why *The War Cry* should not retain what are now its attractions, and at the same time exclude the extravagances which even the most tolerant of its well-wishers have had such reason to deplore.

5. The last point to which I shall take exception in my criticism of the Army's method, is its mode of dealing with children. I think I can honestly say that I have met no one outside the ranks of the Army who has defended *The Little Soldier*, as at present edited. Column after column is filled every week with the letters of little children, who proclaim in print with an endless repetition, "I thank God I am saved, and on my happy way to glory," and not unfrequently add that their parents are not saved. Here are two extracts, taken almost at random from one page of this really offensive little newspaper :

"I am still trusting in Jesus. I mean to fight unto the end, and give all my days to Jesus. . . . My father and mother are not saved yet. I hope there will be room in *The Little Soldier* for my letter. . . . My auntie says she would like to write the little soldiers a letter. . . .—May, aged eight years."

"Thank God I am saved and on my way to Heaven. My two brothers, George and Teddy, are saved, and baby May. I am sorry that father and mother are not saved yet, but hope they will soon. Mother is very fond of reading novels to father in bed at night. Please pray for them to get saved, and please pray for me, as I have a naughty temper and vex my mother sometimes. . . .—Ada, aged ten years."

* "Make your bills and posters striking in what you say on them, and the method of the printing, the color of the paper or ink, the way they are stuck up, given away, and the like. They can be carried about on an umbrella, on a man's hat; round his person like a church-bell, with his head out at the top, and his feet at the bottom; on a monster box, pushed by a man or drawn by a donkey, or in ten thousand different forms. Invent for yourselves."—"The Doctrines and Discipline of the Salvation Army," p. 116.

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It would have been to me inconceivable, had we not weekly evidence of the fact, that the men and women now at the head of the Army's really great work, should lend themselves to the circulation of such pernicious stuff among the children in our homes. I am tempted to agree with the remark of Mr. Kitto in a recent article upon the subject :

"The one gleam of comfort which came to me from the perusal of these conceited and priggish productions was the letter of 'Unhappy Sarah,' whose misery arose from the fact that her father would not let her go to the Army Meetings to get converted."*

I should like to add my voice, in all sober earnestness, to the protests already raised upon this subject, and, as a real sympathizer in the general aims and efforts of the Army, to pray that *The Little Soldier* be either edited in a different way or altogether discontinued.

With respect to Sunday-schools there has, I think, been some misunderstanding as to the Army's directions and aims. "General" Booth has been quoted as saying that he condemned all Sunday-schools, and would like to suppress them. I have his authority for saying that this is altogether a misapprehension. His theory, as I understand it, is that the present Sunday-school system has greatly failed in its operation, and ought—so far as the Army is concerned—to be superseded by another, which he is engaged with his colleagues in maturing. But he has no wish whatever to draw children from schools they are now attending, and he believes that it is only where parents, hitherto godless, have joined the Army and taken their children with them, that scholars have been alienated from existing schools. How far he is justified in this belief, I have no means of ascertaining.

I have now specified in order what seem to be the chief agencies, under God, of the Army's successful work, and what the principal dangers in its path. I wish it were possible in a few short sentences to arrive at a clear conclusion as to the net result. To me at least it is not possible. What is the actual value of the so-called "successes" of the Army? Has it really affected any

* "Churchman," July, 1882, p. 275.

tangible and permanent good, beyond attracting crowds to attend its services? Do its meetings, on the other hand, result in definite evil, which can be distinctly specified and traced? It is not difficult to return some answer to these questions, but it is very difficult indeed to generalize from the facts which are available. I shall best fulfil the object of this paper, which has been to dwell rather upon facts than theories, with reference to the methods of the Army, if I put forward a few such specimen statements as I have been able to procure, and let the conclusions follow themselves. Such a document as the following cannot lightly be ignored. It is an apparently unbiassed testimony to plain facts:

"NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, 1881.

"We, the undersigned, while by no means willing to identify ourselves with, or to defend, all the means and measures used by the Salvation Army in the prosecution of their efforts for the restoration of the worst portion of the population to habits of morality, temperance, and religion, nevertheless feel bound to state that we know they have succeeded in this town and neighborhood, not only in gathering together congregations of such as never previously attended religious services, but in effecting a marked and indisputable change in the lives of many of the worst characters. We are therefore strongly of opinion that their services ought not to be left to the mercy of riotous disturbers, but should have the fullest protection."

The document is signed by the Mayor and Sheriff, by four members of Parliament, and by twelve resident magistrates. Such evidence could easily be multiplied from various parts of England. I have myself seen confidential letters from the chief-constables of three large towns, bearing emphatic testimony to the reformation work affected by the Army. One at least of the chief officers of the Detective Force in London bears uncompromising evidence to the practical good done in the worst neighborhoods. The records of some of the Temperance Societies will furnish similar evidence. The most conclusive, indeed, of all replies to those who pooh-pooh the movement as "mere passing excitement," is the fact that the converts are required, from the very first, to renounce not only intoxicating drink, but tobacco also. One clergyman has told me that two whole streets in his

parish, which were once a "very den of thieves," have become quiet and comparatively respectable since the Salvation Army opened fire on them. These are stubborn facts.

On the other hand, it is no imaginary risk that attends the nightly gatherings of these large crowds. One of the most devoted and hard-working clergymen in London writes as follows:

"Few districts have been so little affected as ours—for we have the lowest of the low—but so far as my experience goes the evil done directly and indirectly more than counterbalances the good. Parents complain of the bond of filial obedience being weakened, and "immorality has resulted from the meetings in which the young mingle and excitement runs high."

It is but fair to remember 'that the very object at which the Army aims is to collect crowds of the abandoned and the careless. Some of the evils referred to in the letter I have quoted may be merely the ordinary outcome of a series of such gatherings, and might have passed unnoticed had they followed from meetings which did not profess to be of a religious kind. The risk seems to me inseparable from any movement which attracts a multitude of the godless, whether it be for conversion or for amusement. It would be the height of folly on the part of a mother or a mistress to imagine that the holy object which the Army has in view secures its meetings from all such danger. It is right, however, in summarizing facts, to put forward the dark as well as the bright side. I ought to add that I have not myself, at any meeting I have attended, seen the slightest symptom of any such impropriety.

I have in this paper said nothing whatever about the Church's duty at the present juncture. I possess neither the right nor the ability to offer such advice. It will be given, I hope, before very long by those who possess both. Meantime, the manner in which this strange new movement has been met is an encouraging symptom of wider sympathies, and of an increasing readiness to learn.* The assertion so often

*"A well-known clergyman in Surrey writes as follows: "For more than eighteen

trumpeted by the Army's advocates, that the Church is doing nothing for "the masses," and that her agencies are "an acknowledged failure," has for the most part been wisely left unanswered. The provocation to a stinging retort must have been keen in many a parish where the steady, prayerful work, to which devoted men and women have for years been giving their lives, has long borne its increasing fruit. Least of all would it have been desirable to attempt such an answer here. My paper has dealt almost entirely with the external methods of the Army's work. It is a mere compendium of my own observations, and it obviously commits no one but myself. In abstaining carefully from doctrinal questions, I have pre-

cluded myself from reference even to so vital a point as the Army's position with respect to the Sacraments of Christ. That question, about which there seems still to be much uncertainty in the Army's councils, must be dealt with soon, and firmly, if the Church is to extend active sympathy to the Army as a whole. All that I have tried to do is to record and estimate what I have myself seen of the Army. I believe in its high aims. I believe in its great possibilities. I believe in the earnestness and power of the leaders at its head. I pray that God may give them, by His Spirit, a right judgment to direct its progress and to reform its faults.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE BAIRNS A' AT REST.

BY JAMES M. NEILSON.

THERE was din, as ye ne'er heard the like,
'Mang our bairns the nicht roun' the fire-en' ;
A' were busy as bees in a bike ;
A' were blithe as the birds in the glen.
What wi' castles and kirks built wi' stools,
What wi' rhyming at spellings a' roun',
What wi' playing at ball and at bools—*
But there's peace now, they're a' cuddled down.

Now, the bairns are asleep, and a calm
Has fa'n roun' like a soft gloaming shade,
And a kind Hand unseen sheds a balm
O'er their wee limbs in weariness laid.
On their fair chubby faces we see
Sic an evenly sweetness o' rest,
That ye'd doubt but they'd borrow'd a wee
Frae the far-awa' realms o' the blest.

Like wee birds in a nest do they cow'r,
By ilk other so cozy and kin';
O, their bed's like a rose-bed in flow'r,
And our glances o' love on it shine.

months we have been carrying on Salvation Army work, on Church of England lines, with much encouragement. I have at present ten captains under me, each of whom has five to ten men under him. The very lowest stratum is being reached. All our other efforts at Evangelizing have failed to gather in the *lowest* classes. But since we have adopted the present methods the worst characters have been brought within the sound of the Gospel, and most encouraging instances of real conversion to God have been the result. We work

the meetings separately: that is, the women on Mondays, and the men on Thursdays. On special occasions, such as Bank Holidays, the meetings are mixed, nearly the whole day being then devoted to out-door and in-door work. We follow out in the main the Salvation Army methods of dealing with the working-classes, such as processions, testimony meetings, and the penitent form. But we keep the meetings well under control, and check all extravagances."

* Marbles.

O, awa' wi' your glairy gowd crown,
 Frae the cunning cauld fingers o' Art!
 But, hurrah for the bairns that hae grown
 Like a living love-wreath roun' the heart!

Ha, let's wheesht.* As we warm in their praise,
 We micht waken some flaxen-hair'd loon;
 See, already shot out frae the claes
 Just as lithe a wee limb's in the toon!
 Hap it o'er, hap it o'er. Bonnie bairn,
 Whaur awa' may that wee footie pace?
 The richt gait o' the world's ill to learn,
 And fair Fortune is fickle to chase.

There are hid 'neath these lashes so long,
 The full een that are stars o' the day;
 There lies silent the nursery song,
 On these lips fresh as mornings in May;
 And there beats in these bosoms a life
 More o' promise than spring-buds are giv'n,
 That must meet the world's favor or strife,
 And shall make them or mar them for heav'n

Will ye guard them, ye angels o' Peace,
 In this haven, in the curtains o' nicht?
 Will ye guide them when dangers increase,
 Heaving out in their day-ocean fight?
 For O, whaur, frae the bairnie so wee
 To the bairnie the biggest of a',
 Is the ane we'd first part wi', and see
 To a bed in the mools† taen awa'?

Good Words.

THE HISTORY OF KISSING.

BY T. F. THISELTON DYER, M.A.

As an act expressive of endearment, kissing would appear to be the most natural. "'Tis certain," says Steele, "Nature was its author, and that it began with the first courtship." Although, however, the universal symbol of affection throughout the civilized world, yet, in days gone by, it was entirely unknown to many races, such as the aborigines of Australia, the New Zealanders, and the Tahitians. Sir John Lubbock, in his "Prehistoric Times" (1878, p. 440), speaking of the various ways by which the feelings are expressed in different countries, has shown that by the Esquimaux kissing was formerly unknown, and remarks that the Hill tribes of Chittagong do not

say "kiss me," but "smell me." Indeed, the circumstance that certain rude tribes have no knowledge of what may be regarded as one of the very earliest forms of primitive culture, may be considered as a proof of primeval barbarism. The fact, too, is all the more remarkable because from the earliest ages in the world's history—from its very infancy—the act of kissing has been handed down as the natural expression of affection. And so one would have imagined that the slightest intercourse of cultured races with uncivilized communities would, at once, have taught them almost intuitively to embrace so simple an exponent of feeling. Without, however, further discussing this subject, which is rather one for the student of anthropology, there can be

* Whisper.

† The Grave.

no doubt that the custom of kissing is of all acts the most universal, and in the present paper we propose to give a brief survey of the numerous rites and ceremonies with which in the course of history it has been prominently associated.

In the first place, then, as a mode of salutation, we may trace the custom of kissing to a very remote period, numerous instances occurring in the Sacred Writings. Thus we read how men saluted the sun, moon, and stars by kissing the hand, a superstition of which Job says he was never guilty—the same honor having been tendered to Baal. But, apart from such references as these, abundant evidence of the universality of this practice in past and modern times is to be found in the writings of most countries. The Greeks, we know, were in the habit of kissing the lips, hands, knees, or feet, in salutations, according as they considered the person worthy of more or less respect. In Homer we see Priam kissing the hands and embracing the knees of Achilles while he supplicates for the body of Hector. The custom also prevailed in ancient Rome, and Mr. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature" referring to it, remarks how "the great respect paid to the tribunes, consuls, or dictators obliged individuals to live with them in a more distant and respectful manner; and instead of embracing them as they did formerly, they considered themselves as fortunate if allowed to kiss their hands. Under the emperors, kissing hands became an essential duty, even for the great themselves." The Carthaginians, as a mark of love and sign of friendship, were in the habit of kissing their right hands each together, and then would kiss one another. Indeed, under a variety of forms the act of kissing has entered largely in most countries into the ceremonies of salutation; and, at the present day, many of the kissing customs kept up, apart from their social usage, are interesting in so far as they have been handed down by our forefathers from the distant past.

Another important use to which kissing has been applied has been termed "the kiss of ceremony." Thus, in our courts of law and other places, the form of kissing the New Testament, as an

acknowledgment of the juror's faith therein, in support of the sacred nature to him of the vow he has just taken, is an old established usage in this country. Indeed, there is a popular notion that if "kissing the Book" in taking an oath can by any means be avoided, the false witness escapes the risk of incurring the charge of perjury. "It has occasionally been advanced," we are informed, "as a plea of legal non-liability in actions for false swearing, that the accused kissed his or her own right thumb which held the volume, and never touched it with the lips at all."

Then there is in this country the kissing the sovereign's hand at court, in connection with which may be related the following anecdote. In China, it appears, the person admitted to the presence of the celestial emperor prostrates himself nine times, each time beating his head against the ground. This act of ceremony is to be performed to the emperor's place, throne, or chair of state even though he himself should be absent. In the year 1816, when Lord Amherst went as ambassador to China, an imperial banquet was given to him and his suite; but when he was called to pay the usual mark of respect as though the emperor was present, he refused. When Napoleon at St. Helena heard of this, he said that "the English minister had acted wrongly in not ordering him to comply with the customs of the place he was sent to, otherwise they ought not to have sent him at all." He further added that "different nations have different customs. In England you kiss the king's hand at court. Such a thing in France would be looked upon a ridiculous, and the person who did so would be held up to public scorn; but still, the French ambassador who performed such an act in England would not be considered as having degraded himself. In England, some hundred years back, the king was served kneeling; the same ceremony now takes place in Spain. A man who goes into a country must comply with the ceremonies in use there. And it would have been no degradation whatever for Lord Amherst to have submitted to such ceremonies before the Emperor of China as are performed by the first mandarins of that empire."

In Théophile Gautier's "Constantinople of To-Day" there is an account of the ceremony of kissing the Sultan's toe, an honor which is reserved for the vizier, ministers, and certain privileged pachas. This act of homage is performed with the utmost solemnity, and is marked by every sign of respect worthy of so important an occasion.

Referring, in the next place, to the custom of kissing the Pope's toe, Matthew of Westminster thus explains its origin. Formerly it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness, but toward the close of the eighth century a certain woman, when making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but committed the terrible outrage of squeezing it. The Pope, seeing the danger to which he was thus exposed, cut off his hand, and by this means escaped the contamination to which he had been rendered liable. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian argues that the hand, which had been cut off five or six hundred years before, still existed at Rome—a standing miracle, since it was preserved in its original state, free from corruption. When the ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe takes place, he wears on the occasion a slipper with a cross. We may note here that kissing the foot is a common Oriental sign of respect, and is said to have been introduced into the West by the later Roman emperors, whose court ceremonies were mixed with so many servile customs.

Among other ceremonious acts in which kissing holds the prominent place may be noticed that of kissing the hand—an act supposed to indicate extreme gratitude; this custom, too, is still kept up among the lower orders, who often show their sense of thankfulness to a benefactor by kissing his hand. Then there is the practice of kissing one's hand as a mark of courtesy, to which we find an allusion in Howell's "Familiar Letters" (1650)—"This letter comes to kisse your hands from fair Florence, a city so beautifull." In a less refined form this custom was termed "kissing the claws," to which Taylor refers:

These men can kisse their claws, with—Jack,
how is't?
And take and shake me kindly by the fist,
And put me off with dilatory cogges.

In former years the practice of saluting ladies with a kiss seems to have been very general, and many amusing anecdotes of this social custom are on record. It was, however, occasionally severely censured as being open to abuse. Thus, for instance, John Bunyan, in his "Grace Abounding," speaking of it, strongly condemns it. "The common salutation of women," he says, "I abhor: it is odious to me in whosoever I see it. When I have seen good men salute those women that they have visited, or that have visited them, I have made my objections against it; and when they have answered that it was but a piece of civility, I have made my objections against it; I have told them that it was not a comely sight. Some indeed have urged the holy kiss; but then I have asked them why they made barks?—why they did salute the most handsome, and let the ill-favored go?" In spite, however, of the censure poured on this old fashion by even conscientious moralists of the time, there can be no doubt that it found favor in the eyes of most of the ladies of our own and other countries. It has been often remarked, with more or less truth, that there are few of the fair sex who are in their inmost heart indifferent to the admiration paid to them in daily life, and who would regard with disfavor a kiss politely offered to them from some gallant swain whom, it may be, they have captivated by their countless charms. History, we know, is daily repeating itself, and it is difficult to believe that human nature is different nowadays from what it was in years gone by, although the manners of society may have undergone certain changes. It is easy to criticise in unmeasured terms the social usages of our predecessors, but, after all, it must not be forgotten that in the present age the same customs are often as popular as ever; the only difference being that, instead of having public recognition, they find a tacit acceptance. Returning again to some of the famous instances of salutation by kissing, it may be remembered how Cavendish, in his "Biography of Cardinal Wolsey,"

dwells on this custom, when describing his visit at Mons. Crequi's Castle: "I being in a fair great dining chamber," he tells us, "where the table was covered for dinner, and there I attended my lady's coming; and after she came thither out of her own chamber, she received me most gently, like one of noble estate, having a train of gentlewomen. And when she with her train came all out, she said to me, 'For as much,' quoth she, 'as ye be an Englishman whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it be not so in this realm (France), yet will I be so bold to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.'" By means whereof I kissed my lady and all the maidens." Chaucer frequently alludes to this old custom, and our readers may recollect how in the "Sompnour's Tale" he notices the zeal with which the holy father performs this act of gallantry. When the mistress of the house enters the room, where he is busily engaged in "groping tenderly" her husband's conscience, we are told how—

He riseth up full curtilshly
And her embraceth in his armes narrow,
And kisseth hir sweet, and chirketh as a sparrow
With his lippes.

Shakespeare, again, introduces it, as in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where to kiss the hostess is indirectly spoken of as a common courtesy of the day. In Lupton's "London," too (1632), an established attraction of a country inn, we are told, was a pretty hostess or her daughter to salute the guests, without which, it would appear, there was small chance of its becoming a popular resort for the customers of that period. Again, among some of the old customs, in which kissing held a prominent place, may be mentioned the ceremony of betrothing, where it served as a kind of seal. Thus, in "Twelfth Night" (act v. sc. 1) Shakespeare makes the priest say:

A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your
rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact,
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony.

We may also compare the following

passage in "King John" (act ii. sc. 1), where King Philip says:

Young princes, close your hands.

Whereupon the Duke of Austria replies:

And your lips too; for I am well assured
That I did so when I was first assured.

A very early instance of this custom occurs in the "Life of St. Leobard," who flourished about the year 580 (written by Gregory of Tours), and who is related to have given to his affianced a ring, a kiss, and a pair of shoes. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare" (1839, p. 69), quotes a curious anecdote from the "Miracles of the Virgin Mary," compiled in the twelfth century by a French monk. It appears that a young man, falling in love with an image of the Virgin, inadvertently placed on one of its fingers a ring which he had received from his mistress, accompanying the gift with the most tender language and mark of affection. A miracle instantly took place, and the ring remained unmovable. The young man, greatly alarmed for his rash conduct, at once consulted his friends, who advised him by all means to devote himself entirely to the service of the Madonna. Unable, however, to relinquish his love for his former mistress, he married her. But, alas! on the wedding-night, the newly betrothed lady appeared to him, and urged her claim with so many dreadful menaces that he felt himself compelled to abandon his bride, and that very night to retire privately to a hermitage, where he became a monk for the rest of his days.

Not only, too, did the kiss form a part of the old ceremony of affiancing, but it even constituted a portion of the marriage service itself, as appears from a rubric in one of the Salisbury missals. It may be remembered what an excellent use Shakespeare has made of this custom in the "Taming of the Shrew," where he relates how Petruchio (act iii. sc. 2)—

Took the bride about the neck;
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous
smack,

That at the parting all the church did echo.

Again, in "King Richard II." (act v. sc. 1), where the Duke of Northumberland announces to the king that he is to be sent to Pomfret, and his wife to be

banished to France, the king pathetically exclaims :

Doubly divorced ! Bad men, you violate
A twofold marriage, 'twixt my crown and me,
And then betwixt me and my married wife.
Let me unkick the oath 'twixt thee and me ;
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made.

Marston, too, in his " Insatiate Countess," says :

The kisse thou gav'st me in the church, here
take.

At the present day there is a popular notion in some parts of the country that it is the privilege of the parson who ties the knot to be the first to kiss the bride on the conclusion of the ceremony. Mr. Henderson, in his " Folklore of the Northern Counties " (1879, p. 39), relates how a clergyman, a stranger in the neighborhood, after performing a marriage in a Yorkshire village, was surprised to see the party keep together as if expecting something. " What are you waiting for ? " he asked, at last. " Please, sir," was the bridegroom's answer, " ye've no kissed Molly." Not many years ago, we are told how a fair lady from the county of Durham, who was married in the South of England, so undoubtedly reckoned for the clerical salute, that, after waiting for it in vain, she boldly took the initiative and bestowed a kiss on the much-amazed South-country vicar. The practice, too, was in years past much kept up in Scotland, and is referred to in the following old song, in which the bridegroom, addressing the minister, says :

It's no very decent for you to be kissing,
It does not look weel in the black coat ava,
'Twould have set you far better tae hae gi'en
your blessing,
Than thus by such tricks to be breaking the
law.
Dear Wattie, quo' Robin, it's just an old
custom,
An' the thing that is common should ne'er
be ill ta'en,
For where ye are wrong, if ye had na a wished
him,
You should ha' been first. It's yoursell is
to blame.

It has been suggested that this custom may be a relic of the *osculum pacis*, or the presentation of the Pax to the newly married pair. Mr. Henderson also informs us that some years ago it was cus-

tomary in Ireland for the clergyman to conclude the marriage ceremony with the words, " kiss your wife," and occasionally " the bridegroom was hard put to to prevent one or other of his companions from intercepting the salute designed for himself."

Again, in years gone by, a kiss was the recognized fee of a lady's partner, and as such is noticed by Shakespeare in " Henry VIII." (act i. sc. 4) :

I were unmannerly to take you out
And not kiss you.

In an old treatise, too, entitled the " Use and Abuse of Dancing and Minstrelsie," we read :

But some reply, what foole will daunce,
If that when daunce is doon,
He may not have at ladyes lips
That which in daunce he woon.

The custom is still prevalent among country people in many parts of the kingdom. " When," says Brand (" Pop. Antiq.," ii. 140), " the fiddler thinks his young couple have had music enough, he makes his instrument squeak out the notes which all understand to say, ' Kiss her ! "' In the sixteenth century it appears that English balls were usually opened with a kissing dance entitled " A Brawl," to which Shakespeare refers in " Love's Labor's Lost " (act iii. sc. 1), where Moth asks :

Master, will you win your love with a French
brawl ?

The performers, we are told, first united hands in a circle, and then, after the leading couple had placed themselves in the centre of the ring, the gentleman saluted all the ladies in turn, and his fair partner each gentleman ; the figure continuing until every pair had followed the example set them. The Puritans of the Elizabethan age strongly condemned this dance, and Stubbes exclaims, " What clipping, what culling, what kissing and bussing, and monching of one another ! " In spite, however, of all opposition, a writer in the " Graphic and Historical Illustrator " (1834, p. 183) remarks that this kissing-dance " ran a career unparalleled in the history of salutation. It spread from land to land ; and everywhere, from the court to the cottage, was enthusiastically wel-

comed." Wraxall, also, relates in his "History of France," how the Duke of Montpensier, only a few days before he expired, was removed from his bed purposely to witness "one of these dances, which was performed in his own palace, by some of the young nobility." In modern days we may compare with this once fashionable dance that popular game known as "Kiss in the Ring," which is kept up with so much enthusiasm among the lower orders. Once more, to quote another scene of merriment in which kissing constitutes the chief attraction, we may mention that Christmas gambol known as "Kissing under the Mistletoe," for, in accordance with an old notion formerly prevalent, the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year. This custom is said to have originated thus: Balder, the Apollo of Scandinavian mythology, was killed by a mistletoe arrow given to the blind Höder, by Loki, the God of Mischief. Balder was nevertheless restored to life, but henceforth the mistletoe was placed under the care of Friga, and was never again to be an instrument of evil till it touched the earth, the empire of Loki. On this account it is always suspended from ceilings, and so, whenever persons of opposite sexes pass under it, they give one another the kiss of peace and love, in the full assurance that this plant is no longer an instrument of mischief.

Lastly, of the many kissing terms employed at different times, there was one formerly in use termed "Kissing the hare's foot," applied to those who came so late that they lost their dinner or supper; the meaning probably being that those who came too late to partake of the hare had no better chance than to kiss the foot, and get nothing to eat. In Browne's "British Pastorals," we read:

'Tis supper-time with all, and we had need
Make haste away, unless we mean to need

With those that kiss the hare's foot. Rhumes
are bred,
Some say, by going supperless to bed,
And those I love not.

"To kiss the post" meant to be shut out, and occurs in Pasquil's "Night Cap" (1612):

Men of all countries travel through the same
And, if they want money, may kisse the post.

Again, the "Lamourette's kiss," which is a term used for a reconciliation of policy without abatement of rancor, originated in the following circumstance: On July 7th, 1792, the Abbé Lamourette induced the different factions of the Legislative Assembly of France to lay aside their differences; so the deputies of the Royalists, Constitutionalists, Girondists, Jacobins, and Orientalists rushed into each other's arms, and the king was sent for to see "how these Christians loved one another"; but the reconciliation was hollow and unsound. Once more, the pansy, from its habit of coquettishly hanging its head and half hiding its face, has had many quaint names applied to it, such as "Kiss me behind the Garden Gate," "Jump up and kiss me," and "Kiss me ere I rise." Without adding further illustrations to show how numerous and varied are the associations which have in the course of years clustered round the act of kissing, we must not omit to mention the celebrated "kissing-comfits"—sugar-plums which were once extensively used by fashionable persons to make the breath sweet. Falstaff, it may be remembered, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor" (act. v. sc. 5), alludes to these, for, when embracing Mrs. Ford, he exclaims: "Let it thunder to the tune of green sleeves, hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;" and in Massinger's "Very Woman" (act i. sc. 1) they are probably referred to:

Faith, search our pockets, and if you find there
Comfits of ambergrease to help our kisses,
Conclude us faulty.

Belgravia Magazine.

LETTERS FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The late shock of contending political factions has had its echoes even here. Our English colony is represented by several very enthusiastic supporters of Mr. Gladstone (staunch decriers of the Bulgarian atrocities), as well as by more moderate if more numerous partisans of the late ministry. Since the Liberal party has come to the front, many are the floating rumors launched with more or less appearance of truth in our midst. We are all in a flutter, expectant, *willing*, but not *daring*, to believe in a commission, or in a Minister, or in a fleet, or, in short, in a *Power*, that is to do something more than flatter our vain hopes, and then sink us and Turkey deeper into the mire! Oh, for an honest, straightforward, self-hopeful, masterful man among us—a man ignorant of stratagem, and innocent of embassies, but one who knows the puissant power of integrity, truth, economy, honor, time, and money! Oh, that such a one might hold despotic sway for a few short months, exercising clear judgment with inflexible will! Alas! no sooner does a financier, or strategist, or any paragon of excellence enter Turkey than his powers seem literally to melt or rust away. Sooner or later he becomes infected with the prevailing epidemic of “do nothing.”

The Turks must be admirable diplomats. Not a European nation can be compared to them; they merely let the dangerous meddler knock his head against stone walls till he loses his wits. Thus they are quit of him, and immediately strengthen their position to be ready for the next assault.

Yet so sanguine is the human mind, we are already building on the graves of dead hopes. Everybody is saying, “Something must be done now, if not this month, then next; if not this year, next year; the debt will be unified, a new loan will be effected, fresh bonds will be issued; we shall get something, a half, two thirds of our due,” and so we invest the *shadowy Power* with more of absolute sovereignty than any crowned head in Europe.

May the shadows thus cast before be the forerunner of happier events for this sunny land and for her much-tried people.

But a truce to politics. At present our motto must be like Tennyson's lily, “I wait.” One is forced to learn patience among the Turks; and Romanists tell us it is “by this virtue we enter Paradise,” so that, according to them, however much we are tried, we are sure to be gainers in the end—a very comforting doctrine for this country.

I am glad you were interested in my last letter. So you want to know how the lower classes live in Turkey?

The lower orders proper live very much like their brethren in Christian countries. Both men and women work. The wife helps her lord and master in the daily toil, washes, cleans, and keeps the house in order; she has neither time nor opportunity for frivolous amusements, consequently she is more respected both by husband and children, and knows not the heart-sickness and weariness of the harem. But even here women do not eat with the men, and never stir outside their domicile unveiled.

There is no middle class among the Turks. There are the rich (or easy) and the poor. These two orders are constantly changing places. The rich man of to-day may be the poor one of to-morrow. You will know him by his shabby greasy coat and unbrushed shoes. He will make no effort to keep up an appearance. You may see him buy some simple fare and eat it in the street on his way to business or home. He has lost his place. He is poor. He is neglected. Meeting him thus you might suppose him a shoemaker, or a low-class coffee-house keeper, yet he has only just missed being a pacha, and a few months more will probably reinstate him in the position he has lost.

The men and women of the country are naturally all on a par. There is no genius, no talent, no eminence of virtue among them (or if there be, it is banished as soon as it dares lift its head).

One man is as good as another. A fair address, a smattering of French, and "good luck," are all that are wanted to make a nobody First Minister; but the same fortune grown fickle may hurl him from his post, and he sinks lower than what we understand by the "poorest gentleman."

One fact baffles European would-be reformers. We are always meeting with surprises. There is nothing solid anywhere. There is no public spirit, no landed interest, no trade interest, no personal authority—nothing to grapple with. Everything slips through your fingers. The laws exist, but are not enforced. It is nobody's business to enforce them; property is yours to-day, mine to-morrow, and a week hence it may be Mahmoud's, or Safnet's, or Ahmed's.

The one thing permanent among us is the watchful jealousy of the various nationalities. It is the different consuls that keep order here, not the Turks; and were it not for this protection Europeans could not live in Turkey. The Turks are indifferent tradesmen. Nearly all the shops in Galata, and the whole of those in Pera, are kept by Europeans. The Greeks are the chief traders, though a smart business is done by the Levantines. The most fashionable shops are French, but there are a few first-rate English and American ones.

A large class of Turks hawk their wares in the street. They are for the most part fine stalwart, civil-spoken men. They shoulder enormous baskets containing cheeses, creams, fruits, vegetables and many other comestibles, and furnish more than half the alimentation of the city. The habits of these men are very simple; they live chiefly upon bread and fruit; but they also know the secret of the *pot au feu*, and often I have seen a knot of them after their day's work, grouped under a shed, or on a green spot of earth, mixing the "savory mess:"—you will perhaps be shocked to hear the pot contains vegetables (of onions a large share) stewed in oil! A somewhat strong tasted mutton called Karamani is the favorite food of the Turkish upper classes. Pilaff is also an every-day dish, wherein Europeans also delight. The chief fault of the

Turkish cooking is the enormous quantity of grease and fat consumed, and the excessive sweetness of many of the dishes.

To-day is the 5th of June, a never-to-be-forgotten anniversary! As I look round at the magnificent panorama stretched at my feet, note the dainty swallows skimming past, mark the hundred fishing boats lying becalmed on the placid water, the fleckless blue of the sky, the motionless leaves upon the trees, my thoughts leap to that tremendous visitation ten years past to-day, when Pera was enveloped in a sheet of flame and three parts of its inhabitants ere nightfall were left homeless and moneyless on its smoking ruins.

The fire commenced in a tumble-down wooden house at the Taxim (the southern extremity of Pera), on a hot Sunday at two o'clock in the day. An excessively strong north wind was blowing at the time, and this fact is supposed to account for the magnitude of the disaster. Many, many fires have devastated this city, but that of the 5th June 1870, in all its attendant circumstances and horrible details stands alone.

In four hours three parts of Pera were destroyed. The fire had swept more than a mile in length in one direction and had branched out right and left from the points of its commencement. It had also broken out at isolated spots, and the wind sweeping the destructive element along, the wretched inhabitants of certain quarters found themselves enveloped on all sides by walls of flames. It has been supposed that the explosion of gas (caused by exceeding heat) was the main cause of this strange feature of the fire.

No doubt the disgraceful conduct of the Toulumbadges (firemen), who encouraged the conflagration at first, that they might the more easily plunder the vacated houses, help to spread the evil fast and far.

It was Sunday, the hours of "siesta," and the Perates were so accustomed to the cry of the Toulumbadges, "*Taghen Var*," that they merely raised themselves from their pillows, glanced carelessly outside, and seeing nothing of smoke or flame, threw themselves, half-dressed, in fancied security on their divans. Even thus

were they found by the devouring element and were suffocated as they slept. This is known to be a painful fact, for the unscathed, half-dressed bodies of young and old, women and men, were more numerous than those actually charred by fire. One great cause of the fatal loss of life was the ignorance of the population. Fires there had been, many and terrible, but beyond the occasional sacrifice of a Toulumbadgi, accidents of this character were unknown. In ignorance of the danger they incurred, a mass of people stayed in stone houses, and closing their iron shutters, supposed themselves in security; the walls of their self-made prisons became red-hot, and the victims were literally roasted alive. Others again stayed behind to collect their treasures. Staring them in the face were death and ruin, but they heeded not their danger; the flames caught them as they stood, and they and their much loved riches perished together.

Many people took refuge in large and nearly empty cisterns, and underground cellars of their dwellings, hoping the deadly breath might pass over, and leave them living, but the heat was so intense that the very cisterns grew red-hot. These unfortunates were chiefly women. In one case all the members of an Armenian College perished thus. Their bodies were preserved intact; they also had died from suffocation, and had the appearance of having fallen into a profound sleep.

One most remarkable fact was the great number of Toulumbadges who fell victims to their own cupidity. They were found in groups of ten or more, with gold, jewels, and other valuables grasped in their hands, asphyxiated upon the thresholds of doors, or lying on the floors of gutted dwellings. About six o'clock in the evening despair was at its height. The Toulumbadges had long loyally labored to arrest the scourge. In vain! Pera seemed doomed. Energy was paralysed. The scene was indescribable and heartrending.

At this supreme moment, the late sultan, Abdul Aziz, appeared on horseback at the head of a small suite and a handful of ministers. He rode straight to the foremost flames, and, indicating

with a gesture the place at which he determined the fire should be stayed, he gave an order that the Toulumbadges should lose their heads if they did not master it at the exact spot. Fear triumphed where so many other potent inducements had failed. The almost superhuman efforts made by these half-savage and determined men prevailed. Habitations were hastily demolished, fresh supplies of water were thrown upon the flames, hundreds of new assistants lent their aid, and more than all, the Sultan did not quit his position till he had seen his orders executed and the hand of the Destroyer stopped. Then silent, and seemingly impassible, he rode back to the palace, while the trumpet brazened out its clanging note, the signal that the terrible conflagration was over.

The last place of importance burned was the English Embassy Palace, the handsome garden that surrounded it forming a natural barrier to the fire; The Italian Embassy (a smaller building) was saved by the determined efforts of the sailors of the Italian *stationnaire*. Our English Chaplain's house was burned, and everything he possessed destroyed.

Had the fire passed its actual limit, the last fourth of Pera and the whole of Galata would inevitably have been destroyed—for here the streets grow narrower and more densely inhabited, and uninterrupted lines of houses crowded together run straight down to Galata bridge. The Bosphorus alone could then have arrested the fatal progress of the flames.

Particular cases, as usual in similar accidents, attracted attention by their strangeness and utter contradiction to probabilities.

For instance, the fire first broke out within a few doors of Signor de A—— (a dearly valued friend of my husband). The family were able to pack up and send nearly all their effects to a friend's house a considerable way off. This house was burned early in the afternoon with everything in it; but the wooden tenement of de A—— was left standing through the fiercest of the fire; but when all further danger was over, it suddenly blazed up, and was the last building consumed in that quarter, the

fire having thus made a complete circle.

My husband's family lost everything they possessed—money, papers, jewels, clothes, valuable documents, and every garment that was not in use at the time. Monsieur P——'s cherished musical composition, and every note of his valuable opera were destroyed; sheets of scorched manuscript were picked up on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus and recognized by him as his own.

My husband himself (then a Benedict) had a narrow escape. He had rushed off early in the afternoon to the scene of the outbreak. He was engaged for some time in helping the family of de A—— pack up their valuables, and was then intrusted with the delicate task of conducting a feeble and much respected lady in a *chaise à porteur* to the friend's house mentioned above. F—— getting bewildered at the increasing confusion, at the fears of the lady and the spread of the fire, consigned her to the care of a third person, a friend of both families, and hurried to his own domicile.

He found neither house nor street standing. The whole was a mass of flames. Almost lost among the falling timbers, he was yet unconscious of the danger he ran of suffocation. Huge nails and hot lead showered down on all sides of him. The streets were deserted. Now and then he perceived a figure shouldering a box, and then throwing it away in despair.

Suddenly realizing a sense of his danger, F—— fairly ran through the stifling atmosphere and happily got clear of the fire, not knowing where any of his family might be found.

Such histories could be multiplied ad libitum; every friend had some strange story to relate; some were almost miraculously preserved.

One family of our acquaintance managed to save both their houses (wooden) and furniture, in the very centre of the conflagration. They soaked it through and through with water, the windows were guarded by frames, and buckets of water were continually being poured from the roof down the sides. There were plenty of young men in the family, and water was not wanting, so they managed to keep the foe at bay till

the torrent of heat had passed them by. But within a certain radius every stone house was destroyed. These would not absorb moisture, and once heated glowed like furnaces; it was ignorance of this danger that caused such frightful and unnecessary loss of life. Hundreds took refuge behind their stone walls, and were all buried in one common grave.

F—— and his brothers revisiting what was once their home, found nothing spared. The only object intact was a common wine-bottle, perfectly flattened and twisted out of shape, but without a flaw; it could still hold water, and was long kept by them as a souvenir of that fearful time. This will give you an idea of the intensity of the heat experienced. One more detail, and I will close this account of June 5th, 1870.

While the fire was at its height, a lady (whom I knew well) rushed out of her burning house with her two younger children, and after losing her way in her confusion, found herself in the centre of a dense multitude, all crowded into an Armenian church for safety. The pressure and heat within were terrible, the crowd of women were calling on their saints, and prostrating themselves at the various altars.

Suddenly the loud voice of the Armenian priest was heard above the confusion, exhorting, beseeching the terror-stricken multitude to quit their asylum. The fire had already reached the spot. A few moments more and the whole company would have perished by the same insidious death—suffocation.

Fortunately, the advancing flames becoming visible, and the heat growing unbearable, the herd of half-clothed, half-crazed men and women poured out of the several doors and so escaped in safety. Another minute and the church was enveloped in flames.

We heard, from good authority, that the number of lives lost amounted to about 8000, though the *chiffre* published by the papers at the time was 1500.

My husband that night, making a short round on the smoking ruins, saw men collecting what he thought to be bodies of dogs lying in the streets. Alas! he was soon undeceived—those blackened, shrunk, formless masses were human remains, and all that remained of thousands of his fellow-citizens.

That night saw his own family reunited and in safety, and you may judge that father, mother, and children hardly heeded the fact that they were ruined, for every member had escaped an awful danger, and there was rejoicing and thanksgiving over their reunion.

Notwithstanding the enormous sums sent by England and other countries to the relief of the sufferers, each individual obtained but the scantiest aid. Thousands were utterly destitute. Sir Philip Francis (our late lamented, dearly beloved English consul) gave relief in many cases from his private purse, for of course the need was pressing and immediate. Every non-sufferer gave contributions of clothing, or of cooking utensils. But Constantinople has never recovered that calamity.

From that time to the present, misfortune upon misfortune has followed suit, and the late war put the final seal to the long list of evils.

My pen has run on fast enough, and I must close. Little you thought when the telegraph flashed the news "Terrible fire at Constantinople," that I should one day write this description from the spot where it occurred.

To-day new houses stand on the old sites, the complete destruction paved the way for great and striking improvements; new-comers inhabit the old quarters. One building was lost in that terrible calamity which no one has had the courage to reinstate, and which our city needs sorely—a handsome and commodious theatre.—*Temple Bar.*

THE "LADY MAUD."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE light seemed a long while coming, but at last the dawn stood upon the skylight glass. Miss Tuke was the first to notice it. She cried out, "the morning has broken, Mr. Walton," and pointed to the skylight.

I immediately clawed my way along to the steps, and ascended them, followed by Tripshore. I opened the starboard companion-door cautiously, and peered forth. The fog was all gone and the air clear, but the sky very cloudy. The light was but a glimmering gray as yet, but it broadened and sharpened quickly while I stood gazing, and then the whole wild picture of ruin and desolation was clear before me.

The yacht lay with her bows very high in the air, and her stern correspondingly deep, and hence it was that all the seas which struck her rolled their volumes over the quarter-deck, leaving the fore-castle comparatively free; that is to say, the falls of water there were much less frequent than they were aft, and a great deal less weighty and dangerous. A short distance away on the starboard beam trended a low line of dark shore, the full extent of which I could compass

with the eye. It was, indeed, as I immediately perceived, a low, flat island, with a little space of rising land down in the east quarter of it. Between the yacht and the near beach was a tract of white water, that boiled and leaped in pinnacles and spears, as you may see water play on shoals. It was like milk for whiteness, and was raging a long way both ahead and astern of the schooner, whose starboard bulwarks lay over into it, and it constantly washed in a heavy smother of froth over the rail in such a manner, that had the heel of the yacht been less sharp, the whole deck from the forehatch would have been under water. As it was, the flood stood as high as the bulwark rail, and extended as far inboard as the companion in which I stood; and in this lake of water, which was constantly being lashed into fury by the torrents pouring over the weather-side, lay four drowned men, one of whom was Purchase. The foremast was gone about ten feet above the deck, and the wreck of it lay over the side. Every movable article had been swept overboard. The boat we carried amidships was gone, and the boat that hung at the davits had been broken in halves by a blow from a sea.

This is but a cold description. But, my God! with what agony of soul did I contemplate this dreadful scene of ruin, the drowned bodies, the horrible white water utterly cutting us off from the land, and, above all, the stormy look of the sky, that threatened a gale of wind!

Sir Mordaunt had left the women and crawled up the companion-steps, but being unable to see, owing to Tripshore and me blocking the companion, he asked me if I could perceive land, and what our position was. I was too affected to answer him, and motioned Tripshore to descend a few steps, so as to give the baronet room to see for himself. The moment Sir Mordaunt looked at the deck and the land he uttered a bitter cry and reeled backward, and had I not thrown my arm round his neck he would have fallen to the bottom of the steps. The sight of those drowned men, his wrecked and broken yacht, and the boiling water that cut us off from the shore, nearly drove him crazy.

But while I was supporting him, my eye lighted on the figure of a man standing on the beach, as close to the water as the heavy breakers would permit him. He flourished his hand and shouted to us, but though I could hear his voice very faintly, his words were absolutely indistinguishable.

"Look!" I cried. "If that island is not inhabited, then yonder must be one of our men. For God's sake Sir Mordaunt pluck up your heart and help me to think how to act. Tripshore, come on deck! There's one of our crew ashore."

To make room for him I got upon deck, and squatted under the companion, to shelter myself from the flying water.

"It's Bill Burton, I believe or Tom Hunter—one or the other," exclaimed Tripshore. "Oh, Lord! if we could only chuck him the end of a line, he'd be able to drag us ashore."

This, maybe, was the one hint I needed to set my mind struggling. The look of the sky was a clear intimation that there must presently come such a sea as would break up and scatter the schooner, as her boats were already scattered. I sprang to my feet, and, watching my chance, crawled to the weather bulwarks, and crept along on

my hands and knees until I came to the fore-castle, where, as I have said, the water was not flying heavily. This did not bring me closer to the man ashore, but I could stand erect here without great peril of being swept overboard, providing I held on tightly, and so could make him see me.

He saw me the moment I stood up, as I perceived by the manner in which he hallooed and flourished his arms. At the top of my voice I shouted to him, "Can you hear me?"

The wind blew my voice to him, and he immediately made an affirmative gesture.

"If we can manage to send you the end of a line, look out for it, and make the end fast," I bawled.

He again raised his hand.

By this time Tripshore had joined me, and, looking toward the companion, I perceived Sir Mordaunt and his wife and Norie on the steps, watching us.

"Tripshore," I cried, "we must get a rope's end ashore somehow. How is it to be done?"

We stood looking about us in a torture of perplexity.

"If we made a line fast to the half of that boat," I said, pointing to the broken boat at the davits, "would the wind drift it ashore, think you?"

"Ay, sir, it might—it might! Stop!" he shouted. "I have it! Where's the dog?"

"Yes!" I cried, the full significance of his meaning flashing upon me before the words had died on his lips. "If the beast be living he may save our lives!"

I ran my eyes eagerly over the decks, but the sea had torn up every fixture with the exception of the companion and skylights, and there was not a corner where the dog could have lain hid.

"Have you seen your dog?" I cried to Sir Mordaunt; but at that moment a heavy sea washed over the after-part of the deck, and some shrieks from the women told me that a quantity of water had filled the companion, driving down Sir Mordaunt and the others.

"If you'll look for the dog in the fo'ksle, I'll seek him in the cabin," exclaimed Tripshore. "Pray the Lord he's not overboard!" And as he said

this he dropped on his knees and crept along under the bulwarks.

The forecastle was open. I threw my legs over, and feeling the ladder with my feet, briskly descended. But the forecastle was half full of water, and it was up to my waist when my head was on a level with the upper deck. It was wonderful that the bulkhead that separated the forecastle from the after-part of the vessel stood the weight: had it given, the cabin would have been drowned at once. I knew that nothing could be alive here. I peered and peered, to see if there was any one in the upper bunks, but nothing was to be seen but the water and some soaked bedclothes hanging over the edges of the upper bunks. Whatever else was there lay at the bottom, under water and out of sight.

This choking and gurgling and dark forecastle so sickened my heart, that I stood holding on to the ladder, and looking with helpless horror like a man malignantly fascinated. But a sudden twitch of the vessel shocked me into my senses again, and I scrambled on deck, so persuaded that our end was at hand, that in the torment of my mind I could have flung myself overboard, so much crueller than death was this anguish of expecting it. I was scarcely on the fore-castle, however, when fresh life was given me by the sight of Tripshore approaching with the dog. He had the animal by the flesh of the neck, and came along like an animal himself, that is to say, on his knees and left hand. The water flew in sheets over him, but he escaped the terrible falls by keeping close under the bulwarks, and presently he was at my side with the dog, eagerly telling me that he had found him behind the arms-rack in the cabin.

I immediately pulled out my knife and cut away some of the thin running gear which lay across the deck: they were sheet and jibhalliards, long and light. I knotted them together until I calculated they made a length of over sixty fathoms. I hitched one end over the dog's neck, taking care that the animal should have plenty of freedom, and yet that the hitch should not slip over his head either. He was streaming with water, and seemed to understand our

peril. I patted and stroked and soothed him as best I could, pointing to the land, and bidding him swim to it, just as I would have talked to a man. The creature looked at me and whined. I patted him again, and then Tripshore helped me to raise him, and we carried him to the submerged side of the hull, walking up to our armpits in water, and there we flung him overboard into the whirl of froth. He sunk in the foam, and I believed that the weight of the wet rope had dragged him down; but presently his head came up a little distance away from the yacht. He turned and tried to regain the vessel. I shouted and pointed to the land, gesticulating furiously in that direction, as did Tripshore, both of us menacing him with our fists to drive him shoreward, and standing with the water nearly up to our throats, as I have said, but happily without danger from the toppling white seas to leeward, in consequence of the yacht's bows being hove high, and her hull sheltering the water just under her there.

For about a minute—to me an eternity—the dog swam round and round, and I was in the greatest terror lest the line, which I had given plenty of scope to, should foul his legs. He rose and sank upon the seas, swimming very well, and the foam blowing like drifts of snow over him. At last a sea lifted him high, with his eyes to the land, and from that moment he began steadily to make for it.

Seeing this, I told Tripshore to shout to the man on the beach to look out for the dog. The animal had a large head, and it was impossible for the man to miss seeing him. As the dog swam, I carefully threw fake after fake of line overboard, giving abundance of slack, that the animal might be as little hampered as possible. The set of the tide—which I knew to be rising by feeling the twitching of the vessel—carried the dog somewhat to the westward; but the strong wind blowing in a contrary direction greatly diminished the influence of the tide upon the brave brute, and with a transport of delight I beheld him slowly and surely approach the land, while the man on the beach encouraged him by smacking his knees and waving his arm.

In about ten minutes after having been thrown overboard, the dog was among the breakers. Had he been a man swimming for his life, this would have been the most desperate part of the undertaking. But I did not fear for the dog. I knew his great muscular power, and that his long, narrow body would not be greatly affected by the recoil of the breakers. And I was right; for presently I saw him flung up on top of a running sea, and as it broke upon the beach the dog sprang out of the foam and ran to the man, and lay down at his feet.

I now told Tripshore to look about him and select the stoutest rope he could find and bend it on to the line, and tell the man to haul it ashore. He guessed my scheme, as, indeed, any sailor would, and fell to work with great energy and smartness. While he cleared away the biggest rope he could come at, I crept along under the bulwarks, and, watching my opportunity, made a dash for the companion and swung myself into it before the sea could strike me.

The water was rising in the cabin fast, and in the lee side of it it lay like a lake. Sir Mordaunt and the others stood at the foot of the steps. I told them that the forecastle was the safest place now, that very little water was coming over there, that the dog had reached the shore with the line, and that under God's providence I was sure we should be able to save our lives.

"But you must come along to the fore-castle at once," said I. "The tide is rising, and the wind is increasing, and you may feel the vessel stirring with every blow. Sir Mordaunt, I will take your wife and Carey. You will take your niece. Norie will bring Mrs. Stretton."

So saying, I took Lady Brookes' hand and helped her up the steps, calling to Carey to follow. I left them standing in the companion while I crawled up the deck to a belaying pin that was just abreast of the hatch, over which I hitched a rope, so that the end came to the companion. With this we should be able to drag ourselves up under the shelter of the bulwarks. How full of peril this job of getting up those decks to the bulwarks was I hardly know how to express; for it is impossible in words

to put before you the picture of those slippery inclined planks, and the incessant gushing and high leaping of solid bodies of green water over the after portion of the devoted hull, so that the foaming of the seas over the bulwarks as much resembled a river flooding a dam, and tumbling in a sheet of froth into a lower reach, as anything I can liken it to. Yet, owing to the acute inclination of the hull, the bulwarks so overhung the deck that the pouring water left a clear space immediately under them. To reach this clear space was now our business. I grasped Lady Brookes firmly around the waist, and seized the rope, but found I had not the strength to drag our united weight up by one hand. A sharp wrench of the vessel, accompanied by the grinding and cracking sounds of breaking timber, struck through me like a wound in the side. I shouted to Tripshore to come and help me, whereupon he dropped the rope that he was clearing away from the raffle, and crawled aft. I told him to station himself at the belaying pin and haul the women up as I made them fast. Indeed, there was no other way of managing that business. I passed the end of the rope round Lady Brookes' waist, and bidding her have no fear, launched her up the deck as far as my arms could thrust her, and Tripshore hauled her up alongside of him, and so got her under the bulwark.

In this fashion we placed the other women under that shelter, though a sea dashed Carey down and nearly drowned her as Tripshore was dragging her up; and then telling the baronet and Norie to imitate my behavior, I pulled myself up the deck, and with Tripshore's assistance got the women forward, where we were joined by Sir Mordaunt and the doctor.

It was now very evident, from the increasing oscillation of the yacht and the grinding of her bottom upon the reef, that the tide was making fast. There was great weight in the wind, too, and I knew that the seas would grow bigger with the flood. I told my companions to hold fast to the ringbolts and cleats, or whatever else their hands could come at, and squat low out of the way of the rushing and shooting waters, and then fell to work with Tripshore to clear

away the rope I wanted to stretch to the shore.

As well as my eye could measure the distance, the beach was about fifty fathoms away. All between was the broken, white water, in which no boat could have lived an instant, even had we had a boat to launch. Apparently the reef we had struck on was a shelf that would be dry in smooth water at low tide. The yacht had struck it bow on and run up it, then swung broadside round, leaving the forepart of her high.

The instant we had cleared away the rope, we bent the end of it on to the shore line, and signalled to the man to haul in. This he did, and when the end came to his hand I bawled to him to make it securely fast. There were some dwarf trees a short distance up the beach, and he carried the end of the rope to one of them and fastened it. Could I have seen any handspikes lying about, I should have carried our end of the rope to the fore-castle capstan and got a strain upon it; but not being able to use the capstan, all of us men tailed on to the rope, and with our united weight tautened it considerably.

"Now, Tripshore," said I, "I shall rig up a sliding bowline-on-the-bite on this rope, but it'll want two hauling lines—one to drag the bowline ashore, and the other to drag it back again. Can you reach the land by that warp?"

He looked at it, and said, "Yes, sir."

"If you don't feel strong enough for the job, don't attempt it. I'll try. But if you have the strength, you'll be the likelier man." "I'll do it," he repeated, and pulled off his coat.

With feverish haste I cleared away another length of thin line and hitched the end round his waist; and in a moment he went over the bows, laid hold of the warp, and travelled along it hand over fist. It wanted a real sailor with a lion's heart in him to adventure such an exploit—a man used to hanging on by his eyelids, and with fingers like fish-hooks. The rope curved into a bight under his weight, and the white seas leaped and snapped at his feet, and sometimes buried him in foam as high as his waist. I watched him without a wink of the eye. Recalling my thoughts at that time, I may realize now the frightful intensity of my stare. I hardly seem-

ed to breathe. Quite mechanically I let the line slip overboard, as, foot by foot, he went along, making the warp jump with his jerks as one hand passed the other. One hundred yards seem but a short span; yet it made a fearfully long journey for that heroic man, and nothing but a brain of iron could have endured the sight of the furious, broken, tumbling water below. I say honestly, such was the condition of my nerves, that I do not doubt, had I been in Tripshore's place, I should have let go, through inability to stand the sight of the giddy, sickening spectacle of whirling, flashing, torrent-like play of foaming waters over which he was passing.

Foot by foot he went along the rope. When near the breakers he paused, and my heart seemed to stop beating. Half his body—nay, the whole, indeed—would be swept by those rushing and shattering acclivities, and this appeared to be in his mind, or perhaps he was taking breath for the dreadful encounter. He began to move again. Nine or ten times did his hands pass and repass each other, and then a tall breaker took him and swept him right along the warp. It passed, and he swung back like a pendulum, and again proceeded. But the recoil of the same sea hove him along the warp again, and again he swung heavily. I prayed aloud to God to give him strength. Thrice was he beaten in that manner, and each time left him swinging nearer the shore. The fourth time he let go, and vanished in the send of a breaker as it swelled in fury up the beach. The man who had been standing watching him darted toward the spot where he had disappeared, and plunged up to his middle in the water. Immediately after the form of Tripshore emerged, and both men ran up the beach.

Sir Mordaunt had watched this noble struggle as well as I, but Norie and the women sat crouched under the bulwarks, resembling bundles of clothes, never once uttering a sound. Indeed, Lady Brookes kept her eyes closed, and her arms hanging inertly down, and her white face made her look dead.

When I saw that Tripshore was safe, I seized a piece of stout rope and knotted it into the bowline that is used at

sea for slinging men. This done, I hitched it with a large eye upon the warp, so that it should slide easily, and attached the end of the line that Tripshore had carried ashore with him to it. I also bent on to it a similar line, the end of which was to be retained on board; and all this being accomplished with the mad headlong haste that a man will make who works for his life, I went to Lady Brookes and took her arm, and speaking of the bowline as a noose, that she might understand me, I told her to make haste and get into it, that Tripshore and the other man might pull her ashore.

She opened her eyes and got up, being, indeed, compelled to rise by the force I was obliged to exert; but when she saw what she was to do, she uttered a terrific shriek, and ran to her husband and clung to him.

I saw a dreadful difficulty here, and something to cruelly heighten the horrors of our position. But the yacht was beginning to bump heavily, and the seas which washed the after-part of her in floods were threatening to sweep the fore-castle.

"If her life is to be saved, she *must* do it!" I shouted to Sir Mordaunt. "The vessel is breaking up. If there is any delay we must all perish. For God's sake, for all our sakes, steel your heart to her cries, and help me to get her into that sling."

Made desperate by the peril of delay, I grasped the poor woman as I said this, but though the baronet did his best to assist me, he seemed crushed, broken down, without strength; and never shall I forget his face as I dragged his shrieking wife into the bows of the yacht, nor my own shame and horror of soul at the violence I was forced to exert.

She was as strong as a man. She wrestled with me, she got her hand in my hair, and most assuredly she would have overpowered me, as I was scarce able to keep my footing on the deck, had not Norie come to my help. He grasped her hands from behind, another drag brought her close to the bowline, I slipped it under her arms, and then seizing her by the waist, I lifted her bodily over the bows of the yacht, and left her dangling upon the warp.

I was nearly spent with this dreadful

struggle, but yet found voice enough to shout to the men to haul in steadily and quickly. Indeed, there was no great danger. She had only to hold her mouth closed when she neared the breakers, and keep quiet, and let the men drag her. But it was impossible to give her any directions. Her screams were terrific. Hardly had the bowline been dragged a dozen feet, when she caught hold of the warp, and prevented the men from hauling her. I yelled to her to let go, but my cries were only answered by her piercing shrieks.

"What is to be done?" I exclaimed to Sir Mordaunt, as the yacht thumped heavily on the reef, followed by a loud crash and splintering of wood.

"See—she has let go! Her head has fallen on one side! Oh, great God! has the fright killed her?" he cried.

I roared to the men to drag her along quickly. The warp was slippery with the wet, and the bowline travelled like a cringle upon a greased line. Twice the breakers buried the poor creature, and then they got her ashore and threw off the bowline, which I hastily hauled aboard.

I now called to Miss Tuke, and she got up without a word, her face of a shocking whiteness, her lips so tightly compressed that they were no more than an ashen line, but with a fine gleam of resolution in her eyes.

"Have no fear," I exclaimed. "Keep your mouth shut. The wash of the breakers won't hurt you then."

I passed the bowline under her arms, helped her over the bows, gave the signal to the men, and she was dragged along the warp, mute as a statue. The landing of such heroines as this was no labor. They had her ashore in less than two minutes, and though she had passed through one heavy sea, yet the moment she touched the land she waved her hand to us, and then dropped on her knees beside the prostrate and motionless figure of her aunt.

Her fine example heartened Mrs. Stretton, who was ready for the bowline before I had dragged it aboard. She threw it over her head quickly, got over the bow without help, and was presently safe on the beach.

But when it came to Carey's turn the poor girl shrieked out, and shrunk back in an agony of terror. I had so great

a horror of forcing her, after my dreadful struggle with Lady Brookes, that I cried to Sir Mordaunt, "Let it be your turn, then. It will comfort your wife to have you. I will reason with Carey, and when you are gone she may follow quietly."

He knew as well as I that there was no time to be wasted, and I believe he, too, dreaded the spectacle of Carey's terror and the sound of her cries. I helped him over the bows, and while the men hauled him along, I seized the girl's hand and bade her mark how easy it was, how free from danger; and was thus speaking to her as tenderly and encouragingly as the state of mind I was then in would permit, when a great sea struck the yacht right amidships, and spreading like a gigantic fan, poured in a vast overwhelming deluge clean over the vessel. Nothing could have resisted that tremendous and crushing Niagara of a sea. In an instant I felt myself carried away by a force so astounding that temporarily it killed every instinct of life in me, and I don't remember that I made the least exertion to save myself, no, not by so much as extending my arms. But in the midst of the thunder of the enormous surge I could distinctly hear the rending and crushing of the yacht's hull, and knew by the sounds, as though I had seen the fabric demolished, that the schooner had gone to pieces.

When I rose to the surface of the water I found myself among a quantity of pieces of floating timber, one piece of which I seized. The waves were heights of creaming foam, and I seemed to rise and fall upon a surface of heaving, leaping, and wildly-blown snow. Being run up by a wave, I saw about a stone's throw distant the figure of Norie clasping a short spar, and quite close to me was Carey, clinging to a fragment of one of the yacht's ribs. I waited until the next sea hove me up, and then shouted to her to hold tight, and that I would endeavor to get to her; and seizing a lighter piece of wood than I had first grasped, I pointed my face toward her and struck out with my feet, exerting all my strength. The tide brought her my way, and meanwhile I was able to stem the current by help of the wind and by violently moving my legs. At

last a sea swung the piece of timber to which she clung close to me, on which I grasped her arm, and seeing that the fragment that sustained her would support us both, I let go my piece of wreck and grabbed with my left hand at hers. I cried in her ear, with the hope of keeping her poor heart up, that the land was close, and that there was no fear of her sinking if she kept a good hold. Had I been alone, I cannot flatter myself that I should have exhibited anything like the spirit that was animating me now. I might have held on with a dogged madness for life, but I dare say no more than my animal instincts would have operated. The need of this helpless woman surprisingly stimulated me. She created in me, I will say, a high and honest courage. I took her by the waist, and with a jerk planted her upon the piece of timber, so that the swell of her breast stayed her, and lifted her head well above the water. The whirl of the seas swayed us round and round; sometimes our faces looked towards the land, and sometimes toward the reef where the yacht had gone to pieces, and where the water was boiling with a frightful sound. Whenever we confronted the beach I struck out with my legs. My dread and fearful expectation was that the tide, as it gained in force, would run us out to sea, in which case there would be no hope for us; but after we had been tossing in the water for upward of a quarter of an hour, I saw from the height of a tall sea that we were steadily nearing the beach, upon which stood the people who had been saved, and I then perceived that the wind blowing with violence against the tide tended to drift us landward, while every sea that ran also helped us forward.

I could see nothing of Norie, and supposed he was drowned. The wind, as I had anticipated from the appearance of the sky, had risen into a gale, and the foam flew along the water like sheets of steam; and whenever the combers whirled us with our faces to the blast, we had like to have lost our sight as well as have been suffocated by the fury with which the pitiless spray poured against us. As minute after minute went by, the agony of that struggle grew greater and greater. I do not mean that I found my strength failing me, or that

my poor companion relaxed her deathlike embrace of the piece of timber that floated us. It was the wild and dashing tossing of the sea; the hissing and deafening seething and crackling of spume in our ears; the rush of foam over our heads when the crest of a wave broke after we had been hove to its summit; the appalling feeling of bitterness and helplessness inspired by those mad white waters, and the insignificance of the strength we possessed to oppose them—it was these things that made that struggle the great agony it became.

But in consequence of our steady approach to the land, my spirits never utterly sank. Whenever it was in my power to do so, I called to my companion to keep up her courage, that our sufferings would soon be over, until at last we found ourselves among the breakers. I threw myself upon the woman's back, with my hands grasping the timber on either side her arms, so that my weight might keep her body pressed to the spar; and scarcely was I so planted when a roaring sea took us and ran us toward the beach at the rate of an express train. It completely buried us, and I felt myself flying round and round in it like a wheel, frenziedly grasping the timber and feeling the woman's body under me. Oh, the sickening, swooning, deathlike sensation of that rush! the thunder of the water in the ears! the choking, suffocating, bursting feeling in the head and breast! It hurled us upon the beach, and flung us there with such violence that I let go, unable to keep my fists clenched. I was seized by the hair, but in an instant wrenched away and torn back into the coiling arch of the next breaker, which rolled shatteringly over me with a sound as though the earth were splitting in halves; and then I suppose my senses left me, for I had no further memory of struggling in the water.

When I recovered I found myself on my back. My senses were active at once and I had no difficulty in recollecting what had befallen us. I sat upright, and pressing my hands to my eyes, so as to clear my sight, I looked about me.

Some twenty paces away was assembled a small group of persons. These people consisted of Miss Tuke and Mrs.

Stretton, both of whom crouched over the body of Carey, and were chafing her hands, supporting her head, and the like. Near them was Norie, wringing out his coat. I was amazed to see him alive. A little beyond sat Sir Mordaunt, with his face bowed down to his knees and buried in his hands, and his back turned upon a recumbent figure, the head of which was hidden by a man's jacket. The man whom we had noticed on the beach when the dawn broke, and whom I now recognized as one of the crew named Tom Hunter, was down near the breakers, shading his eyes, and intently gazing toward the sea.

This dismal group I took in at a glance, and was beginning to count them, to see how many we were in all, when Tripshore stepped round from behind me.

"I thought you wasn't drowned, sir," said he. "You didn't look like a drowned man. There was no good going on chafing of you. How do you feel yourself, sir?"

"I can't tell you yet, Tripshore," I answered. "Is the poor girl I came ashore with alive?"

"I don't know, sir. I've been looking at the ladies rubbing her. I think they'll pull her through."

"And Lady Brookes?" said I.

"Ah, she's dead, sir. She was dead afore Tom and I could haul her through the breakers."

I asked him to give me his hand, and then struggled on to my feet. My limbs were sound, and I suffered from no other inconvenience than a feeling of faintness and giddiness. No one noticed me until I was close to the group, and then Miss Tuke, seeing me, uttered a cry, started to her feet, and grasped my hand. Sir Mordaunt must have heard her, but he did not raise his head nor shift his posture.

"Thank God you are spared!" cried the girl, speaking wildly, like a delirious person.

"Are these all of us?" I said, motioning with my hand.

"These are all—and my aunt is dead! Oh, Mr. Walton, my aunt is dead!" she exclaimed.

I could make no reply. Mrs. Stretton put out her hand for mine. I gave it to her, and she pressed it. She could not

rise, because Carey's head lay on her lap, but the poor maid was alive, and followed me with her eyes, though she could not move for exhaustion.

I stepped over to Lady Brookes' body, and lifted the jacket. It was not necessary to look twice at her face to know that she was dead. Her features were very calm; death was in every line; her eyes were open, and the expression they gave the face was like a command to keep it covered.

As I replaced the jacket softly, Sir Mordaunt turned his head. His face was dreadfully hollow, his complexion ashen, he was without coat or hat, and the strong wind having dried his hair, was blowing it wildly upon his head. His clothes were streaming wet—as, for that matter, were mine and the others'. He gazed at me for a while like a man struggling with his mind. Then said he, "Walton, my wife is dead. I brought her from home to save her life, and my hope and my love have ended in that!" And he pointed to the body. Why am I spared? I vow to God I would willingly be dead." Thus he went on complaining and mourning until his voice died away, when he burst into tears, and turned his back upon his wife's body, and resumed his former attitude.

Bitter sad this blow was, indeed, to him and to all of us. I looked at the body, with a dreadful remorse in my heart. I felt as if I had killed her by that struggle on the yacht's fore-castle. But it would not do to sit lamenting our misfortunes and bewailing the dead. We were eight living men and women, castaways, and in one, at least, the instinct of life was a passion that seemed to have taken a violence from my salvation from the sea that lay boiling and roaring in front of me. Where had we been shipwrecked? What was this island? What shelter would it offer us? Was help to be obtained? These were the questions which swarmed into my head.

There was a small space of rising ground a short walk from where Sir Mordaunt and the others were, and I made my way to it, that I might be alone and able to reflect, and also because it was an eminence that would furnish me with some view of the island. My movements were very languid, and my bones ached sorely; but I was grate-

ful to find that my limbs were sound, which seemed an incredible thing when I reflected upon the terrible violence with which I had been dashed ashore.

I gained the top of the little hill, for I may as well call it so, though it was no more than a small rise in the land, about sixteen or twenty feet above the level of the island, and stood there leaning against the wind, that was now very nearly a whole gale. I first looked toward the sea. Where the reef was the water was blowing up in clouds of smoke, as though it was really boiling, as it only seemed to be. It was the most terrific picture of commotion I had beheld for many a long year. The great Atlantic seas, reared to a vast height by the fury of the wind, came rolling along with a wild kind of majesty out of the haze of spray which narrowed the horizon to within a league; the crests of them broke into wildernesses of shining froth as they ran; but whenever they smote the reef, that lay in a curve trending on my right to the westward, and coiling round into the north with the conformation of the beach, they were shattered into a perfect world of snow, which again was furiously agitated, and flashed in a magnificent tumultuous play, in pyramids and cones and such shapes, until near the shore, where the shoaling ground forced the giddy tumblers into some regularity of swing, and they swept in dazzling ivory-white volumes upon the beach, filling the air with a most indescribable and soul-subduing roaring noise. A curtain of slate-colored cloud was stretched across the heavens. I shaded my eyes and gazed fixedly at the boiling on the reef, but not a vestige of the yacht was to be seen. It was an awful thing to look upon that raging water, and not be able to see the merest relic of the brave, stout, beautiful fabric that had borne us so many hundreds of miles across the breast of the deep. My heart stopped still when I thought of our preservation, and of my own especially. I had not realized the desperate and breathless and thrilling wonder of it until I stood upon this little hill and looked down at that fearful sea. It made me raise my clasped hands and turn my face up to God. It was a speechless thanksgiving, for I made no prayer beyond what was

in my face that I turned up in adoration and with a heart full of tears.

I now put my back to the wind, to survey the island. How small it was you may guess when I tell you that even from the little vantage-ground I occupied I could view the sea nearly all around it. I believed at first it was the island of Little Magna, and in that faith searched and searched in the south-east for signs of the coast of the greater island of that name, but I could see nothing. I then began to think it was too small for little Magna, nor was it conceivable that we should have been wrecked so far to the south as that island. As I might judge, the island was not above two miles from east to west, and a little more than a mile from north to south. It was a coral island, what is called a "cay" in those parts, almost entirely flat, with a little bay in the south-east, formed by the curvature of a piece of land that resembled in shape the hind leg of a horse when lifted. Here and there were groups of dwarf trees, nothing tropical in their appearance. About a pistol shot from the base of the hill was a mass of stunted vegetation that ran to the right and entirely covered the limb of land. Indeed, this island was no more than a desert, inhospitable rock, scarcely more than a reef, without signs of any living creature upon it. Again and again I tried to penetrate the haze which the gale blew up out of the foaming sea, and which hung like a fog all around the horizon, in the hope of perceiving higher land, but in vain. As far as I could cast my eyes the ocean was a storming blank, and, for the solitude of it, this rock might have been in the middle of the Great Pacific.

What was to be done? Here we were, cast away upon an island, without a boat, without any visible means of escaping; surrounded by reefs, as was easily to be guessed from the appearance of the water, the very sight of which was like a death-warrant, since they were an assurance that no vessels would attempt the navigation of these waters, at least to approach this island near enough to see us. I battled hard with the feeling of consternation that seized me, but I could not subdue it. How were we to support life? How were the women to be shel-

tered? How were we to make our situation known?

I stood staring around me, with a deep despair in my heart; but this wore off after a little, and I then quitted the hill and walked with difficulty against the heavy wind to the beach, where Tripshore and Hunter stood looking at the sea. The crashing of the breakers and the bellowing of the gale made conversation impossible here, so I motioned to the men to accompany me to the group of trees to one of which the yacht's warp still remained attached, and here we found some shelter.

I sat down, feeling very weak and trembling, and then seeing Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke looking our way, I invited them by a gesture to this shelter. Mrs. Stretton helped Carey to rise, and I was heartily rejoiced to see the poor girl capable of walking. Miss Tuke put her arms round her uncle's neck, and spoke to him. He looked in our direction, and then at the body of his wife, as though he would not leave it; but on Norie speaking to him, he rose and came to us, helped along by Norie and his niece.

I did not know until afterward that my poor friend had been very nearly drowned when the yacht went to pieces. He was midway along the rope when the vessel broke up, and the warp dropping into the sea, he fell with it, and had to be dragged ashore through the breakers. As I looked at him, and noted his hollow face, and his hair wildly blowing, and his long beard scattering like smoke upon his shirt-front, and his knees feebly yielding to his weight as he slowly advanced, leaning forward to the gale, I thought of him as he stood to receive me at the "Lady Maud's" side in Southampton Water—how full of life and health he was then; how hopefully he looked forward to this summer cruise; how proudly he conducted me over his vessel, and I recalled his tenderness and anxiety for his wife. There *she* lay, cold and senseless as the coral strand upon which the breakers were roaring in thunder. Her time had come, and she was at rest. But her motionless figure, painfully hidden by the rough jacket which Hunter had taken off his back to lay over her, was a most dread-

ful object for us in our distracted and miserable condition to have full in our sight; and when I looked from it to the halting figure of the husband as he came along, I was moved to a degree I have no words to express.

They led him to where I was seated, and he sunk down upon the ground. The others drew near, some of them sat, some stood. I broke the silence by saying:

"There are eight of us living, and we must go to work now and think how we may prolong our lives, and ultimately save ourselves. I have been trying to discover other land near us, but the weather is too thick to see any distance. Tripshore—Tom Hunter—have you any notion what part of the Bahamas this is?"

They both answered no.

"Let the island be what it will," I continued, "we cannot be far from inhabited land. We may take hope from that," said I, addressing the women.

"We ought to look for water, sir," exclaimed Tripshore.

"Yes," cried Norie, eagerly. "I am thirsty to death. The salt water I swallowed has left me intolerably parched."

"Will you help Tripshore to seek for water?" I asked.

"Willingly—but where are we to look for it?" he replied, casting his eyes about.

"Everywhere," said Tripshore, bluntly.

"Try for a natural well, first," said I. "If that can't be found, there's a stretch of sand yonder. Dig into it with your hands, or with anything you can find knocking about, and you may come to fresh water."

"I have read that fresh water may be found sometimes by digging in the sand," exclaimed Sir Mordaunt, in a feeble voice.

"Come, sir," said Tripshore to Norie; and the two men marched off.

They had scarcely left us when I caught sight of what looked like a stretch of canvas, resembling an immense mass of seaweed, coiling over with the bend and fall of the breakers. It washed up the beach, but was swept back again, but I saw it would be stranded presently. It at once occurred to me that if we

could secure that canvas we should be able to rig up a very tolerable shelter; whereupon I called Hunter's attention to it, and told him to come with me and endeavor to drag the sail up the beach out of the breakers. He ran down to the beach before me, being much sounder and more active than I; and watching his chance as the canvas was swept up, and the forepart of it stranded, he plunged as high as his knees into the whirl of recoiling foam, and grasped the sail. By this time I had reached his side. We hauled together, and every breaker helping us, we managed to drag the sail out of the water. It proved to be the schooner's main-gaff-topsail. It had most of its gear attached to it, particularly a length of halliards. We waited while the water drained out of it, and then seizing it afresh we dragged it toward the trees.

Sir Mordaunt had gone back to the body of his wife, and sat crouched alongside of it, exposed to the strong wind. This made me see the necessity of burying the body as soon as possible. But first it was necessary to furnish the women with some kind of shelter. So having got the sail among the trees we fell to work, Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton lending a hand. Hunter had a clasp-knife in his pocket, and with this we cut away the gear, and divided it into lengths to serve as laniards. These laniards we hitched to the bolt-rope by making holes in the canvas, and then selecting a couple of trees for stanchions, we rigged up a kind of tent, the windward side only (as the wind then blew) being protected, for the sail was not big enough to furnish us with four walls as well as a roof.

Rude and imperfect as this contrivance was, however, yet no sooner were the women inside it than they felt the comfort of it. Had we been in dry clothes the wind might have seemed warm enough, but our garments being soaked to the skin gave the gale an edge of chilliness that kept the flesh shuddering. Hence this shelter from the wind was a very great comfort indeed. It took us but a short while to rig up the sail, nor could the wind demolish it, thanks to the trees, which broke the force of the gale, and supplied us with uprights as strong as rocks. When our

work was completed I went to Sir Mordaunt, and by exerting a gentle force obliged him to come with me. I led him into a corner of the tent, and made him sit upon the grass, that was coarse and thick, but stunted like the trees, as if the blowing of spray from the beach had checked its growth without killing it. I then whispered to Miss Tuke that we were going to remove the body of Lady Brookes, and begged her to stand in front of her uncle, under any pretence she could invent, so that he might not see what we were about.

"Are you going to bury her?" she exclaimed, with a look of mingled fright and grief.

"No, not before I consult Norie," I replied. "But we *must* remove the body out of the husband's sight. Pray conceal us, as I suggest, and talk to him. We shall not be long."

So saying, I quitted the tent, and motioning to Hunter, I told him to help me carry the body around the bend of the little hill, where it would be hidden, and where it might lie until we could manage to bury it. Approaching the body, we raised it reverently. The wet clothes made it a great weight, and, besides, she had been a fine, well-made woman, as I have told you. I took the arms, letting the head lie against my breast, and as we raised her I looked at the tent, and saw Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton both standing in front of Sir Mordaunt, and effectually concealing us. But after we had advanced a few paces, a violent gust of wind blew the jacket away and left the face exposed. Hunter had his back upon it, and was spared the sight, but I had it all the way, for I could not re-cover the face without laying the body down, which I would not do, lest Sir Mordaunt should catch sight of us, and follow.

We went round the base of the hill, and put the body down upon some grass at the margin of a stretch of deep and impervious bush, resembling the growths in Australia in respect of density, the greater portion of which was as high as my waist, though here and there it stood above my head. We laid the body down here, I say, and Hunter went back for the jacket, with which we covered the face, placing two stones upon the arms, to prevent the jacket from blowing away; and, this

done, I ascended the bit of a hill, to look for Norie and Tripshore.

I saw them, when I had mounted a few feet, about a quarter of a mile distant, coming our way very quickly, and skirting the shrubbery, that extended, with a very clean, well-defined edge, athwart the island, as far as the horse-limb curve of land, as though human hands had planted it.

I shouted to them, and Tripshore waved his hand, and when they were within hearing distance the man holloed out, "We have found water, sir!"

This was a joyful piece of news. It made my heart flutter, and filled me with as deep a transport as even the intelligence that help was coming could have done.

"They have found water!" I bawled to Hunter, who stood at some distance from me.

He cried back, "Thanks to the Lord for it, sir! We should all have been mad for a drink presently."

I then joined him, and while we stood waiting for the others, I asked him, having had no opportunity to do so before, how he had managed to save his life, and what had become of the other men. His story was very short and simple. When the yacht struck, all of the crew who were below rushed on deck. Pitch-dark as it was, a number of men groped their way to what I have already called the long-boat. They managed to get her over, but how he could not explain, beyond implying that they worked like fiends in their terror, and launched her, he believed, by sheer force of muscle. Nobody thought of anything but saving his life. The belief was that the yacht would clear the reef and founder in the deep water beyond. (Note.—They believed it was a reef because they could not see the least signs of land.) Hunter knew that some men were drowning in the water to leeward of the deck, by the bubbling cries which came out of the darkness that way, but it was impossible to help them. When the boat was over, they could see her plainly enough upon the foam, and the men jumped for her, some missing her, and vanishing alongside. Hunter jumped and reached her, but he could not tell me how many souls were in her: she was about half full, he thought. But scarcely had they

shoved clear of the vessel when a sea took and capsized the boat, and then what followed was just a dream to him. He, being a good swimmer, struck out, not knowing where he was going, for he could see nothing but the white water; but after battling, he knew not how long, he was caught by the breakers and flung ashore, where he lay motionless, and almost lifeless, for a spell. When the dawn came he found himself alone, and the yacht on her beam-ends on the reef, with the sea bursting in clouds over her after-deck. He saw me standing in the companion, and then Tripshore, but he did not believe there were any more people alive until he saw the rest of our party crowd into the bows. It was he, he said, who caught me by the hair when the breakers had flung me along; but he could not keep hold, and the water swept me back again. The next time he caught me by the arm, and held me until the breaker had spent itself, and then dragged me high and dry. Carey, he added, owed her life to Tripshore, who watched for her as he (Hunter) had watched for me, and managed to get her ashore the first time the sea threw her up. Hunter saved Norie in the same way, "and it was wonderful," said he, "how quiet the doctor" (for so Norie was called by the men) "took his bath. I lugged him out, and he was as fresh as a man swimming for to please himself. But Lady Brookes' gell was all but gone, sir. She were black in the face, and not a stir in her when Mr. Tripshore brought her out o' her wash yonder."

Norie and Tripshore now joined us. I at once inquired about the water.

"It's t'other side of the island, past them mangrove bushes," answered Tripshore, coming close to me, and pointing. "It's a made well, not a nat'ral one, an' it's in the sand. A couple o' casks, perhaps three, have been sunk, one atop of the other, and the one atop has been left standing as high as this," says he, holding his hand about two feet above the ground, "to prevent the sand from filling it up."

"Does it look a recent job?" I asked anxiously.

"There's no telling, sir," he replied. "I take it to be the work of one of the wrecking vessels which used to knock about among these islands."

"If that be so, then there are vessels which touch here," I exclaimed, with a swell of hope and elation in my heart.

"Is the water good?" *

"It's rain-water," answered Norie; "but good enough. It has quenched my thirst, which was just maddening."

"How did you get at it," I asked.

"I dipped with my shoe," he answered, for he had on a pair of low shoes. Then grasping my arm, he pointed to the grass alongside the bushes, and exclaimed, "What is that? Is that Lady Brookes' body?"

I told him it was, and explained my reason for bringing it to that place. He went to it, and lifted up the jacket, and took a long look at the face, and then coming back, he said, "It will be best to bury her at once, Walton. It shocks me to think of her lying so."

"I was only waiting for you to see her," said I. "But how can we bury her?" and turning to Hunter, I said, "Could you scoop up a grave for that body in the sand, with your hands?"

He answered yes; it would be no trouble, he thought.

Upon this I asked Norie to help him carry the body round to the east side of the hill, where there was a stretch of sand, and where they could inter the corpse without being seen by Sir Mordaunt and the women. Norie answered that he would take care the body was properly buried; and after waiting until they had carried it to the spot I had indicated, I called to Tripshore, whom I required to pilot us to the well, and returned to the little tent.

As I walked, I glanced my eye along the beach, and noticed that several portions of wreckage were already thrown up; and numerous black fragments were to be seen amid the white swirl, vanishing and reappearing amid the roaring folds of the breakers and the further surges. But my thirst was too troublesome to suffer me to examine and secure the articles which the sea had washed ashore.

* I have since ascertained that it was the practice of the small wrecking vessels which resorted to these islands to sink casks in the sand in order to obtain water. These casks were to be found in North Cat Cay, Sandy Cay, and many other islets on and in the neighborhood of the peak Bahama Bank.

I entered the little tent briskly, and said, in as cheerful a voice as I could command, that a well of fresh water had been found, and I asked them to walk with me across the island to drink. Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton, who were seated near Sir Mordaunt, instantly got up, and Carey made an effort to rise. I told Tripshore to support her, and then extended my hand to the baronet, who reared himself with great difficulty and labor.

"Thank Heaven that water has been found," said he, in a voice so unlike his familiar tone, that had I not seen his lips move, I should not have believed it his. "God has not wholly forsaken us."

"Lean upon me," said I. "The distance is not great. We may think it advisable by and by to shift our quarters to the other side of the island. But first let us see what those breakers will give us of the wreck."

Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke walked first, followed by Carey, supported by Tripshore. The mastiff followed in our wake. It was hard for Carey to have to walk to the well, but we had no vessel in which to bring water to her. When Sir Mordaunt, leaning on my arm, stepped forth from the trees, he looked and looked, and then stopped, and gripping me tightly, said in a kind of gasp, "Where is Agnes? Where is the body? What have you done with it, Walton?"

"Oh, my dear friend," I answered, wrung to the very soul by the misery in his voice, "in the name of God, believe that what we do, we do for your sake."

He sobbed convulsively, with dry eyes, and then muttering, "God's will be done! God's will be done!" which he repeated several times, he said no more, and we slowly followed the others.

To take his mind away from his grief, and to give him some hope too, I spoke about the well that Norie and Tripshore had discovered; how its existence proved that the island had been visited; and how, therefore, we need not despair of suffering a long captivity in this desolate spot of land. He did not, however, seem to heed me, but walked with his eyes fixed on the ground, and very often he weighed so heavily on my arm that I had some ado to bear up under him.

It still blew a heavy gale of wind, and

the sea was shrouded with the haze of the flying spray. Away to the west of the island, the sea was running in enormous surges, and the roaring of the surf upon the beach on that side of the island was like a continuous roll of thunder, and the wind was full of a fine salt rain. The sky was one great cloud. I cannot express how desolate this shadow made the whole scene of snow-white storming ocean, and this little flat island, with its chilling and stunted herbage, and its groups of dwarf trees here and there, leaning all of them somewhat to the south-east, as though inclined by some strong prevailing wind. One gleam of sunshine, one flash of the glorious tropical luminary, would have cheered our hearts; but it was our fate that the terrible disaster that had overtaken us should be attended with many circumstances of horror. The very heavens scowled upon us, and the air howled with the maledictions of the pitiless gale.

The spot where the well was sunk was within a mile of the tent. The land, as I have said, was nearly entirely flat, and the greater portion of it, beyond the coral sand, covered with grass, which was rank and long only among the bushes and under the trees. Walking was very easy. Here and there the ground was encumbered with knobs or projections of porous rock, as though the soil that covered the island was not everywhere deep enough to conceal its structure. As we advanced, a frigate pelican soared into the air, and struggled a minute or so with the gale, then dropped, and disappeared behind the bushes on the right. This was the only living thing I had yet seen on the island.

Tripshore led us straight to the well, which I found sunk in the sand about a hundred paces above high-water mark. It was constructed just as he had described. First, the sand had been dug out until fresh water was reached; then a cask with the ends knocked out had been sunk in the hole, and another cask placed on this, so as to raise a kind of coamings above the sand, to prevent the well from filling.

I bent my head over, and saw the water within reach of my arm, looking black, and my face reflected in it. We all stood around, and I said, "What shall we use for a dipper?"

Tripshore answered, "Mr. Norie used his shoe, sir."

"None of us wear shoes," said I casting my eyes about, "so we shall have to use a boot." And I was going to remove one of mine, when Mrs. Stretton whipped off hers and handed it to me. We were too thirsty for ceremony, so I took the boot, filled it with water, and gave it to Miss Tuke, saying that it was not the first time in history that a woman's shoe had served for a drinking-cup. She passed it to Carey, who drank greedily. I filled the boot again and again, until we had all appeased our thirst. It was the salt water that had parched us, and Sir Mordaunt and Carey drank as if they could not quench their thirst.

Our situation came home to me with dreadful force while I stood watching them drink. Even had we all been men, the contrast of our lot now, greedily swallowing rain-water from a boot, standing—with white faces and wet clothes, some of us half dressed and with uncovered heads—round that sunk cask, miserable shipwrecked people, imprisoned by a raging sea, with no prospect of relief before us that the most hopeful mind could imagine; I say, even had we all been men, the contrast of our lot now with what it was aboard the "Lady Maud," that luxurious floating home, with its hundred elegances and comforts, would have made a bitter thought. But that contrast was tenfold heightened by the presence of the women, and especially by Miss Tuke. If I was not in love with her, I will not say I was far off from loving her; and so soft was my heart for her, that I could not look at her sweet face without a degree of tenderness and grief that almost shames me to recall when I remember how much sympathy I had for her in comparison with what I had for the others, whose distress and sufferings were surely as great. Both she and Mrs. Stretton were fully dressed, having had time to clothe themselves while waiting for daylight in the "Lady Maud's" cabin. Carey was the worst off, having lost her hat and shawl in the water, and her dress being torn by the sea, as a squall splits a sail.

It worried me so much to see my poor friend without a coat that I pulled off mine and begged him to wear it. He

tried to get it on, but he was so much taller than I, and his shoulders proportionately broad, that it would not fit him. I wondered that he should have left the yacht, half dressed, in that way, but I afterward remembered that he had thrown off his coat before being hauled ashore.

All having drank, I held the boot full of water to the dog, who lapped it furiously, and when the noble animal had had enough, I dried the boot somewhat by swinging it to and fro. But it was no better than a piece of brown paper; so I sat down and pulled off my own boots, gave one of them to Mrs. Stretton to slip on, and thrusting the other into my pocket, offered Sir Mordaunt my arm, saying that the grass was as soft as a carpet, and that my socks would dry the quicker for being uncovered.

These are but trivial things to relate, but it is such things as these which make up the story of shipwreck. I never hear now of a yachting party sailing away on an ocean cruise, but that I wonder if they imagine what shipwreck means, what being cast away, stripped of every luxury they have been used to, forced to confront the naked heavens without a shelter to protect them from the roasting sun or the blinding rain or the furious gale, signify? Death is not the worst part of the horrors of such an experience. You hear of protracted anguish ending in madness; you hear of starvation terminating in cannibalism; you hear of hardships and physical suffering converting the comeliest man into such an object of horror, that those whom God sends to succor him at last recoil with affright from the monstrous and unnatural appearance. To be shipwrecked is a terrible thing indeed; how terrible, no man can tell save he who has suffered it.

On our return we met Hunter going to the well for a drink. He asked me the road. I pointed to the well, and told him he would have to make a cup of his hands or use his boot.

"Where is Norie?" Sir Mordaunt asked me; and I thought he seemed to notice for the first time that Norie and Hunter had not accompanied us to the well. I made some answer, I forget what. He looked at me eagerly, and

with great trouble in his eyes, but asked no more questions.

On our arrival at the tent Mrs. Stretton gave me back my boot; but I was not afraid of bare feet, so I sat down and pulled off my socks and rolled up my trousers, saying with a laugh that I should not be afraid of spoiling my boots now. We found Norie in the tent, sitting, and leaning his hand on his arm. He looked as if all the hope had been crushed out of him. He was like a prisoner in a cell, haggard and shocked, and full of amazement and fear. He glanced from one to the other of us as we entered, and cried, "Don't let any one of you be alone if you can help it! You cannot guess what solitude is here! I have had about five minutes of it, and feel as if another five minutes would drive me out of my mind. The wind howls horribly through these trees! And, my God! did ever any sea roar like yonder waves?"

"Pray don't afflict us with reflections of that kind, Norie," I exclaimed warmly. "Give Sir Mordaunt your place there, and come you along to the beach with Tripshore and me, and lend us a hand to collect the things which have been washed ashore."

He jumped up; but as he did so Sir Mordaunt gave a little cry. I looked at him, and saw that his eyes were fixed upon the jacket that had covered the face of his wife. Norie had brought it away, and had been lying on it.

"Where is her body?" asked the baronet, addressing Norie.

It was idle to keep the matter from him, so, meeting the doctor's glance, I dropped my head.

"We have buried her," said Norie.

"It was my wish," said I, seizing Sir Mordaunt's hand.

Oh, but without a prayer—without one last look! he cried in a quivering voice.

"Don't say without a prayer," exclaimed Norie. "The seaman who helped me will tell you differently."

Sir Mordaunt took his hand from mine to cover his face, on which Mrs. Stretton and Miss Tuke went to him and began to comfort him, talking as gentle and pitying women can to a man in grief. They could do better than I or Norie. I therefore beckoned to the

doctor, and we trudged down to the beach, where Tripshore was bending over some object that had been thrown up by the waves.

"For heaven's sake, Norie," said I, as we went along, "don't indulge in any dismal reflections before the women. Keep up their hearts if you can. Bad as our lot is, it might be worse. This island is *terra firma*, any way. We have found water, and now we must look for something to eat. It is much too soon to cave in, man. You ought to know that."

"Ay," he exclaimed. "But to be alone for even five minutes after burying that poor woman. . . . I thought my hospital work had cured me of all weakness; but the sweat poured from me when I put the body in the sand, dressed as it was, Walton! God preserve me! It seemed frightfully heartless to cover the face that I knew so well with the sand!"

He shuddered violently, and I own I shuddered too. He was fresh from a sad and shocking job indeed, and I was sorry I had spoken to him so warmly in the tent.

"But I *did* offer up a prayer, Walton," he added, with a singular and affecting simplicity of manner. "It was no falsehood I told Sir Mordaunt. I made a little prayer while Hunter filled up the hole we had scooped out."

By this time we were close to Tripshore.

"What have you there?" I called to him.

He shouted back, for the roar of the surf was deafening, "The carpenter's chest, sir."

This indeed it was. It was fitted with a shelf midway the height inside. All the tools which had been on top of this shelf were gone; but on dragging up the shelf, which lay jammed in the box like a cork in the neck of a bottle, we found the bottom full of nails of all sorts, some half as long as my arm, together with a saw, a chopper, fashioned to serve as a hammer too, and three sailors' sheath-knives.

"We shall find these things useful," said I, "so let us drag this chest clear of all risk from the breakers."

We laid hold of it and hauled it up the beach, then returned, and in ten

minutes' time collected the following articles :

The tell-tale compass, with a portion of the beam to which it had been screwed ; two wooden cases, presently to be opened ; a small cask, very heavy ; a large kettle, with the lid gone and the spout warped ; three spare sails ; and a mass of the yacht's planks and timbers. We saved all the wood we could find, with the idea of building a hut for the women to lie in that night. We searched the beach, down into the very fork of the tiny bay in the south-east corner, where the water was tolerably smooth, owing to the shelter of the limb of land I have described, and found a quantity of timber, but nothing more to our purpose.

On opening the head of the cask, I found to my joy that it was full of salt beef, and, what was equally gladdening, the two cases contained each of them three dozen of tins of different kinds of preserved meats, which had been shipped for cabin use. This you may be sure we reckoned a noble discovery, for here was food ready cooked for us to eat. Forthwith we laid hold of the cases and carried them up to the tent.

"Here are the materials for two, and perhaps three, meals a day for nine days," I cried, addressing the inmates generally, "allowing each person a tin. Tripshore, go and fetch those sailors' knives. We shall all feel the better for a breakfast."

The man brought the knives, and we opened a couple of the tins, using a piece of deck-plank for a table. I divided the contents of the first tin into eight portions, and I made the same division of the meat in the second tin. Had we had bread or biscuit, or anything of that kind to eat with this preserved food, the portions would have made a fair meal. As it was, each person's share could be despatched in a few bites. But I would not open any more tins at that sitting. I had only to consider how absolutely destitute was this island of all sustenance fit for human beings, and how days and nights might pass without bringing us any help, to understand the preciousness of the food that had been cast up by the sea. Not one of our little company but appreciated my reason for opening no more tins ; but the

dread of giving expression to that reason was too great to suffer any of them to speak of it.

As the piece of plank went around, with the eight portions upon it, each one took his or her share, and Hunter, arriving at that moment from the well, took his ; and there we sat, the eight of us, close packed together under the sail.

Suddenly Miss Tuke said, "You have forgotten the dog, Mr. Walton."

I looked around, and saw the poor fellow lying on the grass, watching us eating with a passionate longing eye. I jumped up and ran down to the cask of beef and cut off a hunch of meat, which I threw to the dog. He wagged his tail, and thanked me in his dumb way, and was presently happy, gnawing upon the piece of junk.

The gale still stormed violently over the island, and the sky resembled a vast sheet of lead, with a kind of brown smoke-like scud driving along under it, and scattering, just as smoke scatters, as it went. We were close to the sea, and had the roar of the surf in our ears. The gloom of the heavens and the bellying and crashing of the sea would have been depressing even had all been well with us. The trees made a shadow, and the sail stretched over us deepened it, and in this shadow we sat, holding our little portions of preserved meat in our fingers, and all of us, acting upon my advice, eating very slowly ; for I remembered a sailor who had been adrift for a week in an open boat telling me that by munching and munching the tiny piece of ship's bread that he was allowed twice a day, by keeping it in his mouth, and then swallowing it slowly, he made it appease his hunger, whereas when he ate it hastily it left him still famine-stricken.

Never did shipwreck create a more dismal group of human beings than we looked as we sat peering at one another in the gloom under the sail. Nor, in my opinion, did life ever establish a sharper contrast in so short a time. You are affected when a poor, hungry, shabby man is pointed out to you as one who so many years ago possessed a fortune and lived in grand style. But here were we, who only a few short hours ago enjoyed all the luxuries of a su-

perbly appointed yacht, flung half-naked upon a desolate island, forced to squat and eat our food like savages, treasuring that poor food and valuing it at a price which the whole of the island made of gold would not have paid for; and already having proved that we had gauged deep all the horror and wretchedness of shipwreck by the exultation which the discovery of a little well of rain-water had inspired in us!

It was distracting to sit still and think upon our misfortunes. I got up from the grass and looked at the sea, to find out if any more wreckage had come ashore; and then addressing Tripshore and Hunter, I said that we were well into the day, and ought to go to work at once, and rig up a better habitation than the one over us, while we had the light. Yonder was plenty of wood, and we had a saw, a hammer, abundance of nails, and sailcloth. But first, on which side of the island should we construct the hut? Here, among the trees and near the beach, where we should see all that came ashore from the wreck? or over there among that clump of trees to the left of the bush, where we should be within three minutes' walk of the well?

Hunter was for crossing the island, Tripshore for stopping where we were. I asked Sir Mordaunt, who said he was for stopping; so that decided us. He wanted to come out and help us, but I swore I would not lift a finger if he quitted the shelter, as he was in no condition to work; and, moreover, I said there were enough of us and to spare.

So we left him with the women, and the four of us, that is, Norie, the seamen, and I, went down to the beach and brought up the fragments of wreck to the trees, where we presently had a great pile of deck-planking, and portions of the skin of the vessel, and other parts of her; for she had gone to pieces, I may say, as a house falls in. She had been ground into fragments by the great sea that had beaten her down upon the jagged, iron-hard reef. We then brought the tool-chest along, and set to work to nail the wreckage to the trees. This took us a long time, for we had but one hammer; but happily some of the deck-planking had been thrown up in middling big pieces—that is, there would be three or four planks nailed to-

gether—and this enabled us to push forward with our job.

It did us good to work. It kept us from pining and brooding over our troubles; and the baronet and the women watched us from the shelter of their tent—for, as I have said, it was open on both sides, and the trees we selected as uprights for our hut were to the right. We had no means of keeping a reckoning of time. I was the only one of the party who had a watch, and it had stopped when I was in the water. We had no sun to guess the hour by; but I supposed it would be about three o'clock by the time we had fairly framed in a group of trees, forming an inclosure that might be nearly twelve feet by twelve feet.

We broke off when we had got so far, and sent Hunter with the kettle to the well, and divided the contents of another tin of meat; but neither Miss Tuke nor Mrs. Stretton would take their portions. They said they were not hungry, that they could not eat, so I laid their shares aside; and the filled kettle—for it was a large vessel—serving us to a good drink all round, we fell to work with renewed energy to roof in our strange structure with the sails. This was not an easy task, for the trees in the middle of the hut were in the way. However, we managed it by cutting the cloths so as to let the trees come into them. One sail was enough to make a roof. It was, indeed, a spare fore-topsail,* and by means of laniards we triced it as taut as a drum. To make the shelter more complete, we passed another sail round the hut outside as far as it would stretch. We then unbent the sail that had served us as a tent, and that by this time was thoroughly dry, and spread it over the floor of the hut as a carpet. And not yet satisfied, I made Tripshore help me cut up the remaining sail, which we nailed to the trees inside in such a manner that one part of the interior was entirely screened. This space I meant for the women to sleep in.

We had scarcely finished, and were looking about us to see what more could be done, when the interior of our little shelter grew bright, and stepping out-

*The "Lady Maud's" sail-locker was in her fore peak.

side, I saw the sun flashing with a watery-reddish brilliance in the west. The great leaden cloud that had heavily overhung us all day was broken up into masses of dark vapor, which were solemnly journeying across the sky, and here and there among them were glimpses of misty blue. The horizon was clear, the gale had broken and was falling, but the ocean was still a wild, tumultuous, leaping, and rushing surface, of a silver and splendid brilliancy of creaming white under the sun, and from the reef to the beach the water resembled hurling volumes of snow.

That beam of reddish sunshine fell upon my heart like a blessing. I stood with clasped hands gazing at it with a rapture I have no words for, and presently turning to call the others, I found them all looking—ay, the very dog stood there looking at the sun. The glorious light sparkled in the eyes of the women, and I saw Ada Tuke gazing with such an expression in her face as a shipwrecked sailor wears when he watches a vessel coming his way.

"Praise God for that encouragement!" I cried, pointing to the sun. "It is meant to give us hope."

"There's another cask come ashore, sir!" shouted Tripshore, and he and I and Hunter dashed down to the beach.

I overhauled the marks upon it, and sung out, "It's either brandy or sherry. Roll it up, boys, to the hut, and we'll test it there."

It was full, and we had a hard job to get it along. Sir Mordaunt said it was sherry; but, valuable as it was, I would have given twenty such casks for one of biscuit.

I felt greatly fatigued after the hard work and harder excitement and emotions of the day, and went to rest myself in the hut. Carey lay dozing on the sail. Sir Mordaunt joined me, leaving the others outside. The sight of the sun and the breaking clouds had heartened my poor friend somewhat. There was a little more life in him, I mean, and his heart seemed a bit eased of that oppression of grief which had been in his face during the day.

He came and sat down alongside of me, and, clasping my hand, looked at me without speaking for some moments.

"Oh, Walton," he presently exclaim-

ed. "This is a bitter and cruel termination of our cruise. My conscience accuses me as the author of all this misery. It was my blind confidence in Purchase that has led to this."

"Nay, don't fret over these matters," said I. "What we have to do is to get away from this island."

"All this privation," he continued, "ay, months of exile and suffering here, I could have borne without a murmur, if my poor wife had been preserved. But to think of her being dead—killed, indeed, by those very efforts I had made to restore her to health—" He broke off, and lifted up his hands with a gesture of speechless grief.

I said all that I could to soothe him, and talked to some purpose, for he calmed down after a little, and when I spoke of our situation he listened attentively. I told him I could not imagine upon what part of the Bahamas we were wrecked. "There can be no doubt whatever," said I, "that Purchase was miles out of his reckoning—I mean without reference to his false estimate of our drift to the westward. Unhappily, I have no knowledge of these seas, but I know that some of the larger islands are populated, and I do not suppose that we can be very far distant from one of the inhabited islands."

"But what means have we of leaving this place?" said he. "We have no boat. I see no chance of deliverance unless a vessel should come near."

"That is certainly our outlook at the present moment," I replied; "but we need not despair. You may read of extraordinary things having been done by people in our position; and some among us, Sir Mordaunt, are not men to sit down and wait for an opportunity to come."

"God knows, Walton, what we should have done without you," said he; and he was proceeding, when I stopped him by saying that before it fell dark I would ascend the little hill and have a look around for land. He said he would go too; he had not seen the island, and would like to view it from that point.

"Let us all go," said I; "for one may have sharper eyes than the rest."

So we left the hut, and I asked Miss Tuke and Mrs. Stretton to join us. I also called to Norie and the seamen, and

the whole company of us started for the hill, leaving Carey dozing in the hut, and the dog to keep watch beside her.

(Note here, that Mrs. Stretton's boot that we had used as a cup being still wet, she put on my boot for this walk; and I took notice of the very elegant shape of her foot as she leaned against a tree in order to put on the boot.)

I walked in advance with Miss Tuke, and though the road was a short one, we managed to say a great deal. She spoke of her aunt, and asked where she was buried. On my telling her, she exclaimed, "I believe she would not have lived many hours in this island. The grief and terror would have killed her. She could not endure pain or hardship. And perhaps she may prove to be the luckiest of us all," she added, in a tremulous voice.

"Don't talk like that yet," said I. "There are too many chances in our favor to make such fancies reasonable. Besides you are our heroine. We all look up to you when our spirits are low."

She shook her head at this.

"I wish I could see you in comfortable dry clothes," said I. "If we could only manage to make a fire, we would soon dry our clothes."

"Don't think of me more than of yourself and the others," she answered. "Of all of us, poor Mrs. Stretton is most to be pitied. This is her second shipwreck in a very short time, and when I recall what she went through on that half-sunk wreck, I cannot help thinking that we are very well off."

"That's well said."

"She is a most gentle, womanly creature," she continued. "I am sure her sympathy soothed Uncle Mordaunt. Each of them has been similarly bereaved, and what she said to him carried a weight that no words of mine could have taken."

We gained the top of the little hill. The windward sky was clearing fast, and the blue of it was growing pure. No more than a fresh breeze was now blowing, and I reckoned that it would all be gone by sunset. The circumference of the deep lay open to us, saving one small part blocked out by trees in the north-west. We searched the circle narrowly, but, good as my sight was, I at all events could see nothing.

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"How far should we be able to see from this height, sir?" inquired Hunter.

"About fourteen or fifteen miles in clear weather," I answered.

"Isn't that land out there?" exclaimed Mrs. Stretton, crossing to my side, and pointing into the west, a little to the right of the track of the sun.

I gazed and gazed. Suddenly Miss Tuke cried, "Yes! there is a little film there—a tiny blue shadow—I see it plainly."

"Right you are, Miss," said Tripshore. "There it is, Mr. Walton!"

I thought I saw it, but when I shut my eyes to clear them, and looked again, it was gone. None of the rest of our party could see the tiny shadow, which made those who saw it wonder, for they said it stood there plain enough. I took for granted that it was land, and asked Tripshore if his memory carried the chart sharply enough to recall what island would have land bearing west from it, visible, say, about twenty miles? He puzzled and reflected, and knit his brows, but the poor fellow could not remember. Indeed, it was not a thing to be guessed. If you look at the Bahama Islands, you will see how crowded the chart is with rocks and cays and reefs and islets, similar to the one on which we had been cast. It was idle to recall Purchase's reckoning, for I knew that we were much farther to the west than that, and much farther to the south too, I was sure. But there was no use speculating upon that shadow which Miss Tuke and the other two saw. If it were land, we should never be able to find out what land it was by guessing. Elsewhere the horizon was quite bare.

"But so much the better," said I, gazing into the east; "for if that water out yonder is clear, surely there will be vessels traversing it, bound to or from Providence Channel or the Florida and North Carolina coasts to the West India Islands. Don't you think so, Tripshore?"

"I do, sir. Anyhow, the chance is good enough to make a lookout a necessity. If we could make a flare, something might come of it when it falls dark."

"But how are we to get a light?" I asked. "Who has any matches?"

The men felt about their pockets, but to no purpose. Sailors seldom carry

lights; the galley-fire is their lucifer-match. We all searched, but none of us had any matches, nor the means of procuring fire.

"Something to make fire may come ashore in the night," said Hunter. "There's no use despairin'."

Still it was terribly vexing to be without fire. There were many reasons why a flare would have been good for us. We could have dried our clothes; we could have cooked the salt beef in the kettle; it would have made a cheerful light, too, something to keep watch by; above all, we should never be able to guess what it would be doing for us—what passing distant vessel it might attract, that would lay-to and wait for the morning, to run down to us, the mere dream of which would have acted like a cordial upon our spirits. The want of fire was the harder to bear because the bush promised excellent fuel, and with our knives we could have gathered enough to last us through the night. Norie spoke of rubbing sticks together. I told him that read very well in books, that no doubt there were savage tribes who got fire in that way, though they must be artists to do it, and have the right kind of wood, too.

"But you might try it, if you will, Norie," said I.

(He did try that same night. He got a couple of pieces of wood, and rubbed until the sweat ran down him like water. But so far from catching fire, the wood was scarcely warm, though he had worked like a horse.)

After lingering awhile on the hill, looking at the sea, and watching the red sunlight wax and wane as the clouds rolled over the setting orb, we went slowly toward the hut.

I was determined to do my best to keep up the spirits of the people, and made some of them smile by suggesting that we should take a drink of the sherry out of the kettle.

"It's too good to dip a boot into," said I. "Besides, I couldn't fancy sherry out of a boot—not even out of Mrs. Stretton's boot, small as it is."

"But you won't dip that great black kettle into the wine?" said Miss Tuke, with a laugh, that made us all seem to forget our troubles for the moment.

"No; but if we could manage to

bale some of it into the kettle," I answered, "we could each of us take a pull at the spout."

Here Hunter walked off to the beach, to look, as I supposed, for any articles that might have come ashore. I told Tripshore to open a couple of tins of meat, while I and Norie worked at the cask of wine with the hatchet; and while we were full of this business, comes back Hunter with a big shell in his hand, and gives it to me with a face of triumph.

"There's a baler for ye, sir—the biggest I could find in this light," says he.

"Mr. Tripshore, there's a box away down in the cove" (meaning the little creek at the end of the beach). "Will you come along and help to bring it up?"

"Save all that you can," said I; and away went the two men.

Having got the head of the wine-cask open, I dipped the shell into the sherry, and handed it to Mrs. Stretton. It held near upon a wine-glass. It was better than drinking out of the kettle, and I admired Hunter's readiness. Pretty it was to see the women drinking the wine from the shell, that was deeper than an oyster shell, yet of that shape, thickly ribbed, and each rib defined by a red line. I filled the shell for Carey, and then handed it to the baronet, to help himself and pass it on, while I divided the meat into portions, as before.

It was a wretched meal, not enough for us by I know not how much; and I bitterly deplored the want of a little biscuit to distribute with it, or such fruit as any man might have hoped to find on a tropical island, where there was soil enough to give life to bushes and trees.

I felt desperately low-spirited while dividing the poor repast. I kept on thinking, "What in God's name shall we do if we are not succored before our slender provisions are exhausted?" But the arrival of Tripshore and Hunter with the box took me away from these melancholy thoughts, and I went out to inspect this new acquisition. As I approached it, Tripshore sidled up to me, and whispered in my ear, "There's two dead bodies come ashore, sir. One's the cook, and t'other's poor Jim Wilkin-son. Better say nothen about it. Me

and Tom'll steal away presently, and bury 'em."

I nodded, and began to handle the box.

"Why, Carey, is not this yours?" exclaimed Miss Tuke.

The girl looked, and said yes, it was her box.

"It is locked," said I. "Have you the key?"

She fumbled in her pocket, or rather in the hole where the pocket should have been; but, alas! the sea had torn that convenience away.

"You can break it open, sir," said the poor girl, simply. "I know what's in it."

I broke the lock with the chopper, and told her to explore the contents, as for all we knew it might contain something that should prove of great value to us. She came readily, and knelt

down, and began to take the articles out of the box, while we stood around. The hope I had that among the contents there might be a box of matches were soon dashed. The box, though well made, and a good box of its kind, was full of water, and the things lay soaking in it, like clothes in a washtub. Among the contents I remember were an old-fashioned Prayer-book, a work-box completely fitted, some dresses, a hat, some under-linen, a pair of boots, a bundle of letters, which flaked away in Carey's hand when she fished them up, and the sight of which made her cry bitterly. We stretched the wearing apparel upon the grass to dry, and then while the others went to get their mouthful of supper, I cut off another piece of junk for the dog, and got the kettle ready for Hunter to fill it when he had done his meal.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

BY E. J. WHATELY.

THE life of Frederick Chopin, one of the most eminent musicians of our own day, presents a picture we have rarely seen equalled for its deep pathos. The sadness felt in gazing on it is often relieved, indeed, as we follow the details of the great composer's earlier years, by bursts of a gayer humor and joyous fancy, bright, fitful, and poetic; but, as a whole, to use a musical simile, it resembled a piece which begins in the major key, and after many modulations and changes, now glad, now mournful, ends at last in a gloomy minor. His career was like a summer day in Alpine regions, whose dawning, though bright and joyous, presages coming storms. As the day advances the horizon blackens, the thunder rolls, and the fair beauty of the landscape is obscured by blinding rain. No sooner does the tempest cease, than brightness flashes out again, but only for a moment, to be again obscured in tears and darkness, till at last a premature night covers all with its sombre curtain. Such a brief summer's day was the life of the subject of this sketch—not only as depicted by one who intimately knew him, but as seen in the familiar letters which speak for them-

selves, and give a view of the vividly contrasting traits of his character—the gay, ready wit, and graceful fancy which gave such a charm to his society in early life, combined with the morbid feelings and overwrought sensitiveness which endured him with so terrible a power of suffering.

Frederick Chopin was born on the 1st of March, 1809, in a village a few miles from Warsaw. Thus Polish by birth, he was, however, French by origin on the father's side. Nicholas Chopin, his father, was a native of Nancy, in Lorraine, who entered early in life the household of a noble Polish lady, whom he accompanied to Warsaw as tutor to her two children. When he took this step he had no intention of permanently expatriating himself; but having been twice prevented by circumstances from returning to France when on the point of doing so, he finally made his home in Poland, and settled in Warsaw, supporting himself by tuition, and latterly by taking pupils into his house. He learned to love his adopted country with all the ardor of one of her own children, eagerly sharing their hopes of independence, and deeply moved by the failure of her

attempts. In 1806 this feeling was cemented by his marriage with a Polish lady, Justine Kryzanowska, and the union was blessed with four children, three daughters and one son, the subject of this sketch. The daughters were all possessed of considerable literary talents; and one, who died in very early youth, seems to have resembled her brother in temperament and genius, though in her it took the form of poetry rather than of music.

Frederick Chopin's own childhood was a remarkable one: from his earliest days his wonderful gift for music and intense sensibility to its voice displayed itself; and while so young that he could not write down musical notes for himself, he would ask his master to note his improvisations for him. Frederick was not quite nine years old when he first played in public, on the occasion of a concert given for the benefit of the poor in Warsaw. His performance excited great astonishment; and we can well imagine the beautiful child, dressed in his picturesque and splendid national costume, attracting all eyes by his appearance, as well as by the rare musical powers already developed. Yet so childlike was he, and so inspirited by the gay scene around him, that on being asked by his mother when he returned home, "What did the public like best?" he replied, "Oh, mamma, everybody only looked at my collar!" Love for his country strongly inclined the boy's character even from childhood, and influenced his musical compositions. He was a true Pole in music as in everything else, and loved to take the national airs of his country as the subjects of his improvisations. As he grew up and came before the world as a rising musician, while his marvellous facility of execution excited astonishment everywhere, his peculiar excellencies as a composer at first failed to meet with due appreciation from strangers. Originality was so early stamped on all his productions that his disregard of established rules shocked the strictest musical critics. But his master at the Conservatoire, Elsner, a discerning man, silenced all objections of this kind with the words: "Let him alone, he does not follow the common way, because his talents are uncommon." Under so

judicious a teacher the powers of the young artist had a fair field for development. The peculiar attribute of his music seemed to be the power he possessed of making it the interpreter of his inmost thoughts; and partaking thus of his own mind, there is, as was observed, a strong tinge of nationality in all he wrote. In improvising, as he loved to do, on the wild and graceful national airs of Poland, or in composing melodies of a kindred character, his talents were very early displayed. He had a pianoforte in his bedroom, and often worked far into the night. Sometimes, when the household were asleep, he would spring from his bed, rush to the instrument, and strike a few chords to develop some musical fancy or resolve a harmony, and then, lying down to rest, would again start up and repeat his attempt; the servants could not understand such proceedings, and said "his mind must be affected." But his amiable character and kindness of heart made him loved even by those who could not understand him. At the Conservatoire of Warsaw he was popular with all his fellow-students; his superiority was so evident that it placed him beyond the reach of jealousy.

In 1828 he left his native land and visited Berlin, and the year following, Vienna, Prague, Toplitz, and Dresden. Everywhere his talents insured him success, and the hearty, childlike enjoyment of all he saw and heard, which appears in his letters, is pleasant to see. On one occasion, when he had been travelling for several days in the slow fashion of German *diligences*, he was delighted and surprised on stopping at a small post-house, to discover a grand pianoforte in one of the rooms, and still more surprised to find it in tune—thanks probably to the musical taste of the postmaster's family. He sat down instantly and began to improvise in his peculiarly happy manner—one by one the travellers were attracted by the unwonted sweet sounds, one of them even letting his beloved pipe go out in his ecstasy. The postmaster, his wife, and his two daughters joined the group of listeners. Unmindful of his audience, of the journey, the lapse of time, and everything but the music, Chopin continued to play and his companions

to listen in rapt attention, when they were suddenly roused by a stentorian voice which made the windows rattle, calling out, "The horses are ready, gentlemen!"

The postmaster roared out an anathema against the disturber—the postillion—and the passengers cast angry glances at him. Chopin started from his seat, but was instantly surrounded by his audience, who entreated him to continue.

"But we have been here some time," said Chopin, consulting his watch, "and are due in Posen already."

"Stay and play, noble young artist," cried the postmaster; "I will give you courier's horses if you will only remain a little longer."

"Do be persuaded," began the postmaster's wife, almost threatening the artist with an embrace. What could he do but resume his place at the instrument?

When at last he paused, the servant appeared with wine; the hosts' daughter served the artist first, then the travellers, then the postmaster proposed a cheer for the musician, in which all joined. The women in their gratitude filled the carriage-pockets with the best eatables and wine the house contained; and when at last the artist rose to go, his gigantic host seized him in his arms and bore him to the carriage! Long years afterward Chopin would recall this little incident with pleasure, and declare that the plaudits of the press had never given him more delight than the homage of these simple music-loving Germans. His success in all the cities he visited was brilliant; everywhere he carried the palm. But in the midst of this intoxicating vortex of excitement, which he was capable of heartily enjoying, his heart never wavered from the dear home circle; his letters to his parents and sisters were constant, and full of affectionate playfulness.

He returned to Warsaw, gave many concerts, and continued to be the idol of the public. But all his friends agreed that a wider field should be sought for the development of his talents; Warsaw offered too few advantages of this kind, and a long sojourn in Italy and Paris was recommended. In 1830, with the full consent and approbation of his pa-

rents, he set out on his journey, and left Poland never to return. Could his parents have foreseen what the result of that sojourn at Paris would be, they would have entreated him rather to pass his life in the humblest provincial town than to take this step.

The journey to Italy was ultimately abandoned; after some stay in Vienna and Munich he came to Paris, with the intention of prosecuting his musical studies in that capital. The time he arrived was one of considerable political agitation, especially among the Polish residents at Paris, and Chopin naturally became the centre of the circle. To all who had suffered loss or exile in their country's cause he was ever a true and fast friend, often sharing his lodgings with his needy countrymen, and doing all in his power to alleviate their privations. His sympathies were always warmly enlisted in the struggles for Polish independence, and he mourned over their failure as for a personal sorrow.

Meantime he pursued his musical studies with ardor and perseverance. He presented himself to Kalkbrenner, then regarded as the first pianist in Europe, and modestly asked to become his pupil. Kalkbrenner soon saw that the young artist had nothing more to learn from him; but he thought his own fame as a teacher would be established by a pupil of such rare gifts, and, therefore, accepted him, but on the condition that he should remain with him for three years, to correct, as he said, the many faults of his playing, of which Kalkbrenner could undertake to cure him in that time. Chopin did not suspect the great pianist's true motives, but being much surprised at such a stipulation, he wrote to his father and his old master, Elsner, to ask their opinion. Elsner, who thoroughly understood the powers of his former pupil, saw that such a one-sided training as Kalkbrenner proposed would be absolutely injurious to Chopin's development as a musician, and wrote him a letter full of sensible advice, which decided the young artist to follow the dictates of his own good sense, and give up the plan of learning with Kalkbrenner. To show him, however, that his refusal was made with no want of friendly feeling, he dedicated to him one of his pieces.

His amiable character and modesty seems to have disarmed the jealousy of brother artists, and he was generally esteemed and liked by those whom he met in Paris. With Liszt, the celebrated pianoforte player and composer, he was especially intimate. One evening, at a later period, when several artists were all assembled together, Liszt played one of Chopin's pieces, to which he added some embellishments of his own. When he had finished, Chopin said, "I beg you, my dear friend, when you do me the honor of playing my compositions, to play them as they are written or not at all."

"Play it yourself, then," said Liszt, rising from the piano, rather piqued.

"With pleasure," answered Chopin.

At this moment a moth extinguished the lamp. They were going to relight it, when Chopin cried, "No, put out the lights—the moonlight is enough."

Then he began to improvise, and played for nearly an hour, with such power and feeling that his audience were moved to tears. Liszt, much affected, embraced Chopin, saying, "You are right, my friend; works like yours ought not to be meddled with. You are a true poet."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Chopin gaily. "We have each our own style; that is all the difference between us."

This total absence of petty rivalry seems to have characterized both Chopin and his most intimate friends. His liveliness and ready wit made him a delightful companion. His powers of mimicry were remarkable, and he could imitate the style of any pianist to the life.

Paris thus presented many attractions to the young artist; but his gains were small, he had many distressed friends to need his help, and he felt unwilling to be a burden on his parents, whose means were limited, and who had daughters to provide for. Under these circumstances, he felt discouraged as to his future, and at one time thought of emigrating to America. The plan was one unsuited to him in every way, and his parents advised his remaining at Paris or returning to Warsaw, difficult as the latter step was to one who had remained abroad after his passport had expired. His love of his country and his family

awakened an ardent desire to return. Well it would have been for him if he had! But on the very day he was preparing to depart, he accidentally met his countryman, Prince Valentine Radzivil. The prince made him promise that he would meet him that evening at M. Rothschild's. He was asked to play by his hostess, charmed all present with his improvisations, and from that time his position in Paris was changed. He was engaged to give lessons in the first families in the city, his affairs quickly became prosperous, and his position assured. He naturally gave up the idea of returning to Warsaw. He had, however, the following year an opportunity of meeting his beloved parents at Carlsbad. This was the last time he was ever to see them. On this occasion he visited Leipzig, where he made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who, though belonging to a very different musical school, did full justice to Chopin's powers. In a later visit to Germany he met the celebrated Schumann, and their regard and esteem for each other was mutual. This, the most brilliant and prosperous period of Chopin's life, was, however, clouded by two severe disappointments, which to his ardent and affectionate nature were peculiarly painful. Twice he was betrothed, both times to persons who seemed well suited to make him happy, and to whom he was deeply attached; and on each occasion the inconsistency of the object of his affections broke off the marriage. The second of these attachments had been a most specially deep and tender one, and the wound received was severe and lasting. It led to his giving up a plan of settling in his native land near his parents, and probably paved the way for the reception of that evil influence which was the bane of his remaining years of life.

We come now to a period too important to be altogether passed over, and yet too distressing to be dwelt on in detail. The true history of the influence exerted on his after life by the celebrated moralist, "George Sand," is told faithfully and to all appearance most impartially in his Memoir. That one of so highly wrought and excitable a nature should have fallen readily under an influence so powerful and so fascinat-

ing can hardly appear surprising when we see how little support he seems to have derived from the only true safeguard—a firm and high Christian principle. He was brought up in a healthful and pure family atmosphere by excellent and affectionate parents, and his mother is described as a woman of real and earnest piety. But, unhappily, an education conducted by the most honest and devout of Romanists (even if really possessing sincere Christian motives of action) is deprived of that greatest of helps and safeguards—the only *true* safeguard, indeed, in the training of the young—the intimate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and constant reference to them as a guide to daily life. "Thy word have I hid in my heart that I may not sin against Thee," is true now as in the Psalmist's time; and no words of good counsel or books of devotion can ever supply the place of that holy Word of God taught at the mother's knee, implanted in the young mind while yet fresh and receptive, which has been the means, under God, in countless instances, of keeping the young from yielding to temptation, or recalling them even after they have gone astray. Alas! poor Chopin had no such talisman. His religion was one which can be followed without any inner principle of action whatever. Thus undefended, we can hardly wonder that he was an easy prey to the baleful influence of one who, though richly gifted with intellectual powers, had thrown aside all the restraints of higher principle.

George Sand's admiration for the genius of Chopin was intense; and when his failing health led a change to a warmer climate to be recommended, she urged his accompanying her and her family to Majorca, where she was going for the health of one of her children. This step seems to have been as hurtful to him physically as the intercourse with such a woman could not fail to be mentally and morally. The discomforts of a sojourn in an uncivilized region counterbalanced the advantages of climate; the influences of the wild and desolate surroundings in the midst of which he lived powerfully affected his always sensitive nervous system. He became a prey to distressing depression and unreal terrors; his music was now, as

ever, the outlet for all his feelings, and the slender, wasted fingers of the suffering artist spoke, as they wandered over his instrument, in the wildest and saddest tones of anguish. His compositions of this period are marked by a strangely weird and fanciful but deeply pathetic character. His hostess and companion was totally unable to enter into his sufferings: she had begun to weary of the society of the poor invalid, and she now treated him with the most palpable and unkind neglect, so that utter loneliness contributed to increase his nervous and over-wrought state. At last he returned to Paris, and seemed better for the change; but the baneful power of his false friend had not passed away. The simple tastes and wholesome interests of early life had left him, as well as the light-hearted spirits of his youth; a craving for luxury, and the more refined gratifications of sense, imbibed in a long residence in the gay capital, had increased upon him. The constant desire for excitement, and his want of common care of his health, told most unfavorably upon body and mind; and the unhappy intimacy he had formed kept him back from the close and loving home-correspondence which had been so long like a pure and healthful spring of life, in the midst of adverse circumstances on the other hand.

He knew how his parents would regard this now paramount influence, and shrank from communication with them; and when his father died, in 1844, his agitation was so great that he could not even bring himself to write a line of sympathy to his sorrowing mother and sisters, but delegated the task to one who could not have been a congenial correspondent to the afflicted widow—the very friend whose power had thus separated him from his home circle and those who had best loved him. Over the rest of this mournful page in the artist's life we gladly draw a veil. Happily, about two years before his death the evil spell was broken, by the act and deed of her who had been its author; her conduct was such as to open his eyes, and when, later, she attempted to renew the intercourse, he himself refused.

His health continued to decline. In 1849 he paid a visit to England, and

was overwhelmed with kind attentions ; but the hospitality of his friends seems to have oppressed him more than it gratified him. The London fogs aggravated his malady, which was further increased by late hours and excitement. He returned to Paris and sank rapidly. His eldest sister came from Poland with her husband and daughter to nurse him, and he was surrounded with kind and assiduous friends ; but no care could now avail him, and on the 15th of October, 1849, he breathed his last.

We long for some evidence that better hopes than those of earth comforted his death-bed ; but very little of any kind can be gathered. Some religious feelings can be traced in his early life ; but whether, in his closing days, any such survived the deadening influence of years spent in a gay and unthinking circle, and the yet more fatal effect of association with one who might almost be looked on as a kind of apostle of unbelief in revealed religion, we have no means of ascertaining. One hint given in a letter from the very person in question seems to imply that superstitious terrors and gloomy fancies connected with some tenets of the Romish faith hung about the poor sufferer's mind, and increased his depression ; but how far this was true does not appear. He died in outward communion with his own church, and received devoutly the last rites from a priest ; this is all we hear,

except that he listened with solemn delight to the sacred songs with which an accomplished friend soothed his last hours. Was it only the pleasure he felt in the sweet familiar sounds ? or might the language of music, which of all others spoke the most powerfully to his soul, convey, through God's overruling mercy, some thought which might turn the departing spirit to Him who never yet rejected a returning wanderer from His feet ? Who can tell ? None but the Searcher of hearts. To us the scene closes in a gloom as of night.

But this unspeakably mournful history surely carries with it its own lesson. We see one abundantly endowed with powers to charm and attract, to adorn life, and to make it enjoyable to himself and others ; and yet how did all this avail him ? The life which had begun so brightly passed away in darkness and sadness—his quick sensibilities and exalted feelings having proved to himself instruments of torture instead of blessing—separated from the home and family whose sunshine he had once been, disappointed in all his high aspirations. And why ? Because those gifts were used in the world's service alone, and the world had proved, as it always has done and will do, a hard master. Never was there a more eloquent commentary on the words of the preacher—"Now I saw that this also was vanity."—*Good Words.*

AN AMERICAN VIEW OF IRELAND.

BY E. L. GODKIN.

THERE are some things which are better seen at a distance than hard by, and for this reason, if for no other, a few observations on the Irish question as carefully watched from New York may, at all events, have some value in the way of suggestion. I think I have read everything of moment which has appeared on either side of the controversy during the last two years, the latest being Mr. Goldwin Smith's address delivered at Brighton in January, and I see how intensely exciting the controversy is in England as well as in Ireland. But everything which appears on the

English side seems to me to omit all mention of some of the fundamental and most influential facts of the case. One of these, and the most potent, is the English dislike of Ireland and Irishmen. The way in which this has been kept out of sight in all the recent English writing and speaking on the existing Irish crisis is in some ways very creditable. More creditable still is the way in which it has been kept from influencing legislation.

There is nothing in English history finer than the efforts of Englishmen of late years to deal with the Irish question

without regard to their own very strong prejudices, that is, to deal with it intelligently and not sentimentally.

But to say that these efforts have not been wholly successful is simply to say that Englishmen are human. The anti-Irish feeling of the great body of Englishmen—a feeling composed of dislike and contempt in about equal parts—has found strong expression in English literature ever since the days of Elizabeth. It is but rarely that an Irishman has during that period figured in either English poetry or fiction except as an odious or ridiculous object. English caricature with both pen and pencil has exhausted all its powers in expressing English scorn for Irish peculiarities. I presume if a collection were made of the Irish engravings of *Punch* during the last forty years, it would form a body of brutal satire such as no community has ever been exposed to. No savages have ever been so mercilessly held up to loathing mockery as the Irish peasants by the one comic paper in Europe which has been most honorably distinguished for its restraint and decorum and good-nature. One of the greatest of recent English novelists apparently did nothing with so much gusto and success as ridicule Irishmen. The English daily and weekly press has been of late years less outspoken, but every now and then there appears an article which gives a startling glimpse of the bitter scorn toward Ireland which the writers manage most of the time to smother. Moreover, no Irishman, however fortunately situated can go much into English society without frequently encountering the Hibernophobia. There are but few Englishmen or Englishwomen sufficiently well-bred or guarded to keep it from cropping out in conversation. In fact, in the mouths of large numbers—shall I say the majority of English men and women?—the word "Irish" has become a depreciatory epithet. It was so one hundred years ago; it is so in a still greater degree to-day. This condition of the English mind is much more important now than it was one hundred years ago, because Englishmen speak and write a great deal more, and the Irish read a great deal more, and are in closer contact with Englishmen both in England and Ireland, and are, owing to

a variety of causes which I shall not attempt to enumerate here, far more sensitive.

A great many, if not most, Englishmen would probably deny the accuracy of this account of their mental condition toward Irishmen, and would do so honestly. It will, for instance, strike them at first sight as contradicted by the success of Irishmen in all walks of life in England. They are often favorites in society. They attain high rank at the Bar, and on the Bench, and in the Civil Service, and in the Army. In fact, I doubt whether it may not be said that they get more than their fair share of such rewards as English society bestows on social and professional talent. This is all true, but it does not conflict with my story. Irishmen succeed in England not as Irishmen but as Englishmen. That is to say, an Irishman who shows the kind of qualities which Englishmen love and honor undergoes an unconscious transformation in their minds. They cease to think of him as an Irishman, they annex him as it were; and the less frequently he reminds them of his origin, either in speech or manner or tone of mind, the better they like him, and the more they will do for him. Of this curious power of assimilation in Englishmen Americans have abundant experience. There is hardly any "nice American" who has not received in England the subtle but intentional compliment of being talked to as if he were an Englishman, and of being informed in this way that he had undergone in his host's mind a process of appropriation. I remember when in England during the late Civil War being frequently much diverted by the rage of Northerners at having it taken for granted at an English dinner-table that they, being such gentlemanly and agreeable men, shared the sentiments of the company touching the varied fortunes of the war, and the cruelty and vulgarity of the low Yankee generals under whom their sons and brothers were fighting. Nearly every American traveller is still able to tell a story of being taken for an Englishman by an Englishman, as evidently the most seductive flattery which an Englishman thought could be administered.

I am not bringing all this forward to

furnish materials for censure. For my present purpose it is of no consequence whether the prevailing English dislike of Irishmen is justifiable or not. I do not propose, therefore, to extenuate or whitewash the Irish character. But it is worth mention, in connection with it, that from the Revolution to 1860 the English dislike of Americans was almost as strong as the English dislike of Irishmen. The English books of travel in the United States, and the articles of the English press during the early part of the century, displayed unbounded contempt and dislike for the American character and manners, and they had a sensitiveness on the American side which for nearly half a century kept the country constantly on the verge of war with Great Britain, and which lingered down to 1865, and of which traces may be found in that well-known article of Mr. Lowell's on a "Certain Condescension in Foreigners."

That it did not produce disastrous results to both countries was due simply to the width of the Atlantic Ocean. It lingered until the Americans had become strong and rich enough to cease to care for foreign opinion, and England began to overlook their peculiarities in consideration of their enormous success.

What I seek to show here is not that English dislike of Irishmen is ill-founded, but that its existence and unavoidable manifestation are an all but insurmountable obstacle to Ireland's sharing in English national life with the fulness and completeness on which Englishmen insist, we may almost say at the point of the bayonet. I used not to think so. I have probably entertained as much repugnance to the methods by which Irishmen have of late been seeking to dissolve their connection with England as any one can, and have as much respect for Mr. Gladstone's efforts to solve the Irish problem as any of his English supporters. But I confess I have until recently underestimated the strength and permanence of Irish hatred of England which the English hatred of Irishmen has at last produced. It has apparently grown in Ireland with the growth of education and prosperity—an accompaniment of deliverance from oppression which has been witnessed before now in

other countries. In America it is apparently cultivated by the Irish as a sort of religion, and is transmitted to the second generation, which knows Ireland only by hearsay. The influence of the American branch of the race, which is the richest and most energetic, and which is every year brought into closer connection with the old country, is now used with passionate persistence to keep alive this fierce hostility to England and Englishmen. This influence cannot be removed by Coercion Acts, or even by Land Acts. It is an influence which no improvement in the material condition of the Irish at home will counteract. In fact, judging from what I see here, I should say that, the legal relations of the two countries continuing what they have been, and the English notions of English duty toward Ireland continuing as they are, the probabilities are that the hatred of the English connection on the part of the home Irish will gain in strength as the people gain in prosperity and social independence. This is what has happened here. The Irishman in this country and his son and grandson are tormented neither by landlord nor police, and never see an Englishman or the English flag, and yet they hate the English government with a kind of frenzy. So that it is difficult to see why the effort which Englishmen are making so strenuously to get Ireland to share English greatness and happiness is not the "Sois-moi-frère-ou-je-te-tue" policy with very slight modifications. If you hate and despise Irishmen, and make no secret of it in your literature and conversation, and Irishmen hate you in return, why should you expect that they will come to love you and act cordially with you because you give them their farms, which did not belong to you, in fee simple, and do not ask them to support your Church, which they never entered? Have you ever heard in tale or history of a people cheerfully throwing in their lot with another people who felt toward them as Englishmen feel toward the Irish? There have been numerous cases of fusion after conquest between communities which had previously dwelt apart in hostility, and which differed hardly in language and manners, but I am sure there has been no

such case in which there was not a stock, however small, of mutual respect to base the union on. The union with Scotland bridged over much dislike on both sides, and much contempt on the English side, but it is absurd to compare even Dr. Johnson's feeling toward the Scotchman with the ordinary Englishman's feeling toward what he considers the typical Irishman.

The remedy recently proposed by Mr. Matthew Arnold in his *Irish Essays*, that the English should improve their manners, or, in other words, make their civilization more attractive to Irishmen, is the only one I have ever seen suggested for this particular difficulty, but it has the capital defect of being too slow in its operation. Moreover, Englishmen might very reasonably decline to change their manners for the benefit of the Irish, unless the Irish reciprocated. Neither side should be expected to go the whole distance toward *rapprochement*; and nobody can sincerely say that Irish ways do not need considerable mending as well as those of Englishmen. English civilization has its defects, and serious ones, but they are not more serious than those of Irish civilization. So that I am afraid reconciliation based on a change of manners wrought for purposes of mutual accommodation is something which there is little use in looking forward to. The remedy within reach is the remedy which incompatible individuals find most effective in matrimonial or business life, and that is to have less to do with each other. A little judicious separation often revives mutual esteem which had come near perishing by close intimacy. To this I am satisfied Englishmen will eventually come.

The second fact in the controversy which Englishmen overlook is the intense national feeling of the Irish. This I confess I do not understand. I have never yet come across any one who was able to explain it. Usually such a feeling is the relic of a period of proud and honored, even if weak and obscure, national existence. I know of no other case in which a people who have never been a nation since the dawn of history have been able to feed their imagination with dreams of national glory, and rave with passionate fervor for a national

independence which they really never enjoyed. Anybody who knew nothing of the Irish past, except what he got from the speeches and newspapers of the Irish Nationalists, would suppose that at some comparatively recent period the green flag had floated over fleets and armies, and Irish kings had played a part of some kind in the field of modern European politics. But the fact is, that the Ireland which is talked of at Irish meetings and sung about by Irish poets has never been known. It may be that the materials for it did exist, and that its formation was prevented by the English invasion and English rule; but is there any other case on record in which the patriotic fancy of a whole people was fed for ages by a tale of things which might have been, but never were? It is in all respects a most remarkable phenomenon, and, as I hold, a very important one, the gravity of which has been increased in this country by an agency which I cannot do better than describe in the words of Mr. Philip Bagenal, a recent English traveller, whose little book on *The American Irish* every Englishman who is interested in the Irish problem at this juncture would do well to read. Speaking of the influences which in America have helped to deepen the hatred of the Irish emigrants for the English government, he says:

But deeper than all these reasons for animosity between them lay yet another, which touched to the quick that most vulnerable of all points in the Irishman's character—his national pride. Until he left his own country, he never discovered that in every quarter of the globe, more or less, particularly in America, the Irish race, as a whole, was looked down upon, despised, slighted. Individual Irishmen throughout the whole world have been honored and admired, but the peasant Irish have ever been condemned. Without leaders, without any natural aristocracy, without wealth, the Irish were thrown on the shores of America, and fell at once to the lowest scale of the social ladder. As every year rolls by, the class of educated Irishmen in the United States grows larger and more respected; but the prejudice against the race has and does exist. This terrible debt the Irishmen in America has placed to the account of England. This grudge is the deepest of all; and, when all material grievances have been redressed, this remains. They think what might not Irishmen have been under proper treatment and good government instead of the despised and rejected of nations.

Mr. Goldwin Smith tries, in the Brighton address to which I have already referred, to dissipate these Irish dreams of what Ireland might have been but for English rule by counter-speculation of his own as to the lower depths which she might have reached but for the Conquest. I may as well say, *en passant*, that I think he would have done well, in the interest of peace, to have omitted this bit of recrimination, tempting as it undoubtedly is. It is one of the sallies which help to feed the flame of Irish fury, and from which few Englishmen, when discoursing on Ireland, find it easy to refrain. There is nothing sweeter to the unsuccessful and unhappy than the visions of the life they would have led if the world had dealt fairly with them. It may be said to be the one luxury to which every Irishman, however wretched, is born, and it ought to be the part of strength and pity to let him alone in the enjoyment of it. Moreover, I have always been inclined to believe that nothing has done more to give high coloring to Irishmen's pictures of the past greatness of their country than English incredulity about it. Every time an Englishman denies, as Mr. Goldwin Smith denies, the existence of "Tara's Hall," the native imagination, out of what Americans call "pure cussedness," puts one or two new stories on the building and increases the number of harps in the orchestra which used to delight the "chiefs and ladies bright."

But the origin and justifiability of this feeling of nationality are things to occupy the philosophical historian. The fact of its existence is what concerns the statesman; and if English politicians had taken half as much pains to recognize the fact of its existence as they have taken to expose its absurdity, the relations of England and Ireland would be to-day much better than they are. Something has to be done for the popular imagination in the government of all free peoples, and in the case of the Irish more than for most others, because the imagination, and especially the patriotic imagination, plays a larger part in their lives, and they have fewer generally known and remembered historic glories to support their self-esteem. as a general rule, nobody knows any-

thing about the historic men or things of which an Irishman is proud except the Irishmen themselves. Few but Irishmen ever read Irish history, and the Government does nothing whatever to certify to the correctness of popular traditions about Irish achievements. Whenever Irishmen ask for any such official recognition, you tell them in substance that they ought to be satisfied with and proud of English greatness.

I am aware that this failure of England to make any provisions to satisfy the cravings of Irish national vanity has often been pointed out before, but I have never yet seen any adequate statement of its practical working in the aggravation of Irish discontent with the English connection. Englishmen have on everything connected with Ireland the ear of the world. They control the only literature through which Irishmen can reach other civilized nations, and wherever they go they are in a certain sense preachers of Irish inferiority. One result of this is, that there is no part of the world to-day in which an Irishman, no matter how well affected he may be to the English government, or how English he may be by blood and education, does not find that his calling himself or thinking of himself as an Englishman is treated as a sort of usurpation; that he is regarded as belonging to an inferior class of British subject, like the Maltese, and, though entitled to the protection of the flag, as having no right to be proud of it. This is true, as I have said, not simply of the Catholic Celts but of the Protestant Saxons. In one way or the other the descendants of the English colonists find themselves as Irishmen dissociated from the glories and greatness of the British Empire just as completely as the descendants of the aborigines, and there is absolutely nothing in Irish history or in English institutions to compensate for it.

This would not be possible if Ireland got credit for the extent of her contribution to the greatness of the Empire in capacity of all kinds, both military and civil. I have no statistics on this point which I can cite, but I think it is well established that for a century at least the island has produced British soldiers, lawyers, and administrators of a high

order in numbers greater in proportion to population than England, and as great as Scotland. But, as I have said before, as soon as an Irishman becomes distinguished in a British service, he becomes in English eyes and English literature an Englishman. Any other country in the world, for instance, which had Wellington and Castlereagh, and Canning and Gough, and Henry and John Lawrence, and Nicholson and Roberts and Wolseley, and a score of others conspicuous in military and political life during the last eighty years, born on its soil, to say nothing of Irish lawyers at the English bar, and Irish civil servants in the colonies, would get the credit of them in that balancing of excellences and defects through which the reputation of a people is made. As La Bruyère has said, "*Il ne faut pas juger des communautés uniquement par les hommes lâches qui en font la honte, ni seulement par les hommes rares qui en font l'honneur.*" One of the great misfortunes of the Irish is, however, that they are judged of by the poorest class. They are charged with all the defects of what is worst in the population, while the fame of what is best goes to Englishmen. The Celtic Irish have been losing their natural leaders and their foremost men by exile or massacre ever since Elizabeth's day. The enforced emigration after William's victory, so graphically described by Macaulay, made a clean sweep of what was left of the purely Irish gentry, and during the whole of the eighteenth century there was a steady stream of the more energetic and enterprising portion of the peasantry as military recruits to France. It is literally out of the vices and defects and weaknesses of the unhappy remnant of Catholics that the typical Irishman of English literature has been made. The Irish were entitled to whatever fame has since been achieved by men of Irish birth, no matter of what race, but in practice this has been denied them. Irish distinction goes almost invariably all over the British world to English account, while Irish shortcomings and failures are charged remorselessly to Irish account. A process which in England would construct the English character and capacity out of the small farmers and farm-laborers and small

shopkeepers would be very lowering to English pride, and yet it would in many respects be less unfair than that to which Irishmen have been subjected.

During the brief period of Irish national independence there was a certain efflorescence of political and parliamentary talent to which Irishmen, in spite of the many faults of the Irish Parliament and the many vices of the dominant class which elected it, look back with a certain pride. But even fair-minded and liberal Englishmen like Mr. Goldwin Smith find it hard to believe or acknowledge that anything good ever grew on Irish soil as Irish. Just listen to this account of the Irish Parliamentary leaders of that period in Mr. Goldwin Smith's Brighton address :

The Castle in its worst hour could not be more ready to give bribes than the patriot leaders of the Parliament, with few exceptions, were to take them. Patriotism with most of these men was simply an instrument for squeezing patronage out of the government. They had among them, it is true, a large measure of that eloquence of which the condition—besides a lively imagination and a copious flow of words—is freedom from the restraint of good sense, veracity, and self-respect. Grattan was the best of them, and Grattan talked a great deal of brilliant nonsense. Their debates were orgies of declamation, stimulated by the wine which they drank in oceans, breaking out into the most outrageous personalities, and often ending in duels. Everybody got drunk, everybody was in debt; even the highest functionary of the law was a duellist. It is easy to sympathize with the wistful look which the aspiring youth of Ireland casts at the empty Parliament House on College Green; but it would not be easy to sympathize with any desire to people those halls again with the ranting and canting place-hunters of the Irish Parliament before the Union.

There is no doubt a great deal of truth in this description; but ought it to have been penned as an argument against the capacity of Irish for self-government by an English historian, who must have had the English politicians of the same period very distinctly in his mind, and ought therefore to have acknowledged that the vices of the Irish politicians of 1780 were the vices of their time rather than of their country, low as the moral tone of Irish society in the eighteenth century undoubtedly was? Read along with this Trevelyan's description, in that terrible third chapter of his biography of Fox, of the English

legislators from whom the Irish Parliament wrung the acknowledgment of Irish independence. I cannot reproduce the whole of it, but copious quotation from it is but an act of justice to the Irish Parliament men of whom Mr. Goldwin Smith so scornfully disposes.

The Ministers who guided the State, whom the King delighted to honor, who had charge of public decency and order, who named the fathers of the Church . . . were conspicuous for impudent vice, for daily dissipation, for pranks that would have been regarded as childish and unbecoming by the cornets of a crack cavalry regiment in the worst days of military license. . . . The paymaster of the forces was Rigby, a man of whom it may literally be said that the only merit he possessed or cared to claim was that he drank fairly. . . . When the Duke of Grafton was at the Treasury, the seals were held by Lord Weymouth, a son of the Earl of Granville's daughter. With more than his father's capacity for liquor, he had inherited a fair portion of his abilities. . . . It would have been well for Lord Weymouth if his nights had been consumed exclusively in drinking, for he was an ardent and unlucky gambler, and by the age of one-and-thirty he had played away his fortune, his credit, and his honor.

This worthy was "on the point of levanting for France," when, in order to relieve him, he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; but he was too bad even for the Irish, who showed so much turbulence at the prospect of his arrival that the nomination was rescinded and he was made Secretary of State for the northern department, a post in which Mr. Trevelyan says "he boozed till late and dozed into the afternoon, and his public exertions were confined to occasional speeches." His successor was the notorious and infamous Lord Sandwich.

Gambling in all its forms was then rather a profession than a pastime to the leaders of the London world. Trite and sordid details of the racing stable and the bill discounters' back parlor perpetually filled their thoughts and exercised their pens to the exclusion of worthier and more varied themes. . . . When Charles Fox first took rank among grown men, the head of the law in England and the head of the Church in Ireland were notorious as two among the hardest livers in the respective countries; and such pre-eminence then was not lightly earned. . . . A squire past five-and-fifty who still rode to hounds or walked after partridges was the envy of the country side for his health, unless he had been its scorn for his sobriety; and a Cabinet Minister of the same age who could anticipate with confidence that at a critical juncture he would be able to write

a confidential dispatch with his own hand, must have observed a very different *regimen* from most of his contemporaries. . . . Wine did more than work or worry to expedite that flow of promotion to which the modern Vice-Presidents and Junior Lords look back with wistful regrets. A statesman of the Georgian era was sailing on a sea of claret, from one official honor to another, at a period of life when a political apprentice in the reign of Victoria is not yet out of his indentures. No one can study the public or personal history of the eighteenth century without being impressed by the immense space which drinking occupies in the mental horizon of the young, and the consequences of drinking in that of the old. . . . Private vices were reflected in the conduct of public affairs; and the English people suffered, and suffers still, because at a great crisis in our history a large proportion among our rulers and councillors had been too dissolute and prodigal to be able to afford a conscience. . . . Everybody who had influence in Parliament or at Court used it for the express and avowed purpose of making or repairing his fortune. Walpole's father charged the Exchequer for the maintenance of his sons, according to their several claims on him, as calmly and systematically as a country gentleman settles an estate upon one child and rent charges on another.

As to the Irish eloquence of the day, we have but few means of comparing it with the English eloquence of the same period; but, as far as extant reports enable us to judge, "the rant and cant" of the place-hunters on one side of the channel were fully equal to the "rant and cant" of those on the other side. Fox, who is the best of the Englishmen, talked "much brilliant nonsense" as well as Grattan, and it is to be observed that the only English speeches of that day which are still read for political doctrine and discipline are those of an Irishman born and educated in Ireland. Seeing that Englishmen have managed to outgrow the license which Trevelyan describes, no political speculator has the right to assume that a similar process of regeneration would not have taken place in Ireland if her Parliament had survived. It may be that things would have grown worse instead of better in an independent Ireland, but it is hardly open to an English politician, in view of the extent to which the British Parliament shared in the corruption and disorder of which Mr. Goldwin Smith accuses the Irish politicians, to treat this possibility as an established fact and use it as a reproach, directed against the Irish Home Rulers of the present day.

I am not an admirer of the Irish Parliament even in 1782, but I think, when we consider what the English Parliament of that period was, and remember that the Irish Parliament had only an idle, dissolute, and bigoted caste behind it, and not, as the English Parliament had, a grave, industrious, enterprising, and on the whole God-fearing middle class, it must be admitted that it cuts in comparison a very respectable figure. Recrimination of this sort, however, is sorry work for both countries. Neither can look into the parliamentary history of the eighteenth century without shame, and the question which should feel most shame at the retrospect is one I should not pass upon if it were not that Mr. Goldwin Smith's little sketch of Irish political manners is an illustration of the depreciatory way of looking at everything Irish which often seems to have become a habit of the English mind, even among enlightened Liberals, and is one powerful cause of the growing repulsion to the English connection which one now sees among large numbers of Irishmen, whose sense of its value has hitherto been very strong.

The notion that this connection in its present form ought to be entirely satisfactory to the Irish because they are fairly or more than fairly represented, as far as numbers go, in the British Parliament, plays a large part in English answers to Irish maledictions, but is based on a delusion. To make representation by a minority complete political satisfaction, the legislature should either be homogeneous, or should not be divided by a difference of tradition, of feeling, and of manner. In other words, the members should be largely moved by common impulses and aims, if not by a common faith and origin. A minority of whose interests a majority knows but little, and whose social ideals it despises, is of but small use to its constituents. Representation does not mean simply the privilege of sending representatives to a certain room to be present while a majority separated from them by numerous and deeply drawn lines of distinction both social and political is announcing its will. The only thing, in fact, to make such a situation tolerable to a minority would be a con-

stitutional prohibition of all legislation not general in its character, and not intended to operate equally on the whole kingdom. Partial legislation, imposed by a legislative majority on districts which it does not represent, is of course as purely arbitrary as if it were enacted by imperial ukase.

The protest of the minority of the Irish peers against the Union presented this point strongly when it said that "the government of Ireland must hereafter reside in the preponderating majority of the British members of the United Parliament," and "it must leave the liberty of the Irish nation at the disposal of such British majority, who will make the law for the internal regulation of Ireland which shall not in any sort affect themselves, and impose taxes upon that kingdom the pressure of which they will not feel." And how much like successful prophecy this now reads: "It appears to us that the exercise of such powers must necessarily produce universal discontent, and may possibly tend to alienate the affections of Ireland from Great Britain." Another set of the Irish peers protested against the proposed Irish representation in the English House of Commons as "delusive; amounting, indeed, to an acknowledgment of the necessity of representation, but in no sort supplying it, inasmuch as the thirty-two peers and one hundred commoners will be merged in the vast disproportion of British members who will in fact be the legislators of Ireland."

There was one very simple way of meeting this objection to the Union. It consisted in leaving purely Irish concerns to be dealt with by the Irish members, as Scotch concerns are, and always have been, dealt with by the Scotch members, subject, of course, to the ratification of the majority. This would have saved the Irish national pride, and have left a parliamentary stage on which Irish politicians could still distinguish themselves in the eyes of their own countrymen, and preserve for them the rank of statesman in the eyes of foreigners instead of mere agitators. It would have left enough appearance of national independence to satisfy the Irish imagination without in any way weakening the close connection

with England which the Union was intended to establish. But it will be said, and is said—I see it in the English newspapers every week—Irish affairs cannot be left to the Irish members because they cannot agree on anything. The Scotchmen agree, or at all events produce a respectable majority, on every Scotch question; while the Irishmen cannot reach any conclusion whatever, and the English and Scotch are therefore forced to do their business for them. My first answer to this is, that we cannot be sure of it, because the experiment has never been fairly tried. My second is that, even if true now, it would not have become true if the responsibility of Irish legislation had been imposed upon Irishmen from the beginning, and will not remain true long if the practice of making the Irishmen do their own legislation be now resorted to. In all legislative assemblies, it is the consciousness of being held accountable by constituencies for the work to be done which keeps down the play of individual passion and caprice and jealousy. If it were not for this, there never would be agreement enough to make an effective majority in any parliament in the world. Englishmen have, however, so managed matters as to free Irish members from this accountability. As the Irishmen are never allowed to frame any legislation, and as their opinion about Irish legislation has never been deferred to, when Irish affairs are in Irish eyes neglected or mismanaged in the House of Commons, they are always able to go back to their constituents with a light heart, and cover up their own shortcomings by denouncing England. If they were responsible for Irish legislation, on the other hand, and no Irish legislation were forthcoming, they would have to bear the blame of it before the voters. They would not dare to say that the reason that this or that question had not been disposed of was that they had not been able to get a majority on it among themselves. Constituents would soon tire of representatives who could settle nothing, and send up others whose opinions of the topics of the day would be ascertained at the hustings. In this way something like public opinion would be created in Ireland, and, as Chief Baron Wolfe said,

"made racy of the soil." The people would have been made to think on subjects, and would have learned what was reasonable and practicable in politics. They would have got into a way of settling their grievances at the polls instead of settling them with blunderbusses from behind hedges. Does any one suppose for a moment that under such a system the land question could have remained unsolved for forty years after the Devon Commission had pointed out the existence of every evil which Mr. Gladstone is now trying to remedy? In that interval the Irish have thoroughly learned the terrible lesson that the way to work the House of Commons into activity about Irish grievances is not to send good men to sit in it, but to commit a good many outrages at home. Nearly every relief they have achieved during the last hundred years has come to them through this process—Catholic emancipation, the abolition of the tithes, the disestablishment of the Church, the Land Act of 1870, and now the Land Act of 1881. With these facts staring us in the face, one can hardly read without amazement Mr. Goldwin Smith's observation that "no Irishman who listens to his reason and not to his resentment can doubt that the same hands which have given Disestablishment and the Land Act are ready to give any feasible and rational measure of Home Rule." On the contrary, I do not see how rational Irishmen can doubt that Irish arguments and appeals produce, for practical purposes, no effect on the English mind until they are enforced by that dreadful form of social war known in English legislation as "Irish crime and outrage."

Under the system on which the parliamentary union has been carried out, no Irish member has been any more responsible for Irish legislation than for the legislation of the State of New York. The constituencies, knowing this, have long ceased to expect a member to be a legislator or have any of the qualities of a legislator. Ever since Catholic emancipation, all they have asked of him is to annoy and harass the Government of the day and denounce English rule; or, in other words, to play the part of a bushwhacker on the floor of the House, while his constituents supplement his exer-

tions in this line by murder and intimidation, which he is expected to palliate and shield from penal enactment. There was an old popular song in O'Connell's time which contained in a few words the Irish peasant's idea of the functions of an Irish parliament-man :

Long life to our Kerry game-cock !
His spurs were always nimble ;
The Tory hacks he'll shock,
And make old Bruen tremble.

" Old Bruen " was Colonel Bruen, an Irish Tory member, and what was expected of the Irish popular members, like O'Connell, was to play the part of a game-cock and peck and scratch the ministers of the day, and crow defiance at them. This is exactly what is expected of him still. The Irish popular parliamentary leader is still a game-cock, and his business is to " shock " the Englishmen as Messrs. Healy and Biggar do it, and not by any means to frame measures for the redress of Irish grievances or for the quieting of Irish life. I venture to assert that the notion that an Irish member is or can be a legislator, if it ever existed, does not now linger among the people even as a tradition. It has perished completely. They think of their members as agitators and revilers. They judge them as agitators and revilers. They expect nothing from them in the way of constructiveness. They do not value moderation in them, because moderation in a reviler is a defect, and is likely to interfere with his work. The man who exasperates the majority in the House most effectively is their true leader. In fact, short of an absolute despotism, nothing better calculated to prevent the growth of a political sense in Ireland could have been devised than the parliamentary government of the island since the Union.

It has had also one unfortunate result that absolute government would not have produced, in that it has brought parliamentary forms into contempt among the Irish people. It has prepared them to witness, not only without shame, but with exultation, the scenes of disorder prepared by the Irish obstructionists last winter. About the Irish members who took part in these scenes I know nothing personally—I

have never seen one of them to my knowledge. They may be as black as they are painted by the English press, for anything I can say to the contrary. But even if they are, I must recall Mr. Grattan's prediction in his protest against the Union as to the effect on Irish public men of the merging of the Irish Parliament in that of Great Britain. " The removing of parliament," he said, " tends to remove with it from the kingdom those men of large property and influence, of talents and respectability, whose presence is at all times necessary to tranquillity, and may at some juncture be alone capable of preserving it, and their absence will leave room for political agitators and men of talents without principle or property to disturb and irritate the public mind." Once Irishmen were deprived of the duties and responsibilities of legislation for their own country, the appearance on the scene of the kind of politicians which the Home Rulers are represented to be by the London press was only a question of time. They are the crop for which the soil has been long in preparation. And let me add, that those who know anything of the state of mind into which Englishmen sometimes work themselves with regard to offenders against their peace and dignity will question whether the Parnellites are as bad as they are made out to be, and will be disposed to accord them a large part of the pardon which is undoubtedly due to any body of poor men who brave English society in the advocacy of a very unpopular cause and in behalf of a very unpopular race. Such a position is not likely to promote sweetness of temper or good manners.

The mistake made about Irish legislation has been aggravated by another mistake about Irish administration. In the manner of executing laws there has been just as little regard of Irish sensitiveness as in the manner of making them. Irishmen have, it is true, been freely admitted to the service of the Government, and have earned some notoriety as persistent and successful place-hunters. But no conspicuous place which would in any way affect the Irish imagination has been given them as Irishmen. The Irish Secretaryship seems to be a position which on grounds

of expediency as well as sentiment ought to have been as carefully reserved for an Irishman as the Lord Advocate's for a Scotchman. It is of the last importance that the Cabinet officers specially charged with the Irish administration should not only understand Irishmen intellectually, but in a certain sense share their feelings. I have never been able to see why, if it is proper to take pains to have English Radicalism represented in a Liberal Cabinet, it is not also proper to take pains to have Irish nationalism represented in it, not simply by an Englishman who wishes well to the Irish people, but by one of themselves; and this not only because an Irishman would represent them better than an Englishman or a Scotchman, but because it is desirable that the Irish should feel that their claim to be represented was recognized. Nor do I see why the confidence of the Birmingham electors should be considered a better reason for putting Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet than the confidence of the Irish people for putting Mr. Parnell or Mr. Saxton in it. This doubtless sounds very startling to an English reader, but only because of the long habit of thinking of the Irish as a community incapable of managing their own affairs, and by whose complaints it is "weakness" to be moved. To any one on whom this habit has never laid hold, in short, it would appear vastly better politics to have given Mr. Parnell the Irish Secretaryship last winter than to have put him in jail. In fact, on any sound view of the relations of the two countries under a common government, Mr. Parnell, or some one who had won the confidence of the Irish people, should be considered to be entitled thereby to a place in the Cabinet if he was willing to take it.

Far from this, however, I believe the Irish Secretaryship has never been given to an Irishman who cared to be considered a representative of the country, for Mr. Chichester Fortescue, though born in Ireland, could not be considered such a representative. It is one of the places as a rule reserved for Englishmen, the reason being that the English members in the House of Commons would not be satisfied with anybody but an Englishman. Sometimes it falls into the hands of an Englishman like Mr. James Low-

ther, who is as unlike an Irishman as an Englishman can well be. I know nothing of Mr. Lowther personally, but I know the English type to which he belongs, and know therefore, with perfect confidence, what he thinks about Ireland and Irishmen. In fact, when he was Irish Secretary, he made little concealment of his views, and at this distance it seems as if a greater indignity could hardly have been inflicted on a people blessed or cursed with any national pride than the appointment of an Englishman such as he to administer their affairs.

"Oh, but this was a Tory appointment," I shall probably be told. "The Liberals would never have made such an appointment as that." Well, they did, in my opinion, make one just as mad in a critical period in appointing Mr. Forster. He belongs to an entirely different type of Englishman from Mr. Lowther, but it is a type just as unfit to manage Ireland. That the aim of giving him the place was a very high one I do not doubt. Mr. Gladstone, I am sure, was persuaded that, in selecting Mr. Forster, he had made the best possible disposition of the office, as far as the interests of the Irish people were concerned. That Mr. Gladstone should think so is, however, another striking illustration of the width of the gulf which separates the English way of looking at Irish needs from the Irish one, and, I will add, from that of most foreign observers. I have never lighted in the English press on any better reason for putting Ireland in Mr. Forster's special charge than that, while a young man, in the famine of 1847, he was the distributing agent in Ireland of an English Quaker charity. This showed, doubtless, that he pitied the Irish, and thought they had been badly treated; but how it came to be considered a qualification for administering the local government in Ireland in very trying times it is very difficult to understand. In mental remoteness from the Irish he is hardly surpassed by Mr. Lowther. There can scarcely be a kind of man more trying to the Irish temper, in the character of a master, than a good Englishman with a high sense of duty, who believes himself charged with a mission for Irish salvation. That Mr. Forster belongs

to this—which I may venture to call the pedagogic type of Englishman—few will deny; and I should think worse than I do of the Irish for not liking it if I did not know that it is hated by every people in the world who fall into English hands as wards or dependants, and that the mere thought of having this kind of Englishman set over him, and charged with the duty of improving him, would set an American wild. I believe Englishmen are to-day the only persons in the civilized world who cannot understand the bitter hatred with which Mr. Forster's efforts to pacify the country during the past winter seem to have filled the Irish. Read at this distance, the speech he made at Tullamore, I think it was, which the London press admired so much two months ago, as a piece of stern and courageous yet affectionate remonstrance, was, nevertheless, also a piece of most exasperating political rhetoric. It was throughout the language of a master—a pious and benevolent master, it is true, but still a master, and a foreign master to boot—who looked down on his audience from a great height of moral superiority, and was determined not to stop chastising them until he saw signs of improvement. Any Irishman who listened to his lecture without a touch of both shame and indignation is, you may rely upon it, poor material for free citizenship under a free government, particularly if you remember that the orator was really armed with despotic power and could have put any man in his audience into jail at a word.

That Mr. Forster's philanthropic labors in 1847 did not give him the knowledge of Ireland which the place called for, even if his birth and antecedents were no disqualification, has been fully demonstrated by the history of the Coercion Bill, which was largely his conception and handiwork. Compare his account in the House of Commons of what he expected to accomplish by it with his admission the other day in the same place touching its failure, and you will see that he must have been all along very ignorant of the conditions of Irish society, and of the workings of the Irish mind; and that his trips to Dublin and occasional sojourns in that city did little more to enlighten him than continued

residence in Bradford would have done. In fact, his notion that the outrages were the work of "village ruffians," who could be easily caught, was distinctly the notion of an ill-informed foreign traveller, unacquainted both with the history of the Land Question and with that of Irish crime. There was something, too, rather ludicrous in the way in which his Irish administration closed. His dictatorship, which was complete and unrestrained, except as to the penalty it could inflict, proved, like all previous dictatorships of the same kind, a complete failure. Why it failed, any Irishman who is in the least familiar with the story of Irish troubles knows; but Mr. Forster did not know. He maintained that the reason was that he had not more power. This is what dictators have always said when the dictatorship was taken away from them. I believe there is not on record an example of their relinquishing it voluntarily, and confessing that it had done no good. But who would have thought that a Yorkshire Quaker, manufacturer and philanthropist, would have furnished no exception to the rule, and that he too would stoutly urge, after things had gone from bad to worse under his despotism, that if he were armed with a little more despotism they would improve?

The truth is—and it is the truth as to the new Repression Bill as well as of the old Coercion Bill—that these measures for pacifying Ireland must fail as long as they are English measures which are sent across the Channel as the devices of Englishmen and Scotchmen, who in the opinion of the Irish hate and despise the Irish. This fact arouses whatever there is of national feeling—diseased national feeling if you will—on the side of the lawbreakers. It makes Irishmen who dislike crime as much as anybody not sorry to see the criminals baffle English modes of dealing with Irish discontent, and punish English indifference to Irish opinion. Worse still, it gives all testimony against the criminal that air of treason to the Irish cause which, and not fear simply, keeps a good many witnesses from coming forward. A change for the better I fear we shall not see until the English people get rid of the feeling of responsibility for Ireland which now oppresses

them as well as exasperates the Irish. If the accepted English theory be sound, that Ireland is fairly represented in the British Parliament, this feeling ought not to exist. The object of fair representation is to give the Irish the control of their own affairs. If it does not give them control of their own affairs, but still burdens England with the care of them, it is a mockery, for it certainly gives them nothing else. It has never been supposed or acknowledged that the Irish were wanted in the House of Commons to help to govern England. Under the parliamentary system a country is entitled to as good government as it can itself devise and carry on, and to none better. Ireland is no exception to this rule. She is not entitled under the British Constitution to any better laws than Irishmen can frame and execute. More than this, better government than Irishmen themselves can devise and carry on, England cannot give them under parliamentary institutions. To give it, you would have to resort to pure despotism, as in a Crown colony; and a Crown colony so near home you will not suffer. The government of Ireland during the last eighty years has been about the worst in Europe. It has furnished but imperfect security for either life or liberty, and has not prevented great enduring wretchedness on the part of the people. In fact, taking it for all in all, I do not think any candid Englishman will say that the Irish themselves, when let alone, could have furnished a worse one, no matter how low his estimate of Irish political capacity may be. It has had one feature too which, though it has redeemed the government of Ireland, and still redeems it, in the eyes of many Englishmen, really constitutes in the eyes of impartial foreign observers a special and distinct badness which the government of the Irish by the Irish would not have had, in that it has maintained by force of arms a kind of property which was hostile to the best interests of the State, and for which there has existed no parallel in modern times except slavery. This the Irish left to themselves, would long ago have reformed altogether. They would not have permitted the soil of the island to be devoted to the maintenance of an idle and essentially foreign aristocracy, to the detriment of every other social

interest. No such state of things could, in truth, be kept up in any country in our day except, as in Ireland, by the aid of foreign troops.

The best thing for Englishmen to do now on the Irish question is, I make bold to repeat, to get rid of the feeling that they are responsible for either the temporal or the eternal welfare of Irishmen, to give up allowing their imagination to dwell on the dreadful things which would happen in Ireland if the Parnells and Healys and O'Donnells were allowed to have their own way without highly respectable Englishmen to restrain them. They must try to think about wicked and turbulent Irishmen as they think of wicked and turbulent Americans—as people to be read about and laughed over, but not as people to lie awake about and make rules for. If the Irish love murder, the only radical cure is to let them murder each other till they get tired of it. If they like intimidation, let them intimidate. For all I can see, more murder and intimidation they are not likely to have under Irish rule than they have had under English rule. We may be very sure that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the social instinct is not dead in Ireland; and, if the responsibility of preserving order is imposed upon Irishmen, they will somehow manage to preserve it, and very probably by the use of methods of much greater severity than Englishmen dare to venture on. They have certainly much less tenderness to individual rights than Englishmen, and are really much less shocked by the exercise of arbitrary power, if only it be lodged in what they consider the right hands. It is worthy of note that during all the struggles of Liberalism against Absolutism in all parts of the world during the past fifty years, Irish sympathies have been with the Conservatives and Reactionaries, both in Church and State. In Europe they have been the friends of the Kaiser and the Pope, in America of the slaveholder; and one does not need to be a bold man to predict that, whenever we see self-government in Ireland, we shall see the law, whatever it be, enforced with an indifference to personal freedom and convenience which will surprise those Englishmen who are now most shocked and alarmed by Irish license.—*Nineteenth Century.*

DEATH AND LIFE.

BY A. P. STANLEY.

IN MEMORIAM JULY 18, 1881.

O DEATH ! how sweet the thought
That this world's strife is ended ;
That all we feared and all we sought
In one deep sleep are blended.

No more the anguish of to-day
To wait the darker morrow ;
No more stern call to do or say,
To brood o'er sin and sorrow.

O Death ! how dear the hope
That through the thickest shade,
Beyond the steep and sunless slope,
Our treasured store is laid.

The loved, the mourned, the honored dead
That lonely path have trod,
And that same path we too must tread,
To be with them and God.

O Life ! thou too art sweet ;
Thou breath'st the fragrant breath
Of those whom even the hope to meet
Can cheer the gate of death.

Life is the scene their presence lighted ;
Its every hour and place
Is with dear thought of them united,
Irradiate with their grace.

There lie the duties small and great
Which we from them inherit ;
There spring the aims that lead us straight
To their celestial spirit.

All glorious things, or seen or heard,
For love or justice done,
The helpful deeds, the ennobling word,
By this poor life are won.

O Life and Death ! like Day and Night,
Your guardian task combine ;
Pillar of darkness and of light,
Lead through Earth's storm till bright
Heaven's dawn shall shine !

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

No wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding, against the Eternal! says the Wise Man. Against the natural and appointed course of things there is no contending. Ten years ago I remarked on the gloomy prospect for letters in this country, inasmuch as while the aristocratic class, according to a famous dictum of Lord Beaconsfield, was totally indifferent to letters, the friends of physical science on the other hand, a growing and popular body, were in active revolt against them. To deprive letters of the too great place they had hitherto filled in men's estimation, and to substitute other studies for them, was now the object, I observed, of a sort of crusade with the friends of physical science—a busy host important in itself, important because of the gifted leaders who march at its head, important from its strong and increasing hold upon public favor.

I could not help, I then went on to say, I could not help being moved with a desire to plead with the friends of physical science on behalf of letters, and in deprecation of the slight which they put upon them. But from giving effect to this desire I was at that time drawn off by more pressing matters. Ten years have passed, and the prospects of any pleader for letters have certainly not mended. If the friends of physical science were in the morning sunshine of popular favor even then, they stand now in its meridian radiance. Sir Josiah Mason founds a college at Birmingham to exclude "mere literary instruction and education;" and at its opening a brilliant and charming debater, Professor Huxley, is brought down to pronounce their funeral oration. Mr. Bright, in his zeal for the United States, exhorts young people to drink deep of "Hia-watha;" and the *Times*, which takes the gloomiest view possible of the future of letters, and thinks that a hundred years hence there will only be a few eccentrics reading letters and almost every

one will be studying the natural sciences—the *Times*, instead of counselling Mr. Bright's young people rather to drink deep of Homer, is for giving them, above all, "the works of Darwin and Lyell and Bell and Huxley," and for nourishing them upon the voyage of the "Challenger." Stranger still, a brilliant man of letters in France, M. Renan, assigns the same date of a hundred years hence, as the date by which the historical and critical studies, in which his life has been passed and his reputation made, will have fallen into neglect, and deservedly so fallen. It is the regret of his life, M. Renan tells us, that he did not himself originally pursue the natural sciences, in which he might have forestalled Darwin in his discoveries.

What does it avail, in presence of all this, that we find one of your own prophets, Bishop Thirlwall, telling his brother who was sending a son to be educated abroad that he might be out of the way of Latin and Greek: "I do not think that the most perfect knowledge of every language now spoken under the sun could compensate for the want of them? What does it avail, even, that an august lover of science, the great Goethe, should have said: "I wish all success to those who are for preserving to the literature of Greece and Rome its predominant place in education?" Goethe was a wise man, but the irresistible current of things was not then manifest as it is now. *No wisdom, nor counsel, nor understanding against the Eternal!*

But to resign one's self too passively to supposed designs of the Eternal is fatalism. Perhaps they are not really designs of the Eternal at all, but designs—let us for example say—of Mr. Herbert Spencer. Still the design of abasing what is called "mere literary instruction and education," and of exalting what is called "sound, extensive, and practical scientific knowledge," is a very positive design and makes great progress. The Universities are by no means outside its scope. At the recent

* Address delivered as "The Rede Lecture at Cambridge."

congress in Sheffield of elementary teachers—a very able and important body of men whose movements I naturally follow with strong interest—at Sheffield one of the principal speakers proposed that the elementary teachers and the Universities should come together on the common ground of natural science. On the ground of the dead languages, he said, they could not possibly come together; but if the Universities would take natural science for their chosen and chief ground instead, they easily might. Mahomet was to go to the mountain, as there was no chance of the mountain's being able to go to Mahomet.

The Vice-Chancellor has done me the honor to invite me to address you here to-day, although I am not a member of this great University. Your liberally conceived use of Sir Robert Rede's lecture leaves you free in the choice of a person to deliver the lecture founded by him, and on the present occasion the Vice-Chancellor has gone for a lecturer to the sister University. I will venture to say that to an honor of this kind from the University of Cambridge no one on earth can be so sensible as a member of the University of Oxford. The two Universities are unlike anything else in the world, and they are very like one another. Neither of them is inclined to go hastily into raptures over her own living offspring or over her sister's; each of them is peculiarly sensitive to the good opinion of the other. Nevertheless they have their points of dissimilarity. One such point, in particular, cannot fail to arrest notice. Both Universities have told powerfully upon the mind and life of the nation. But the University of Oxford, of which I am a member, and to which I am deeply and affectionately attached, has produced great men, indeed, but has above all been the source or the centre of great movements. We will not now go back to the middle ages; we will keep within the range of what is called modern history. Within this range, we have the great movements of Royalism, Wesleyanism, Tractarianism, Ritualism, all of them having their source or their centre in Oxford. You have nothing of the kind. The movement taking its name from Charles Simeon is far, far

less considerable than the movement taking its name from John Wesley. The movement attempted by the Latitudinarians in the seventeenth century is next to nothing as a movement; the men are everything. And this is, in truth, your great, your surpassing distinction: not your movements, but your men. From Bacon to Byron, what a splendid roll of great names you can point to! We, at Oxford, can show nothing equal to it. Yours is the University not of great movements, but of great men. Our experience at Oxford disposes us, perhaps, to treat movements, whether our own, or extraneous movements such as the present movement for revolutionizing education, with too much respect. That disposition finds a corrective here. Masses make movements, individualities explode them. On mankind in the mass, a movement, once started, is apt to impose itself by routine; it is through the insight, the independence, the self-confidence of powerful single minds that its yoke is shaken off. In this University of great names, whoever wishes not to be demoralized by a movement comes into the right air for being stimulated to pluck up his courage and to examine what stuff movements are really made of.

Inspired, then, by this tonic air in which I find myself speaking, I am boldly going to ask whether the present movement for ousting letters from their old predominance in education, and for transferring the predominance in education to the natural sciences, whether this brisk and flourishing movement ought to prevail, and whether it is likely that in the end it really will prevail. My own studies have been almost wholly in letters, and my visits to the field of the natural sciences have been very slight and inadequate, although those sciences strongly move my curiosity. A man of letters, it will perhaps be said, is quite incompetent to discuss the comparative merits of letters and natural science as means of education. His incompetence, however, if he attempts the discussion but is really incompetent for it, will be abundantly visible; nobody will be taken in; he will have plenty of sharp observers and critics to save mankind from that danger. But the line I am going to follow is, as you will soon discover,

so extremely simple, that perhaps it may be followed without failure even by one who for a more ambitious line of discussion would be quite incompetent.

Some of you may have met with a phrase of mine which has been the object of a good deal of comment; an observation to the effect that in our culture, the aim being to know ourselves and the world, we have, as the means to this end, to know the best which has been thought and said in the world. Professor Huxley, in his discourse at the opening of Sir Josiah Mason's college, laying hold of this phrase, expanded it by quoting some more words of mine, which are these: "Europe is to be regarded as now being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result; and whose members have for their common outfit a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another. Special local and temporary advantages being put out of account, that modern nation will in the intellectual and spiritual sphere make most progress, which most thoroughly carries out this programme."

Now on my phrase, thus enlarged, Professor Huxley remarks that I assert literature to contain the materials which suffice for making us know ourselves and the world. But it is not by any means clear, says he, that after having learned all which ancient and modern literatures have to tell us, we have laid a sufficiently broad and deep foundation for that criticism of life which constitutes culture. On the contrary, Professor Huxley declares that he finds himself "wholly unable to admit that either nations or individuals will really advance, if their common outfit draws nothing from the stores of physical science. An army without weapons of precision and with no particular base of operations, might more hopefully enter upon a campaign on the Rhine, than a man devoid of a knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, upon a criticism of life."

This shows how needful it is, for those who are to discuss a matter together, to have a common understanding as to the sense of the terms they employ—how needful, and how

difficult. What Professor Huxley says implies just the reproach which is so often brought against the study of *belles lettres*, as they are called: that the study is an elegant one, but slight and ineffectual; a smattering of Greek and Latin and other ornamental things, of little use for any one whose object is to get at truth. So, too, M. Renan talks of the "superficial humanism" of a school course which treats us as if we were all going to be poets, writers, orators, and he opposes this humanism to positive science, or the critical search after truth. And there is always a tendency in those who are remonstrating against the predominance of letters in education, to understand by letters *belles lettres*, and by *belles lettres* a superficial humanism, the opposite of science or true knowledge.

But when we talk of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, for instance, which is what people have called humanism, we mean a knowledge which is something more than a superficial humanism, mainly decorative. "I call all teaching *scientific*," says Wolf, the critic of Homer, "which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources. For example: a knowledge of classical antiquity is scientific when the remains of classical antiquity are correctly studied in the original languages." There can be no doubt that Wolf is perfectly right, that all learning is scientific which is systematically laid out and followed up to its original sources, and that a genuine humanism is scientific.

When I speak of knowing Greek and Roman antiquity, therefore, as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, I mean more than a knowledge of so much vocabulary, so much grammar, so many portions of authors, in the Greek and Latin languages. I mean knowing the Greeks and Romans, and their life and genius, and what they were and did in the world; what we get from them, and what is its value. That, at least, is the ideal; and when we talk of endeavoring to know Greek and Roman antiquity as a help to knowing ourselves and the world, we mean endeavoring so to know them as to satisfy this ideal, however much we may still fall short of it.

The same as to knowing our own and

other modern nations, with the aim of getting to understand ourselves and the world. To know the best that has been thought and said by the modern nations, is to know, says Professor Huxley, "only what modern *literatures* have to tell us; it is the criticism of life contained in modern literature." And yet "the distinctive character of our times," he urges, "lies in the vast and constantly increasing part which is played by natural knowledge." And how, therefore, can a man, devoid of knowledge of what physical science has done in the last century, enter hopefully upon a criticism of modern life?

Let us, I say, be agreed about the meaning of the terms we are using. I talk of knowing the best which has been thought and uttered in the world; Professor Huxley says this means knowing *literature*. Literature is a large word; it may mean everything written with letters or printed in a book. Euclid's *Elements* and Newton's *Principia* are thus literature. All knowledge that reaches us through books is literature. But by literature Professor Huxley means *belles lettres*. He means to make me say, that knowing the best which has been thought and said by the modern nations is knowing their *belles lettres* and no more. And this is no sufficient equipment, he argues, for a criticism of modern life. But as I do not mean, by knowing ancient Rome, knowing merely more or less of Latin *belles lettres*, and taking no account of Rome's military and political and legal and administrative work in the world; and as, by knowing ancient Greece, I understand knowing her as the giver of Greek art, and the guide to a free and right use of reason and to scientific method, and the founder of our mathematics and physics and astronomy and biology—I understand knowing her as all this, and not merely knowing certain Greek poems, histories, and speeches—so as to the knowledge of modern nations also. By knowing modern nations, I mean not merely knowing their *belles lettres*, but knowing also what has been done by such men as Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, Darwin. "Our ancestors learned," says Professor Huxley, "that the earth is the centre of the visible universe, and that man is the cynosure of things ter-

restrial; and more especially was it inculcated that the course of nature had no fixed order, but that it could be, and constantly was, altered." But for us now, says Professor Huxley, "the notions of the beginning and the end of the world entertained by our forefathers are no longer creditable. It is very certain that the earth is not the chief body in the material universe, and that the world is not subordinated to man's use. It is even more certain that nature is the expression of a definite order, with which nothing interferes." "And yet," he cries, "the purely classical education advocated by the representatives of the humanists in our day gives no inkling of all this!"

In due place and time we will perhaps touch upon the question of classical education, but at present the question is as to what is meant by knowing the best which modern nations have thought and said. It is not knowing their *belles lettres* merely that is meant. To know Italian *belles lettres* is not to know Italy, and to know English *belles lettres* is not to know England. Into knowing Italy and England there comes a great deal more, Galileo and Newton among it. The reproach of being a superficial humanism, a tincture of *belles lettres*, may attach rightly enough to some other disciplines; but to the particular discipline recommended when I proposed knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world, it does not apply. In that best I certainly include what in modern times has been thought and said by the great observers and knowers of nature.

There is, therefore, really no question between Professor Huxley and me as to whether knowing the results of the scientific study of nature is not required as a part of our culture, as well as knowing the products of literature and art. But to follow the processes by which those results are reached ought, say the friends of physical science, to be made the staple of education for the bulk of mankind. And here there does arise a question between those whom Professor Huxley calls with playful sarcasm "the Levites of culture," and those whom the poor humanist is sometimes apt to regard as its Nebuchadnezzars.

The great results of the scientific in-

vestigation of nature we are agreed upon knowing, but how much of our study are we bound to give to the processes by which those results are reached? The results have their visible bearing on human life. But all the processes, too, all the items of fact, by which those results are established, are interesting. All knowledge is interesting to a wise man, and the knowledge of nature is interesting to all men. It is very interesting to know, that from the albuminous white of the egg the chick in the egg gets the materials for its flesh, bones, blood, and feathers, while from the fatty yolk of the egg it gets the heat and energy which enable it at length to break its shell and begin the world. It is less interesting, perhaps, but still it is interesting, to know that when a taper burns, the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water. Moreover, it is quite true that the habit of dealing with facts which is given by the study of nature is, as the friends of physical science praise it for being, an excellent discipline. The appeal is to observation and experiment; not only is it said that the thing is so, but we can be made to see that it is so. Not only does a man tell us that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, as a man may tell us, if he likes, that Charon is in his boat on the Styx, or that Victor Hugo is a truly great poet; but we are made to see that the conversion into carbonic acid and water does really happen. This reality of natural knowledge it is, which makes the friends of physical science contrast it, as a knowledge of things, with the humanist's knowledge, which is, say they, a knowledge of words. And hence Professor Huxley is moved to lay it down that "for the purpose of attaining real culture, an exclusively scientific education is at least as effectual as an exclusively literary education." And a certain President of the Section for Mechanical Science in the British Association is, in Scripture phrase, "very bold," and declares that if a man, in his education, "has substituted literature and history for natural science, he has chosen the less useful alternative." Whether we go these lengths or not, we must all admit that in natural science the habit gained of dealing with facts is a most

valuable discipline, and that every one should have some experience of it.

But it is proposed to make the training in natural science the main part of education, for the great majority of mankind at any rate. And here, I confess, I part company with the friends of physical science, with whom up to this point I have been agreeing. In differing from them, however, I wish to proceed with the utmost caution and diffidence. The smallness of my acquaintance with the disciplines of natural science is ever before my mind, and I am fearful of doing them injustice. The ability of the partisans of natural science makes them formidable persons to contradict. The tone of tentative inquiry, which befits a being of dim faculties and bounded knowledge, is the tone I would wish to take and not to depart from. At present it seems to me, that those who are for giving to natural knowledge, as they call it, the chief place in the education of the majority of mankind, leave one important thing out of their account—the constitution of human nature. But I put this forward on the strength of some facts not at all recondite, very far from it; facts capable of being stated in the simplest possible fashion, and to which, if I so state them, the man of science will, I am sure, be willing to allow their due weight.

Deny the facts altogether, I think, he hardly can. He can hardly deny, that when we set ourselves to enumerate the powers which go to the building up of human life, and say that they are the power of conduct, the power of intellects and knowledge, the power of beauty, and the power of social life and manners—he can hardly deny that this scheme, though drawn in rough and plain lines and not pretending to scientific exactness, does yet give a fairly true account of the matter. Human nature is built up by these powers; we have the need for them all. This is evident enough, and the friends of physical science will admit it. But perhaps they may not have sufficiently observed another thing: namely, that these powers just mentioned are not isolated, but there is in the generality of mankind a perpetual tendency to relate them one to another in divers ways. With one

such way of relating them I am particularly concerned here. Following our instinct for intellect and knowledge, we acquire pieces of knowledge; and presently, in the generality of men, there arises the desire to relate these pieces of knowledge to our sense for conduct, to our sense for beauty, and there is weariness and dissatisfaction if the desire is balked. Now in this desire lies, I think, the strength of that hold which letters have upon us.

All knowledge is, as I said just now, interesting; and even items of knowledge which from the nature of the case cannot well be related, but must stand isolated in our thoughts, have their interest. Even lists of exceptions have their interest. If we are studying Greek accents, it is interesting to know that *pais* and *pas*, and some other monosyllables of the same form of declension, do not take the circumflex upon the last syllable of the genitive plural, but vary, in this respect, from the common rule. If we are studying physiology, it is interesting to know that the pulmonary artery carries dark blood and the pulmonary vein carries bright blood, departing in this respect from the common rule for the division of labor between the veins and the arteries. But every one knows how we seek naturally to combine the pieces of our knowledge together, to bring them under general rules, to relate them to principles; and how unsatisfactory and tiresome it would be to go on forever learning lists of exceptions, or accumulating items of fact which must stand isolated.

Well, that same need of relating our knowledge which operates here within the sphere of our knowledge itself, we shall find operating also, outside that sphere. We feel, as we go on learning and knowing, the vast majority of mankind feel the need of relating what we have learned and known to the sense which we have in us for conduct, to the sense which we have in us for beauty.

The prophetess Diotima explained to Socrates that love is, in fact, nothing but the desire in men that good should be forever present to them. This primordial desire it is, I suppose—this desire in men that good should be forever pres-

ent to them—which causes in us the instinct for relating our knowledge to our sense for conduct and to our sense for beauty. At any rate, with men in general the instinct exists. Such is human nature. Such is human nature; and in seeking to gratify the instinct we are following the instinct of self-preservation in humanity.

Knowledges which cannot be directly related to the sense for beauty, to the sense for conduct, are instrument-knowledges; they lead on to other knowledge, which can. A man who passes his life in instrument-knowledges is a specialist. They may be invaluable as instruments to something beyond, for those who have the gift thus to employ them; and they may be disciplines in themselves wherein it is useful to every one to have some schooling. But it is inconceivable that the generality of men should pass all their mental life with Greek accents or with formal logic. My friend Professor Sylvester, who holds transcendental doctrines as to the virtue of mathematics, is far away in America; and therefore, if in the Cambridge Senate House one may say such a thing without profaneness, I will hazard the opinion that for the majority of mankind a little of mathematics, also, goes a long way. Of course this is quite consistent with their being of immense importance as an instrument to something else; but it is the few who have the aptitude for thus using them, not the bulk of mankind.

The natural sciences do not stand on the same footing with these instrument-knowledges. Experience shows us that the generality of men will find more interest in learning that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, or in learning the explanation of the phenomenon of dew, or in learning how the circulation of the blood is carried on, than they find in learning that the genitive plural of *pais* and *pas* does not take the circumflex on the termination. And one piece of natural knowledge is added to another, and others to that, and at last we come to propositions so interesting as the proposition that "our ancestor was a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits." Or we come to proposi-

tions of such reach and importance as those which Professor Huxley brings us, when he says that the notions of our forefathers about the beginning and the end of the world were all wrong, and that nature is the expression of a definite order with which nothing interferes.

Interesting, indeed, these results of science are, important they are, and we should all be acquainted with them. But what I now wish you to mark is, that we are still, when they are propounded to us and we receive them, we are still in the sphere of intellect and knowledge. And for the generality of men there will be found, I say, to arise, when they have duly taken in the proposition that their ancestor was "a hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in his habits," there will be found to arise an invincible desire to relate this proposition to the sense within them for conduct and to the sense for beauty. But this the men of science will not do for us, and will hardly, even, profess to do. They will give us other pieces of knowledge; other facts, about other animals and their ancestors, or about plants, or about stones, or about stars; and they may finally bring us to those "general conceptions of the universe which have been forced upon us," says Professor Huxley, "by physical science." But still it will be knowledge only which they give us; knowledge not put for us into relation with our sense for conduct, our sense for beauty, and touched with emotion by being so put; not thus put for us, and therefore, to the majority of mankind, after a certain while unsatisfying, wearying.

Not to the born naturalist, I admit. But what do we mean by a born naturalist? We mean a man in whom the zeal for observing nature is so strong and eminent that it marks him off from the bulk of mankind. Such a man will pass his life happily in collecting natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and will ask for nothing, or hardly anything, more. I have heard it said that the sagacious and admirable naturalist whom we have lately lost, Mr. Darwin, once owned to a friend that for his part he did not experience the necessity for two things which most men find so necessary to them—poetry and religion;

science and the domestic affections, he thought, were enough. To a born naturalist, I can well understand that this should seem so. So absorbing is his occupation with nature, so strong his love for his occupation, that he goes on acquiring natural knowledge and reasoning upon it, and has little time or inclination for thinking about getting it related to the desire in man for conduct, the desire in man for beauty. He relates it to them for himself as he goes along, so far as he feels the need; and he draws from the domestic affections all the additional solace necessary. But then Darwins are very rare. Another great and admirable master of natural knowledge, Faraday, was a Sandemanian. That is to say, he related his knowledge to his instinct for conduct and to his instinct for beauty by the aid of that respectable Scottish secretary, Robert Sandeman. And for one man among us with the disposition to do as Darwin did in this respect, there are fifty, probably, with the disposition to do as Faraday.

Professor Huxley holds up to scorn medieval education, with its neglect of the knowledge of nature, its poverty of literary studies, its formal logic devoted to "showing how and why that which the Church said was true must be true." But the great medieval Universities were not brought into being, we may be sure, by the zeal for giving a jejune and contemptible education. Kings have been our nursing fathers, and queens have been our nursing mothers, but not for this. Our Universities came into being because the supposed knowledge delivered by Scripture and the Church so deeply engaged men's hearts, and so simply, easily, and powerfully related itself to the desire for conduct, the desire for beauty—the general desire in men, as Diotima said, that good should be forever present to them. All other knowledge was dominated by this supposed knowledge and was subordinated to it, because of the surpassing strength of the hold which it gained upon men's affections by allying itself profoundly with their sense for conduct and their sense for beauty.

But now, says Professor Huxley, conceptions of the universe fatal to the notions held by our forefathers have

been forced upon us by physical science. Grant to him that they are thus fatal, that they must and will become current everywhere, and that every one will finally perceive them to be fatal to the beliefs of our forefathers. The need of humane letters, as they are truly called, because they serve the paramount desire in men that good should be forever present to them—the need of human letters to establish a relation between the new conceptions and our instinct for beauty, our instinct for conduct, is only the more visible. The middle age could do without human letters, as it could do without the study of nature, because its supposed knowledge was made to engage its emotions so powerfully. Grant that the supposed knowledge disappears, its power of being made to engage the emotions will of course disappear along with it—but the emotions will remain. Now if we find by experience that humane letters have an undeniable power of engaging the emotions, the importance of humane letters in man's training becomes not less, but greater, in proportion to the success of science in extirpating what it calls "medieval thinking."

Have humane letters, have poetry and eloquence, the power here attributed to them of engaging the emotions, and how do they exercise it? and if they have it and exercise it, how do they exercise it in relating the results of natural science to man's sense for conduct, his sense for beauty? All these questions may be asked. First, have poetry and eloquence the power of calling out the emotions? The appeal is to experience. Experience shows us that for the vast majority of men, for mankind in general, they have the power. Next, how do they exercise it? And this is perhaps a case for applying the Preacher's words: "Though a man labor to seek it out, yet shall he not find it; yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it." Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "Patience is a virtue," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions to say with Homer,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—*

* *Iliad*, xxiv. 49.

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men?" Why should it be one thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say with Spinoza, *Felicitas in eo consistit quod homo suum esse conservare potest*—"Man's happiness consists in his being able to preserve his own essence," and quite another thing, in its effect upon the emotions, to say, "What is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose himself, forfeit himself?" How does this difference of effect arise? I cannot tell, and I am not much concerned to know; the important thing is that it does arise and that we can profit by it. But how, finally, are poetry and eloquence to exercise the power of relating the results of natural science to man's instinct for conduct, his instinct for beauty? And here again I answer that I do not know how they will exercise it, but that they can and will exercise it I am sure. I do not mean that modern philosophical poets and modern philosophical moralists are to relate for us the results of modern scientific research to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. I mean that we shall find, as a matter of experience, if we know the best that has been thought and uttered in the world, we shall find that the art and poetry and eloquence of men who lived, perhaps, long ago, who had the most limited natural knowledge, who had the most erroneous conceptions about many important matters, we shall find that they have in fact not only the power of refreshing and delighting us, they have also the power—such is the strength and worth, in essentials, of their authors' criticism of life—they have a fortifying and elevating and quickening and suggestive power capable of wonderfully helping us to relate the results of modern science to our need for conduct, our need for beauty. Homer's conceptions of the physical universe were, I imagine, grotesque; but really, under the shock of hearing from modern science that "the world is not subordinated to man's use, and that man is not the cynosure of things terrestrial," I could desire no better comfort than Holmer's line which I quoted just now,

τλητὸν γὰρ Μοῖραι θυμὸν θέσαν ἀνθρώποισιν—

"for an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men."

And the more that men's minds are cleared, the more that the results of science are frankly accepted, the more that poetry and eloquence come to be studied as what they really are—the criticism of life by gifted men, alive and active with extraordinary power at an unusual number of points; so much the more will the value of humane letters, and of art also, which is an utterance having a like kind of power with theirs, be felt and acknowledged, and their place in education be secured.

Let us, all of us, avoid as much as possible any invidious comparison between the merits of humane letters, as means of education, and the merits of the natural sciences. But when some President of a Section for Mechanical Science insists on making the comparison, and tells us that "he who in his training has substituted literature and history for natural science has chosen the less useful alternative," let us say to him that the student of humane letters only, will at least know also the great general conceptions brought in by modern physical science; for science, as Professor Huxley says, forces them upon us all. But the student of the natural sciences only will, by our very hypothesis, know nothing of humane letters; not to mention that in setting himself to be perpetually accumulating natural knowledge, he sets himself to do what only specialists have the gift for doing genially. And so he will be unsatisfied, or at any rate incomplete, and even more incomplete than the student of humane letters.

I once mentioned in a school-report how a young man in a training college, having to paraphrase the passage in *Macbeth* beginning,

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

turned this line into, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" And I remarked what a curious state of things it would be, if every pupil of our primary schools knew that when a taper burns the wax is converted into carbonic acid and water, and thought at the same time that a good paraphrase for

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

was, "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" If one is driven to choose, I think I would rather have a young person ignorant about the converted wax, but aware that "Can you not wait upon the lunatic?" is bad, than a young person whose education had left things the other way.

Or to go higher than the pupils of our primary schools. I have in my mind's eye a member of Parliament who goes to travel in America, who relates his travels, and who shows a really masterly knowledge of the geology of the country and of its mining capabilities, but who ends by gravely suggesting that the United States should borrow a prince from our Royal Family and should make him their king, and should create a House of Lords of great landed proprietors after the pattern of ours; and then America, he thinks, would have her future happily secured. Surely, in this case the President of the Section for Mechanical Science would himself hardly say that our member of Parliament, by concentrating himself upon geology and mining and so on, and not attending to literature and history, had "chosen the more useful alternative."

If then there is to be separation and option between humane letters on the one hand, and the natural sciences on the other, the great majority of mankind, all who have not exceptional and overpowering aptitudes for the study of nature, would do well, I cannot but think, to choose to be educated in humane letters rather than in the natural sciences. Letters will call out their being at more points, will make them live more.

And indeed, to say the truth, I cannot really think that humane letters are in danger of being thrust out from their leading place in education, in spite of the array of authorities against them at this moment. So long as human nature is what it is, their attractions will remain irresistible. They will be studied more rationally, but they will not lose their place. What will happen will rather be that there will be crowded into education other matters besides, far too many; there will be, perhaps, a period of unsettlement and confusion and false tendency; but letters will not in the end

lose their leading place. If they lose it for a time, they will get it back again. We shall be brought back to them by our wants and aspirations. And a poor humanist may possess his soul in patience, neither strive nor cry, admit the energy and brilliancy of the partisans of physical science, and their present favor with the public, to be far greater than his own, and still have a happy faith that the nature of things works silently on behalf of the studies which he loves, and that, while we shall all have to acquaint ourselves with the great results reached by modern science, and to give ourselves as much training in its disciplines as we can conveniently carry, yet the majority of men will also require humane letters, and so much the more as they have the more and the greater results of science to relate to the need in man for conduct, and to the need in him for beauty.

And so we have turned in favor of the humanities the *No wisdom, nor understanding, nor counsel, against the Eternal!* which seemed against them when we started. The "hairy quadruped furnished with a tail and pointed ears probably arboreal in his habits," carried hidden in his nature, apparently, something destined to develop into a necessity for humane letters. The time warns me to stop; but most probably, if we went on, we might arrive at the further conclusion that our ancestor carried in his nature, also, a necessity for Greek. The attackers of the established course of study think that against Greek, at any rate, they have irresistible arguments. Literature may perhaps be needed in education, they say; but why on earth should it be Greek literature? Why not French or German? nay, "has not an Englishman models in his own literature of every kind of ex-

cellence?" As before, it is not on any weak pleadings of my own that I rely for convincing the gainsayer; it is on the constitution of human nature itself and on the instinct of self-preservation in humanity. The instinct for beauty is set in human nature, as surely as the instinct for knowledge is set there, or the instinct for conduct. If the instinct for beauty is served by Greek literature as it is served by no other literature, we may trust to the instinct of self-preservation in humanity for keeping Greek as part of our culture. We may trust to it for even making this study more prevalent than it is now. As I said of humane letters in general, Greek will come to be studied more rationally than at present; but it will be increasingly studied as men increasingly feel the need in them for beauty, and how powerfully Greek art and Greek literature can serve this need. Women will again study Greek, as Lady Jane Grey did; perhaps in that chain of forts, with which the fair host of the Amazons is engirdling this University, they are studying it already. *Defuit una mihi symmetria prisca*, said Leonardo da Vinci; and he was an Italian. What must an Englishman feel as to his deficiencies in this respect, as the sense for beauty, whereof symmetry is an essential element, awakens and strengthens within him! what will not one day be his respect and desire for Greece and its *symmetria prisca*, when the scales drop from his eyes as he walks the London streets, and he sees such a lesson in meanness as the Strand, for instance, in its true deformity! But here I have entered Mr. Ruskin's province, and I am well content to leave not only our street architecture, but also letters and Greek, under the care of so distinguished a guardian.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A SAN CARLO SUPERSTITION.

SEVERAL years ago I considered in the pages of the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the title of "A Gambling Superstition," a plan by which some fondly imagine that fortune may be forced, and showed how illusory the scheme really is which at first view appears so promising. I

propose now to consider another plan, the fallacy in which cannot be quite so readily seen, though in reality it is as unmistakable, when once the conditions of the problem are duly considered, as in the other.

Let me in the first place briefly run

through the reasoning relating to the simple problem; because the discussion of the other turns in fact on a comparison between the two.

The simple idea for winning constantly at any such game as *rouge et noir* is as follows: The player stakes the sum which he desires to win, say £1. Either he wins or loses. If he wins he again stakes £1, having already gained one. If, however, he loses, he stakes £2. If this time he wins, he gains a balance of £1, and begins again, staking £1, having already won £1. If, however, he loses the stake of £2, or £3 in all (for £1 was lost at the first trial), he stakes £4. If he wins at this third trial he is £1 to the good, and begins again, staking £1 after having already won £1. If, however, he loses, he stakes £8. It will readily be seen that by going on in this way the player always wins £1, when at last the right color appears. He then, in every case, puts by the £1 gained, and begins again.

It seems then at first as though all the player has to do is to keep on patiently in this way, starting always with some small sum which he desires to win at each trial, doubling the stake after each loss, when he pockets the amount of his first stake and begins again. At each trial the same sum seems certainly to be gained, for he cannot go on losing forever. So that he may keep on adding pound to pound, *ad infinitum*, or until the "bank" tires of the losing game.

The fallacy consists in the assumption that he cannot always lose. It is true that theoretically a time must always come when the right color wins. But the player has to keep on doubling his stake practically, not theoretically; and the right color may not appear till his pockets are cleared. Theoretically, too, it is certain that be the sum at his command ever so large, and the stake the bank allows ever so great, the player will be ruined at last at this game, if—which is always the case—the sum at the command of the bank is very much larger. It would be so even if the bank allowed itself no advantage in the game, whereas we know that there is a certain seemingly small, but in reality decisive, advantage in favor of the bank at every

trial. Apart from this, however, the longest pocket is bound to win in the long run at the game of speculation which I have described. For though it seems a tolerably sure game, it is in reality purely speculative. At every trial there is an enormous probability in favor of the player winning a certain insignificant sum; but, *per contra*, there is a certain small probability that he will lose, not a small sum, or even a large sum, but all that he possesses—supposing, that is, that he continues the game with steady courage up to that final doubling which closes his gambling career, and also supposing that the bank allows the doubling to continue far enough; if the bank does not, then the last sum staked within the bank limit is the amount lost by the player, and though he may not be absolutely ruined, he loses at one fell swoop a sum very much larger than that insignificant amount which is all he can win at each trial.

Although this gambling superstition has misled many, yet after all it is easily shown to be a fallacy. It is too simple to mislead any reasonable person long. And indeed, when it has been tried, we find that the unfortunate victim of the delusion very soon wakes to the fact that his stakes increase dangerously fast. When it comes to the fifth or sixth doubling, he is apt to lose heart, fearing that the luck which has gone against him five times in succession may go against him five times more, which would mean that the stake already multiplied 32 times would be increased, not 32 times, but 32 times 32 times, or 1024 times, which would either mean ruin, or a sudden foreclosure on the bank's part, and the collapse of the system.

For the benefit of those who too readily see through a simple scheme such as this, gamblers have invented other devices for their own or others' destruction, devices in which the fallacy underlying all such plans is so carefully hidden that it cannot very readily be detected.

Here, for instance, is a pretty little martingale recently submitted to me by a correspondent of *Knowledge*:

The gambler first decides on the amount which he is to win at each ven-

ture—if that can be called a venture which according to his scheme is to be regarded as an absolute certainty. Let us say that the sum to be won is £10. He divides this up into any convenient number of parts, say three; and say that the three sums making up £10 are £3, £3, and £4. Then he prepares a card on the annexed plan, where w stands for winnings, l for losses, and m (for martingale) heads the working

W	M	L
	£3	
	3	
	4	

column which guides the gambler in his successive ventures.

The first part of the play is light and fanciful: the player—whom we will call A—stakes any small sums he pleases until he loses, making no account of any winnings which may precede his first loss. This first loss starts his actual operations. Say the first loss amounts to £2: A enters this sum in the third column as a loss, and also in the second under the cross-line. He then stakes the sum of this number, 2, which is now the lowest in column m, and 3, the uppermost—that is, he stakes £5. If he loses, he enters the lost £5 in columns m and l; and next stakes £8, the sum of the top and bottom figures (£3 and £5) in column m. He goes on thus till he wins, when he enters under the head w the amount he has won, and scores out in column m the top and bottom figures, viz., the £3 (at the top), and the last loss (at the bottom). This process is to be continued, the last stake, if it be lost, being always scored at the bottom of column m, as well as in the loss column, the last win being always followed by the scoring out of the top and bottom remaining numbers in column m. When this process has continued until all the numbers in column m are scored out, A will be found to have won £10: and whatever the sum he had set himself to win in the first instance, so long as it lies well within the tolerably wide limits allowed by the bank, A will always win just this sum in each operation.

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Let us take a few illustrative cases, for in these matters an abstract description can never be so clear as the account of some actual case.

Consider, then, the accompanying account by A of one of these little operations. The amount which A sets out to win is, as before, £10. He divides this up into three parts—£3, £3, and £4.

W	M	L
	£3	
	3	
	4	
	£2	£2
£3	5	5
11	5	5
9	8	8
4	2	2
£32		£22

He starts with a loss of £2, which he sets in columns m and l. He stakes next £5 and loses, setting down £5 in columns m and l. He stakes £8, the sum of the top and bottom numbers in column m, and wins. He therefore sets £8 under w, and scores out £3 and £5, the top and bottom numbers in column m. (The reader should here score out these numbers in pencil.) The top and bottom numbers now remaining are £3 and £2. Therefore A stakes now £5. Say he loses. He therefore sets down £5 both in column m and column l, and stakes £8, the sum of the top and bottom numbers under m. Say he loses again. He therefore puts down £8 under columns m and l, and stakes £11, the sum of the top and bottom numbers under m. Say he wins. He puts down £11 under w, and scores out the £3 left at the top and the £8 left at the bottom of the column under m. (This the reader should do in pencil.) He then stakes £9, the sum of the top and bottom numbers (£4 and £5 respectively) left under m. Say he wins again. He then puts down £9 under w, and scores out the £4 left at the top and the £5 left at the bottom of the column under m. There now remains only one number under m, namely £2, and therefore A stakes £2. Let us suppose that he loses. He puts down

£2 under M and L, and, following the simple rule, stakes £4. Say he wins. He then puts down £4 under W, and scores out £2 and £2, the only two remaining numbers under M. A therefore now closes his little account, finding himself the winner of £8, £11, £9, and £4, or £32 in all, and the loser of £2, £5, £5, £8, and £2, or £22 in all, the balance in his favor being £10, the sum he set forth to win.

It seems obvious that the repetition of such a process as this any convenient number of times at each sitting must result in putting into A's pocket a considerable number of the sums of money dealt with at each trial. In fact it seems at a first view that here is a means of obtaining untold wealth, or at least of ruining any number of gambling banks.

Again, at a first view, this method seems in all respects an immense improvement on the other which I considered under the title of "A Gambling Superstition." For whereas in that method only a small sum could be gained at each trial, while the sum staked increased after each failure in geometrical progression, in this second method (though it is equally a gambling superstition) a large sum may be gained at each trial, and the stakes only increase in arithmetical progression in each series of failures.

The comparison between the two plans comes out best when we take the sum to be won undivided, when also the system is simpler; and, further, the fallacy which underlies this, like every system for gaining money with certainty, is more readily detected.

W	M	L
	£10	
	5	£5
	15	15
	25	25
	20	20
£35 25 15		
£75		£65

Take, then, the sum of £10, and suppose £5 the first loss, after which

take two losses, one gain, one loss, and two gains. The table will be drawn up then as shown—with the balance of £10, according to the fatal success of this system.

On the other hand, take the other and simpler method, where we double the original stake after each failure. Then supposing the losses and gains to follow in the same succession as in the case just considered, note that the first gain closes the cycle. The table has the following simple form (counting three losses to begin with):

W	L
	£10
	20
	40
£80	
£80	£70

We see then at once the advantage in the simpler plan which counterbalances the chief disadvantage mentioned above. This disadvantage, the rapid increase of the sum staked, is undoubtedly serious; but on the other hand, there is the important advantage that at the first success the sum originally staked is won; whereas, according to the other plan, every failure puts a step between the player and final success. It can readily be shown that this disadvantage in the less simple plan we are now specially considering just balances the disadvantage in the simple plan we considered first.

But now let us more particularly consider the probabilities for and against the player involved in the plan we are dealing with.

Note in the first place that the player works down the column under M from the top and bottom at each success, taking off two figures, and at each failure adding one figure at the bottom. To get then the number of figures scored out we must double the number of successes; to get the number added we take simply the number of failures, and the total number of sums under M is therefore the original number set under M, increased by the number of failures. He will therefore wipe out, as it were, the whole column, so soon as twice the

number of successes either equals or exceeds by one the number of failures (including the first which starts the cycle). Manifestly the former sum will equal the latter, when the last win removes two numbers under M , and will exceed the latter by one when the last win removes only one number under M .

Underlying the belief that this method is a certain way of increasing the gambler's store, there is the assumption that in the long run twice the number of successes will equal the number of failures, together with the number of sums originally placed under M , or with this number increased by unity. And this belief is sound; for according to the doctrine of probabilities, the number of successes—if the chances are originally equal—will in the long run differ from the number of failures by a number which, though it may perchance be great in itself, will certainly be very small compared with the total number of trials. So that twice the number of successes will differ very little relatively from *twice* the number of failures, when both numbers are large; and all that is required for our gambler's success is that twice the number of successes should equal *once* the number of failures, together with a *small* number, viz., the number of sums originally set under M , or this number increased by unity. So that we may say the gambler is practically certain to win in the long run.

In this respect the method we are now considering resembles the gambling superstition before examined. In that case also the gambler is sure to win in the long run, as he requires but a single success to wipe out the losses resulting from any number of failures. He is in that case sure to succeed very much sooner (on the average of a great number of trials) than in the latter.

But we remember that even in that case where success seems so assured, and where success in the long run—*granting the long run*—is absolutely certain, the system steadily followed out means not success but ruin. No matter what the limit which the bank rules may assign to the increase of the stakes, so long as there is a limit, and so long as the bank has a practically limitless control of money as compared with the player, he

must eventually lose all that he possesses.

So that we must not too hastily assume that because the method we are considering insures success in the long run, the gambler can win to any extent when the long run is not assured to him. Here lies the fallacy in this, as in all other methods of binding fortune to the gambler's wheel. The player finds that he must win in the long run, and he never stops to inquire what run is actually allowed him. It may be a short run, or a fair run, or even a tolerably long run; but the question for him is, will it be long enough? And note that it is not only the limitation which the bank may assign to the stakes which we have to consider: the gambler's possessions assign a limit, even though the bank may assign none.

Let us see, then, what prospect there is that in this, as in the other case, a run of bad luck may ruin the player—or rather, let us see whether it be the case that in this, as in the other system, patient perseverance in the system may not mean certain ruin—which ruin may indeed arrive at the very beginning of the confident gambler's career.

Instead of all but certainty of success in each single trial which exists in the simpler case, there is in the case we are considering but a high degree of probability. It is very much more likely than not that in a given trial the gambler will clear the stake which he has set himself to win. (whis is why we so often hear strong expressions of faith in these systems—again and again we are told with open-mouthed expressions of wonder that these systems must be infallible, because, says the narrator, I saw it tried over and over again, and always with success.) Granted that it is so; indeed, it would be a poor system which did not give the gambler an excellent chance of winning a small stake, in return for the risk, by no means evanescent that he may lose a very large one.

Observe, now, how the chances for and against are balanced between the two systems. Suppose such a run of ill-luck as in the simpler system would mean absolute defeat, because of the rapid increase (by doubling) of the sum staked by the gambler. Say, for in-

stance, a bank allows no stake to exceed £1000, so that ten doublings of a stake of £1, raising the stake to £1024, would compel the gambler to stop, and leave him with all his accumulated losses, amounting to £1023. Now, take the case of a gambler trying the other system for a gain of £10, divided into three sums, £3, £3, and £4 under column M, and suppose that after winning a number of times he unfortunately starts ten defeats in succession, his first loss having been £3; then his second loss was £6, the third £9, the fourth £12, and so on, the tenth being £30. His total loss up to this point amounts only to £165; and is therefore much less serious than his loss would have been had he begun by staking £1 and doubled that sum nine times, losing ten times in all. Moreover, his next stake, according to the system, is only £33, which is well within the supposed limit of the bank. But on the other hand, to carry on the system, he now has to go on until he has cleared off all the thirteen sums in the column under M. To do this the gambler has to run the risk of several further runs of ill-luck against him, and it is by no means necessary that these should be long runs of luck for the score against him to become very heavy. Be it noticed that at every win he scores off only a small portion of the balance against him, while every run of luck against him adds to that score heavily. And notice, moreover, that while on this system he does not quickly approach the limit which the bank may assign to stakes, he much more quickly encroaches on his own capital—a cir-

cumstance which is quite as seriously opposed to his chance of eventual success as the finality of the bank limit. So far as the carrying out of his system is concerned, it matters little whether he is obliged to stop the play on the system because his pockets are emptied, or because the bank will not allow him further to increase his stake.

Again, observe what an irony underlies the gambler's faith in this system. When he starts with the hope of winning say £10, he is perhaps to some degree doubtful; but he goes on until perhaps he is at such a stage that if he stopped he would be the loser of fifty or sixty pounds. Yet such is his confidence in his system that, although at this stage he is in a very much worse position than at the beginning, the mere circumstance that he is working out a system encourages him to persevere. And so he continues until the time comes—as with due patience and perseverance it inevitably must—when either the bank limit is reached, or his pockets are emptied. In one case he has to begin again with a deficit against him much larger than any gain he has probably made before; in the second he has the pleasant satisfaction of noting, perhaps, that if he had been able to go on a little longer, fortune would (from his point of view) have changed. Though as a matter of fact, whether he had had a few hundreds of pounds more or not only affects his fortunes in putting off a little more the inevitable day when the system fails and he is ruined.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

DISEASE GERMS.

THE composition of the atmosphere has been regarded for years as a subject which chemists have long since decided with an exactness which can scarcely be improved upon. Text-books inform us that the air we breathe is in the main a mixture of the well-known gases oxygen and nitrogen, together with a small but uniform proportion of carbonic acid gas.

Such is, indeed, the composition of pure air; but life is so widely diffused over the globe that, except in high Alpine

regions, the atmosphere everywhere contains impurities of a more or less detrimental character. Our fires and lights pour into the air innumerable particles of solid carbon, and vapors of petroleum, creosote, and sulphurous acid. Our bakers send into it annually some millions of gallons of alcohol from the fermenting process connected with bread-making; dead and decaying animals and vegetables supply their quota of gaseous materials; while the industries which

bring us much of our wealth diffuse throughout the air numerous small particles of starch, wool, cotton, brickdust, arsenic, and other substances. But these impurities, considerable though they may appear, are really of minor importance. The winds and rains, which we vaguely speak of as 'clearing the air,' carry off most of the suspended particles and wash the soluble gases into the soil. There is another class of atmospheric impurities, however, so universal in their diffusion, and of such vast importance in their effects, that a thorough acquaintance with them will be fraught with incalculable benefit to mankind. These we are familiar with as the motes which dance in the sunbeams, the floating matters in the air, now known to consist, in part at least, of Disease Germs.

Nowadays, people are inclined to scoff at the aims of the old philosophers; but we ought to remember how much modern science owes to these early investigators. The astrologers may be held as mistaken in supposing any connection to exist between the motions of a star and the life of a human being; yet we are indebted to them for a great deal of our earlier astronomical knowledge. The alchemists who spent their lives in the search for the philosopher's stone, and the mechanicians who devoted years to their quest of perpetual motion, did not spend their lives altogether in vain; for in many departments of chemistry and mechanics we are now reaping the fruits of their labors. Hence, also, in more recent times the search after the beginnings of life—the dream of spontaneous generation—while fruitless in its direct endeavor, has already conferred upon us blessings great and manifold.

In 1837, Schwann, a Berlin scientist, made the important announcement, that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from the atmosphere, putrefaction never sets in. Practically, the same principle is the secret of success in the modern trade of preserving meats in tin cans by exclusion of the air. Twenty-two years after Schwann's announcement, a book appeared from the pen of an eminent Frenchman, F. A. Pouchet, giving the results of numerous experiments altogether opposed to Schwann's conclusions. Deeply interested in the discussion, Pasteur, a young French

chemist, determined to take the matter in hand, and commenced a series of experiments which have yielded the most interesting and valuable results. Starting with the air, he found that many of the floating particles are not mere specks of inanimate dust, but organized bodies containing the germs of life. Some of these he introduced into animal and vegetable infusions, which he had previously boiled, to destroy any living organisms which might be present in the liquid, the result being that he soon obtained an abundance of microscopic life, and in a short time the infusions invariably became putrid. On the other hand, when similar infusions were thoroughly protected from the entrance of these atmospheric particles, not the slightest indication of life appeared in the liquid, even after months and years; but when the smallest drop of any decomposing liquid was added, or ordinary air obtained access to the clear infusions, life began to manifest itself, and soon the water teemed with myriads of microscopic organisms.

In this way Pasteur established the fact, that just as oaks grow from acorns, or thistles from thistle-seed, so these minute living organisms are produced according to the common law of generation, springing from previously existing germs or seeds, but never growing spontaneously, or giving the slightest indication that life ever proceeds from anything which has not itself owed its existence to some previous life. Since then innumerable experiments conducted by our illustrious countryman Professor Tyndall, have fully corroborated Pasteur's researches.

Now, let us glance at several widely separated departments of every-day life, and investigate a few facts which have apparently but little connection with each other.

When milk is long exposed to the air, it becomes sour or putrid; and if we place a drop of sour milk under the microscope, we shall find a number of small organisms linked together like beads upon a string. These are the cause of the sourness; for they have decomposed the sugar of the milk into lactic acid, the substance which imparts the sour taste. The organism which produces this change is similar in nature

and appearance to the well-known yeast-plant, which changes sugar into alcohol. Taking, now, a drop of putrid milk, we find it exhibits a different appearance from that which is simply sour; for it swarms with rapidly moving specks, which receives the common name of bacteria. These organisms are very minute, much smaller than those producing sourness, and they are in every case the active agents in producing putrefaction. Expose milk, or meat, or vegetables to the air, and in a short time they will swarm with bacteria. Keep the air from them, and not one of these organisms will be found.

Let us now turn our thoughts for a moment to France. About twenty years ago, a disastrous silkworm disease reduced the produce of cocoons from fifty-two million pounds in 1853 to eight million pounds in 1865, involving a loss of some hundred million francs. Examined under the microscope, the blood of the deceased silkworm was found to contain innumerable animated vibratory corpuscles; the silk-bag was filled with these, instead of with the clear material from which the silk is spun; and these organisms were present in still larger size in the mature moths. Starting with these facts, M. Pasteur attacked the problem, and by securing healthy eggs produced by healthy moths, and by carefully guarding against contagion, restored to France her valuable silk husbandry. But while the practical results he accomplished attest the accuracy of his views and predictions, the observations which led to these results are more immediately interesting. From moths untainted by disease he obtained healthy worms, and on these he conducted his experiments. Taking a diseased worm, and rubbing it up in water, he mixed a little with the food of healthy silkworms: the result being that all the latter became infected, and finally died. A single meal was sufficient to poison them, and the progress of the disease was always attended by a gradual increase in the number of the above animalcular corpuscles found in their blood. During these investigations, M. Pasteur proved that the disease was spread by the worms scratching each other with their claws, and thus introducing the disease germs into the wound. He found, too, that the refuse of diseased

worms contained infectious organisms, and this adhering to the mulberry leaves, spread infection among other worms feeding on these leaves.

The same distinguished chemist had his attention drawn to the losses frequently sustained by the wine-growers and vinegar-makers of France. The wines would often become unaccountably acid or bitter, and millions of money were in this way lost to his countrymen. Setting to work in his usual thorough and scientific fashion, he soon discovered that the wine disease was due to the presence of numerous microscopic organisms on the skin of the grape, which, finding their way into the wine, set up putrefactive changes which entirely altered the character of the liquor. Having ascertained the cause, his next task was to find a remedy; and before long he made the discovery that, by simply heating the juice of the grape to a certain temperature, these putrefactive germs were all destroyed, without in any way damaging the quality of the wine. All three diseases, the wine, the vinegar, and the silk, he traced to their living causes, and eventually discovered remedies for each by determining the conditions which proved fatal to these organisms, or which prevent their development.

Passing now into the surgical ward of an English hospital, let us examine an amputated limb which is not healing well. It has begun to putrefy. Taking a little of the matter, we examine it under the microscope, and find it swarming with minute organisms similar to those which we observed in putrid milk. This wound has been exposed to the air. In the next room is a somewhat similar amputation, except that the wound was dressed in such a way as to prevent any of the so-called dust of the air from coming in contact with it. A spray of dilute carbolic acid was kept playing over it all the time it was being operated upon, and now it is healing beautifully, for no living germs have obtained access to it.

A word or two about an animal disease known as splenic fever will bring us to the well-known zymotic diseases which carry off so many human beings. As early as 1850 it was observed that the blood of animals which had died from splenic fever teemed with microscopic

organisms resembling minute transparent rods; and it has been placed beyond all doubt that this fever is due to the growth and development of these minute organisms. Placed under favorable conditions, the rods grow till they often become a hundred times their original length. After a time, little dots appear in them, which finally grow to minute egg-shaped bodies, presenting an appearance somewhat like a long row of seeds in a pod. By and by the pod—as we may call it—goes to pieces, and the seeds or spores are let loose. Many experiments have been made with both rods and spores. Guinea-pigs, rabbits, and mice were inoculated with the blood of diseased animals containing the rods, the result being that within twenty or thirty hours they invariably died of splenic fever. By drying the blood which contained only the rods, it was found that it did not retain its infectious properties longer than about a month; but blood containing the developed spores, dried and reduced to dust, even after being kept four years, proved as deadly as at first.

In 1868, M. Chauveau made some interesting discoveries concerning the infectious matter in cow-pox, sheep-pox, small-pox, hydrophobia, glanders, and syphilis. Taking some of the matter, he found that it consisted of a fluid in which were numerous minute granular particles, some of them so minute as to pass through the finest filters. When diluted with water, the larger particles subsided, the finer granules, however, remaining suspended in the water, and the liquid still retaining its infectious properties; but by diffusion in distilled water, these minute particles were completely separated, and the liquid then proved harmless. It was thus shown that the infection was communicated by these minute organized particles, and that even a single one of these possesses such inconceivable fecundity that it will produce quite as powerful effects as if a larger quantity of concentrated matter had been introduced into the system. Sufficient evidence has thus been obtained to prove that many diseases are propagated by minute organisms; and it is now a well-ascertained fact that scarlatina, diphtheria, measles, typhus and typhoid fevers are spread in the same fashion.

Let us then briefly sum up what is at

present known about the Germ Theory of disease. Experiments having shown that no life is known to spring from inanimate matter, we may reasonably conclude that just as wheat does not grow except from seed, so no disease occurs without some disease germ to produce it. Then, again, we may take it for certain that each disease is due to the development of a particular kind of germ. If we plant small-pox germs, we do not reap a crop of scarlatina or measles; but just as wheat springs from wheat, each disease has its own distinctive germs. Each comes from a parent stock, and has existed somewhere previously. It is true that complications occur, several diseases running their course at one time, or one after the other; but however uncommon, none of them are new. After a forest is cut down, a new variety of trees may spring up; but nobody supposes them to have grown spontaneously; the seeds existed there before, and their growth was due to the occurrence of conditions favorable to their development. So the disease germs which are always floating about may frequently be introduced into our bodies; but it is only when they meet with suitable conditions that they take root and produce disease. Under ordinary circumstances, these germs, though nearly always present, are comparatively few in number, and in an extremely dry and indurated state. Thus, they may frequently enter our bodies without meeting with the conditions essential to their growth; for experiments have shown that it is very difficult to moisten them, and till they are moistened they do not begin to develop. In a healthy system they remain inactive. But anything tending to weaken or impair the bodily organs furnishes favorable conditions, and thus epidemics almost always originate and are most fatal in those quarters of our great cities where dirt, squalor, and foul air render sound health almost an impossibility. Thus, too, armies suddenly transferred from the regularity and comparative comfort of barrack-life to the dangers, toil, and exposure of the battlefield and the trenches, are often attacked by epidemics. Having once got a beginning, epidemics rapidly spread. The germs are then sent into the air in great numbers and in a moist state; and the probabilities of

their entering, and of their establishing themselves even in healthy bodies, are vastly increased. For the same reasons, one disease not unfrequently follows another. The latter is commonly said to have "changed" into the former; but probably the two are entirely distinct, the second being simply due to the weakening of the system.

Another widespread belief is that foul smells give rise to disease. It is not, strictly speaking, the foul gases, but the germs present in them, that produce the diseases. The effluvia, however, are themselves injurious to health, while they are indications of a state of matters much more dangerous; and it is never sufficient to destroy evil odors without searching out and removing the causes that produce them.

Climate and the weather have also much influence on the vitality of these germs. Cold is a preventive against some diseases, heat against others. But we have still much to learn regarding their behavior under varying conditions. Tyndall found that sunlight greatly retarded and sometimes entirely prevented putrefaction; while dirt is always favorable to the growth and development of the germs. Sunshine and cleanliness are undoubtedly the best and cheapest preventives against disease.

The method in which these diseases are spread demonstrates the necessity and value of thorough disinfection. A person suffering from one of these zymotic diseases is affected, say, in the throat; well, every time he spits or coughs, or perhaps with every breath, he discharges from his throat a great number of the organisms whose development has produced the disease. These may pass directly into the body of some one near, and thus set up disease in a second person, and so on; or falling on the ground, or settling upon clothes or carpets, they may dry up like particles of dust, and be shaken off the clothes, perhaps many months after, or be carried by the wind to places at a considerable distance. In either case, still retaining all their virulence, they will give rise to a fresh outbreak of disease whenever they meet with favorable conditions. Thorough fumigation or other method of destroying their vitality, largely or entirely prevents this.

In the case of diseases, such as typhoid, which attack the stomach, disease germs are removed along with the excreta; and if, as is often the case, the drainage of the town flows into a river, and that river is used in some after-portion of its course as the water-supply of any town near its banks, there is great danger of disease being communicated by the water which we drink; for however well it may be purified and filtered, we have no guarantee that it will contain none of these germs, which we have seen are so small that they pass through the finest filters. It is in this way that almost all the great cholera and typhoid epidemics have spread in London and other towns. That such a disgusting system should be permitted to exist is a disgrace to a wealthy and enlightened nation.

How these organisms may be destroyed in cases of disease without injury to the person or animal affected, is the great problem which awaits solution. Wine-making, brewing, silkworm rearing, and surgery, have already shown the immense importance and practical value of a knowledge of this subject. Nowadays, in surgical operations every part of the flesh laid bare is washed with a dilute solution of carbolic acid, which effectually prevents the growth of these germs, and the consequent mortification which used to render amputation so frequently fatal. It is also known that consumption, which is probably a disease set up by some of these organisms, has in a measure been retarded, if not cured, by inhalation of carbolic acid. Oxygen, we know, when in excess, proves a deadly poison to these organisms, and its entire absence is equally fatal; but the difficulty in adopting this remedy is that it might prove equally fatal to the person suffering from the disease. We know enough, however, about Disease Germs to show us in what direction future research may be most profitably engaged; and it is to be hoped that before long we shall obtain either a safe and unfailing remedy, or an efficient preventive against those diseases which, set up perhaps by a microscopic particle, eventually decimate continents, and thus afford us convincing evidence of the vast importance of so-called "little things."—*Chambers's Journal*.

DESERTED.!

BRIGHT sea, far flooding all the pebbled sand,
 Flinging thy foamy pearls from stone to stone ;
 Thy lullaby, low-murmured to the strand,
 Sounds like a lover's tone ;
 And yet I know, elsewhere,
 Some other shore, as fair,
 Thy waves have kissed, and left it dry and lone.

Bright sunshine, gleaming on my cottage wall,
 Tracing the shadow of an ivy-spray,
 How tenderly thy golden touches fall
 On common things to-day !
 Yet, beneath other skies
 Some land benighted lies
 Deserted by thy glory, cold and gray.

Blithe bird, loud warbling underneath the eaves
 An eager love-song passionate and shrill,
 My heart is trembling amid summer leaves
 With sweet responsive thrill ;
 Yet far away, dear guest,
 There is an empty nest
 Which thou hast left forsaken, void and still.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
 I, too, may loose the tide, the light, the lay ;
 Others may win the kisses that were mine,
 My night may be their day ;
 Yet though the soul may sigh
 For precious things gone by,
 I shall have had my rapture, come what may !

Good Words.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ANTS, BEES, AND WASPS : a Record of Observations on the Habits of the Social Hymenoptera. By Sir John Lubbock. "International Scientific Series." New York : D. Appleton & Co.

Sir John Lubbock's admirable investigations into the habits of ants and bees have been so long familiar to most scientific workers, either from the biological or the psychological side, that it seems almost like an anachronism to be reviewing them at the present day. His papers are already classics in the subject of which they treat ; but he has done well to gather them together from the pages of sundry learned *Transactions*, so as to bring them to a focus in this delightful and popular volume. Ants and bees are full of interest for the unscientific public, and Sir John Lubbock has here collected all that was most valuable both in his own observations

and in those of his numerous predecessors. The result is a work amusing enough to please even that omnivorous person the general reader, and yet solid enough to deserve the highest recognition from men of science.

To summarize the contents of a book which goes over so much ground would be practically impossible within the limits of a short review, and that is the less to be regretted because every one must read it for himself and discover its chief points of interest at first hand. Ants fill the larger part of the volume. A brief account is given, to begin with, of their individual life-history and of their main divisions and classes. Then some attention is bestowed upon the problem of the formation of nests, as well as on such curious phenomena as those presented to us by the American and Australian honey-ants. Next, we pass on to the relations of ants with plants,

which may be either hostile, as in the case of flowers which arm themselves against their incursions by hairs, moats, and sticky secretions, or friendly, as in the case of those trees which entice a body-guard of ants to defend them by means of extra-floral nectaries. Under this head are also included the strange habits of the agricultural and the harvesting ants, as observed by McCook and others. Finally, we get a valuable chapter on the relations of ants with other animals, such as the aphides, which they keep as cows; the blind beetles, which they domesticate for some unknown purpose; and the insects which they actually appear to adopt as the pets of the community. Here, too, come some interesting remarks on slavery among ants, in which Sir John Lubbock attempts to account on evolutionary principles for the degraded condition of such types as *Strongylognathus* and *Anergates*. All this portion of the work, though necessarily somewhat less original than that which follows, is full of valuable *aperçus* and novel facts, especially as regards the length of life attained by ants, their care of the eggs of aphides during the winter, the structure of their formicaries, the fertility of workers, and the evidence of progress among the different species as contrasted with one another. In many cases, the author has been enabled to make fresh observations which establish new and important results, or refute old errors; while, throughout, his cautious employment of the evolutionary method, and his ingenious suggestions of analogy with the stages of human progress or degradation, give special value to the theoretical parts of his work. It is not too much to say that the labor bestowed upon the *Origin of Civilisation* has evidently proved an admirable preparation for the elucidation of ant life, as attempted in this volume.

It is on the later and more psychological portion of his book, however, that Sir John Lubbock has expended the greatest pains. True, the results are here scarcely so definite and certain as elsewhere; but then the subject matter was more difficult to investigate, and the chance of arriving at any result at all was far more doubtful. With singular ingenuity and patience, however, Sir John Lubbock set his ants their examination papers, and generally succeeded in obtaining some sort of answer, if only a vague and uncertain one. The great value of his work in this direction consists in the soundness and originality of his method. He has been almost the first worker who has applied experiment instead of mere observation to animal psychology—certainly the first who has applied it

on anything like so extended a scale. The care with which he watched his ants and bees reminds us often of the care with which Mr. Darwin watched the movements of plants or the habits of earth-worms. Even where the final result is somewhat inconclusive the experiments have a lateral value of their own in some other application; but many of them have also distinctly proved the particular facts they were meant to test as to the perceptive or intellectual powers of the insects. Those on the recognition of friends by ants, and on the color-sense of bees, seem to us the most conclusive; those on the power of intercommunication appear rather to suggest than to prove the existence of some formic device remotely analogous to human language. As to the sensitiveness of ants to color, may it not be that the violet rays really give pain to the insects in some distinctly physical way, rather than that they merely cause a feeling of æsthetic dislike? Certainly, the frightened manner in which the ants sometimes run away from violet light (as in Sir John Lubbock's Royal Institution experiments) suggests the notion of absolute bodily discomfort; and, if this be so, then the insects may perhaps be quite devoid of a real color-sense in the strict signification; they may be affected rather as we are by an intolerable heat or an electric shock. In every case it should be added that Sir John Lubbock himself estimates the proved results of his experiments in the most modest manner; he never jumps at conclusions or claims to have established a single point more than the observations warrant; on the contrary, he states the facts with every possible reservation, and with due recognition of all alternative explanations. This is especially noticeable in the interesting chapters on the ethics of ants and on their general intelligence. At first sight, one might be half inclined to doubt whether the numerous tabular statements of observations both in the body of the work and in the Appendix, were quite desirable in a popular treatise like this; they tend, perhaps, to deter the casual reader. But, on second thoughts, we are inclined to think that Sir John Lubbock has done wisely to include them. Many of the statements about the ants must seem to the unscientific so marvellous, or almost incredible, that it is well to let them see by what patient and ceaseless care the observations on which such assertions are based have been carried out by men of science. Had the book contained only the first four papers, it would have been a most interesting statement of ascertained facts; by containing the last six also, it is made into a very valuable lesson in method as well.—GRANT ALLEN, in the *Academy*.

MEMOIR OF DANIEL MACMILLAN. By Thomas Hughes, Q.C. New York: *Macmillan & Co.*

It is a notable fact that those who have been most directly instrumental in the dissemination of literature have not often themselves been favored with the immortalizing influence of letters. However unattractive the life of the bookseller may be, or unworthy of the biographer's pen, a remarkable exception is found in the case of Daniel Macmillan. And the exception is made, not simply because he was the founder and head of a celebrated publishing-house, nor because his success was the achievement of a self-made man; for indeed the reading public is a little weary already of the stories of self-made men. "It needs," says Mr. Hughes, "some quality of a finer and higher kind than usual in the man himself, or something peculiar in his surroundings, or dramatic in his life, to make the world he has left desirous of hearing more of him than that he lies safely in such a cemetery or churchyard, and has left so many thousand pounds behind him. In the present instance, however, the fact stands, that after a quarter of a century, those who knew Daniel Macmillan best are not contented with what they know, and do desire something more. Now this desire cannot be accounted for by his surroundings, which were just like those of thousands of other Scotchmen of the same class; nor of anything dramatic in his life, which was singularly free from incident. So we must fall back on the qualities of the man himself to account for it. Whoever glances at these pages cannot fail, I think, to admit that there was something in this man's personal qualities and character, apart from his great business ability, which takes him out of the ordinary category—a touch, in fact, of the rare quality which we call heroism."

He was born in the year 1813, of peasant parents, in the island of Arran, off that wild coast of Scotland which has become so attractive in the pages of William Black. His father died when he was only ten years of age, and his education was such as could be obtained in a small provincial town before the age of twelve. Though the youngest of ten children, he was soon forced to face the stern realities of life, and sought employment in accordance with a taste for reading which had been early developed. He was apprenticed to a bookseller, and immediately began to display that interest in his work and energy of character which soon brought him into the eager atmosphere of London, and distinguished him through life. He loved his profession, and determined to win from it some-

thing differing widely from the ordinary success of mercantile life, and that he accomplished this no one who reads this memoir will deny. "No man," says Mr. Hughes, "who ever sold books for a livelihood was more conscious of a vocation; more impressed with the dignity of his craft, and of its value to humanity; more anxious that it should suffer no shame or diminution through him. And his ideal did not abide in talk, a fair image to be brought out and worshipped when the shop was not full of customers. He strove faithfully to realize it amid difficulties which would have daunted any but a strong and brave man. The chief of these was lifelong illness of the most trying kind. The disease of which he died a quarter of a century later struck him before he was twenty, and he was never a really sound man from that day."

At the age of twenty he was engaged by a prominent bookseller of Cambridge, and here he made many acquaintances among the rising young men of the university, who would often consult "the Scotch shopman as to their purchases, or talk over books with him." He was himself a great reader and his literary judgment was surprisingly well cultivated, as is shown by many excellent passages of critical comment in his journals upon the authors he happened to be reading. He was able to appreciate and admire Landor, and was quite ahead of his contemporaries in accepting Wordsworth. "I have cast Byron away with indignant contempt," he says. "The life by Moore filled me with much deeper disgust than Hunt's book. Poor Byron! He never seems to have loved any one. There is a most hateful sense of hollowness running through these letters. To me the never-ceasing witticisms, the everlasting titling and smirking, is most loathsome. What sympathy could Shelley's sincere and holy nature have with Byron?" But the most interesting portion of the memoir will doubtless be the chapters devoted to his relations with the Hare Brothers, to whom he owed very much for their generous assistance in his business, at a time when poverty seemed likely to defeat forever his plans. His descriptions of visitors at the home of Julius Hare are charming, and will add a new beauty to the "Guesses at Truth" for those who are already acquainted with these two noble brothers.

IN MEMORIAM: RALPH WALDO EMERSON. By Alexander Ireland. *Simpkin & Marshall.*

No Englishman has a better claim than Mr. Ireland to write a memoir of Emerson. He made Emerson's acquaintance as long ago as

1833, when "the lonely, wayfaring man," as Carlyle called him, visited Edinburgh in the course of his first visit to Europe. It was, too, mainly at Mr. Ireland's instance that Emerson returned to England in 1847 and delivered lectures in various parts of England; and when Emerson was quitting this country in 1873 his last resting-place in England was Mr. Ireland's house in Cheshire.

The volume consists of four parts: a memoir (reprinted with many additions from the *Manchester Examiner and Times*), recollections, letters of Emerson, and miscellanies relating to him. Among the letters many are interesting, especially those addressed to Carlyle, in which there is a notable passage regarding the Civil War. The letter is dated 1864:

"I have in these last years lamented that you had not made the visit to America, which in earlier years you projected or favored. It would have made it impossible that your name should be cited for one moment on the side of the enemies of mankind. Ten days' residence in this country would have made you the organ of the sanity of England and Europe to us and to them, and have shown you the necessities and aspirations which struggle up in our free States, which, as yet, have no organ to others and are ill or unsteadily articulated here. In our to-day's division of Republican and Democrat it is certain that the American nationality lies in the Republican party (mixed and multiform though that party be), and I hold it not less certain that, viewing all the nationalities of the world, the battle of Humanity is at this hour in America. A few days here would show you the disgusting composition of the other party which within the Union resists the national action. Take from it the wild Irish element, imported in the last twenty-five years into this country, and led by Romish priests, who sympathize of course with despotism, and you would bereave it of all its numerical strength. A man intelligent and virtuous is not to be found on that side. Ah! how gladly I would enlist you with your thunderbolt on our part! How gladly enlist the wise, thoughtful, efficient pens and voices of England! We want England and Europe to hold our people staunch to their best tendency. Are English of this day incapable of a great sentiment? Can they not leave cavilling at petty failures and bad manners, and at the dunce part (always the largest part in human affairs), and leap to the suggestions and finger-pointing of the gods which, above the understanding, feed the hopes and guide the wills of men? This war has been conducted over the heads of all the actors in it, and the foolish terrors,—'What shall we do with the negro?' 'the entire black population is com-

ing North to be fed,' etc., have strangely ended in the fact that the black refuses to leave his climate; gets his living and the living of his employer there, as he has always done; is the natural ally and soldier of the Republic in that climate; now takes the place of 200,000 white soldiers; and will be, as the conquest of the country proceeds, its garrison, till Peace without Slavery returns. Slaveholders in London have filled English ears with their wishes and perhaps beliefs; and our people, generals and politicians, have carried the like, at first, to the war, until corrected by irresistible experience. I shall always respect War hereafter. The cost of life, the dreary havoc of comfort and time, are overpaid by the vistas it opens of eternal life, eternal law, reconstructing and uplifting Society—breaks up the old horizon, and we see through the rifts a wider."

By the side of this the following quotation from Mr. Holyoake should be read:

"Englishmen told me with pride that in the dark days of the war, when American audiences were indignant at England, Emerson would put in his lectures some generous passage concerning this country, and raising himself erect, pronounce it in a defiant tone, as though he threw the words at his audience."

An amusing anecdote is told by Mr. Ireland of Emerson:

"Some twenty years ago Emerson addressed a literary society, during Commencement, at Middlebury, Vermont, and when he ended, the President called upon a clergyman to conclude the service with prayer. Then arose a Massachusetts minister, who stepped into the pulpit Mr. Emerson had just left, and uttered a remarkable prayer, of which this was one sentence: 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, to deliver us from ever hearing any more such transcendental nonsense as we have just listened to from this sacred desk.' After the benediction, Mr. Emerson asked his next neighbor the name of the officiating clergyman, and when falteringly answered, with gentle simplicity remarked: 'He seemed a very conscientious, plain-spoken man,' and went on his peaceful way."—*Athenæum*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JOHN MORLEY's monograph on Rousseau has been translated into Russian.

THE University of Göttingen, in Hanover, has 1083 students, of whom 221 are in the departments of philology and history.

M. RENAN will after his return from the East publish a translation of the Psalms.

THE thirty-sixth annual meeting of German philologists and teachers will take place at Carlsruhe, September 27th to 30th.

WE are very glad to hear that Dr. Aldis Wright is preparing a second edition of the "Cambridge Shakespeare," and we only hope that it will soon make its appearance. It has long been sadly wanted by all Shakespeare students.

IN the early autumn Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. will publish a new work, by the Rev. W. E. Winks, on the "Lives of Illustrious Shoemakers." Besides special chapters devoted to Shovel, Bloomfield, Gifford, and other famous disciples of St. Crispin, brief sketches will be given of about half a century of distinguished members of the craft.

THE spelling reformers are gradually approaching unity. The "partial corrections" of the English Philological Society are being adopted in America, and the English Spelling Reform Association has adopted the American "five rules," which are substantially contained in the "partial corrections."

DR. EUGEN OSWALD has contributed to two recent numbers of the *Magazin für die Literatur des In- und Auslandes* (July 1 and 8) an elaborate paper upon the relations between Goethe and Carlyle. Though the materials are in great part derived from Mr. Froude's biography, Dr. Oswald has the advantage of approaching the subject from the German standpoint. There is probably no one else who could have treated it so thoroughly.

THE question of the authorship of the once-famous book "The Whole Duty of Man" has long been a biographical crux. Mr. Edward Solly has investigated the question in an elaborate article which appears in the August number of the *Bibliographer*, and his opinion is adverse to the claim of Lady Pakington. He describes the edition published in 1658, or one year earlier than that which Lowndes erroneously supposed to be the *editio princeps*.

M. R. DUVAL, of Paris, author of a Syriac grammar in French, is now copying in the British Museum the Massoretical treatises and notes on the Syriac translation of the Bible. They will, no doubt, throw much light on the history of the Hebrew Massorah, which may turn out to be an imitation of the Syriac. It seems that M. Halévy has found on Assyrian tablets traces of a Massorah among the Assyrians.

THE French papers announce that Mlle. Dosne, while arranging for publication the papers of Thiers, has come across a bundle

indorsed simply "Notes," which seem to contain the materials for a projected volume of private memoirs. Here is a sketch of Louis Philippe, another of Jacques Laffitte, a conversation with Talleyrand, and a philippic against the author of the *coup d'état*. Whether Mlle. Dosne will consent to the publication of these fragmentary notes is uncertain.

THE recent death in Paris of the Polish poet and dramatist Ostrovsky is announced. Ostrovsky wrote in Polish and in French, his works being principally historical plays in prose and verse. He also translated Molière's "L'Avare" into Polish verse. By his will he bequeaths 30,000 francs toward founding scholarships for Polish students in the Zurich Polytechnic School.

M. H. WEIL recently brought before the Académie des Inscriptions a parchment fragment, found with many others at Medinet-el-Farés, apparently the remains of a monastic library in the neighborhood. He dates it from the sixth century, and it contains part of the second parabasis of Aristophanes' "Birds," with almost illegible scholia. Let us hope that we may soon hear of more such precious fragments from the same source.

MR. RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD has in preparation "The Life, Letters, and Uncollected Writings in Prose and Verse of William Makepeace Thackeray," in two handsome volumes, uniform with "The Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens" just published by Messrs. W. H. Allen and Co. A limited number of copies will be printed on large paper, uniform with the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works. Subscribers' names will be received by the editor at his private address, 5 Bramerton Street, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

SCIENCE AND ART.

A RAINFALL RECORDER.—An ingenious apparatus for recording the total duration of rainfall in the course of a day or a still longer time, has been devised by M. Schmeltz, formerly professor at the Lycée de Lille. It consists of a box having a rain funnel in its top, by which the rain can enter and drop upon a band of travelling paper which passes below within the box. This paper is the usual Morse strip treated in a solution of sulphate of iron and dried carefully, then brushed with tannic acid or powdered cyano-ferride of potassium mixed with resin. A roll of it is placed within the box, and it is unwound on to another roller outside the box. The latter is driven by a chain from the hour-hand of a common clock, so that it rotates once in an hour.

In this time, therefore, the paper has been pulled along beneath the rain funnel a length equal to the circumference of the roller. The falling drops dye the paper and indicate where the rain began and left off. Correction is made for the increasing diameter of the winding roller as the paper is wound upon it. The instrument is said to work well, and to indicate fine showers, which are lost upon the ordinary pluviometer.

IS THERE WATER ON THE MOON?—In a recent communication, Mr. Helmuth Dueberg, of Berlin, presents a new theory of the moon, and argues the possibility of its being inhabited on the further side. It is well known that the moon always presents the same face to the earth. Because this side of the moon is an airless and waterless desert, we are not justified, Mr. Dueberg thinks, in assuming that the other side is like it. Since the moon does not revolve so as to change the side presented to the earth, and since the attraction of the earth for the moon is very great, the heavier side, if there is any, must be turned this way. Supposing the moon to possess air and water, these lighter and more fluent elements of her composition would of necessity lie on the further side. In the absence of any centrifugal force due to rotation on her own axis, the only centrifugal force acting upon the moon must be that resulting from the moon's motion round the earth. This would tend still more to throw the moon's air and water to the "out"-side with respect to the earth. For a practical illustration of this view, Mr. Dueberg suggests a ball swinging in a circle by means of a cord. The ball, like the moon, will always turn the same side to the centre of revolution; and if it be dipped in any liquid, the liquid will be rapidly accumulated on the opposite or outer side. Hence the possibility of water, air, and life on the moon, around the shores of a central lunar sea, on the side always turned away from us.

SKIN GRAFTING FROM RABBITS.—Dr. Lamallée, of Paris, several months ago performed an operation of skin grafting, employing grafts obtained from two different sources, a human being and a rabbit, those from the latter evincing a superior amount of vitality. The patient, a man thirty-seven years old, had suffered for six years from a varicose ulcer of the left thigh, which resisted every form of treatment. The ulcer was fourteen centimeters long and 8 deep. At the request of the patient, Dr. Lamallée determined upon skin grafting, for which he obtained six grafts from the abdomen of a rabbit, it having been previously shaved, and two from the fore-arm of a man. These having been placed in posi-

tion, a Lister dressing was applied. After the lapse of eight days this was removed, and it was found that those furnished by the rabbit had become adherent, and that new skin was forming rapidly in their immediate neighborhood. On the other hand, the two which had been taken from the man had not adhered. The dressing was continued eight days longer. When it was removed an islet of skin, 10 centimeters long and 7 wide, was seen to have established itself upon the centre of the ulcer. The dressing was again reapplied, and maintained *in situ* for eight days, at the completion of which it was taken off, and it was found that the sore had completely cicatrized. Two months later the patient was again seen, the healing process was progressing favorably, and the newly-formed skin showed no trace of its origin.—*Monthly Review of Medicine*.

THE PERFUME OF METALS.—Recent experiments of M. H. Pellat, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, tend to show that when two metal surfaces are brought very close together (say within a few tenths of a millimetre) a slight change takes place in the properties of the surfaces. The change requires a few minutes for its completion, and gradually disappears again when the disturbing metal is withdrawn. The phenomenon is detected by measuring the differences of potential between the electric strata covering the surfaces of the two metals in contact. The strongest effect of the kind is produced by lead and iron placed near another metal. Copper, gold, and platinum give a distinct effect, but zinc does not appear to possess the power. It would seem from these experiments as if metals gave off at common temperatures a volatile substance which, when deposited on the surface of objects, modifies their chemical nature; this opinion of M. Pellat is supported in his view by what we know of the smell of metals, a subject investigated by the late Professor Rankine.

MISCELLANY.

VICTOR HUGO'S "TORQUEMADA."—The world owes something to Napoleon III. This magnificent play, like so much of M. Hugo's best work, was mainly written during his exile at Guernsey. He and Mr. Swinburne are, therefore, quite right in blessing the late Emperor of the French. The vigor of M. Hugo's imagination, the brilliance of his fancy, the fertility of his invention, and the music of his verse have what may be called the Guernsey-an glow. In comparing him with other great dramatists, it should be remembered that while they for the most part make use of sto-

ries already existing, M. Hugo generally invents his. It is, however, somewhat the fashion in England to deem invention one of the least of a poet's gifts, partly, perhaps, because Shakespeare borrowed all his plots. Yet the faculty of inventing a story which has a *motif* at once striking and new, as in the case of *Le Roi s'Amuse*, is as rare, perhaps, as the imagination with which Hugo has vitalized that wonderful play. That in the drama of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*, the *motif* of which was religious and national, invention of story should have no place is in the nature of things, but that it should hold so small a place in romantic drama is curious, and shows, perhaps, that Dugald Stewart was right when he compared the human mind, in the matter of invention, to a barrel organ with wheels for grinding only a certain number of tunes. With his well-known love for the terrible in art, Victor Hugo could hardly fail to be strongly attracted by the dreadful story of the Spanish Inquisition, that great impeachment of the Romish Church which history will never forget; for a conspiracy against the progress of the human mind so sinister and so cruel as that which overshadowed Spain is not to be found in any other chapter of European history. Fanaticism, cupidity, and, (it is but too evident) mere love of cruelty joined hands for the working of horrors such as not even Asiatic records could surpass. No wonder, therefore, that the question has been again and again asked, How much of the infamy of the Spanish Inquisition is due to the instinct for persecution inherent in propagandist creeds, how much to the Spanish temper (half Western and half Oriental), how much to the characters of Ferdinand and Isabella, and how much to the character of him who is looked upon as the Inquisition incarnate—Torquemada?—*Athenæum*.

WHAT IS A STRAWBERRY?—No one, we suppose, in these days of popular lectures and elementary handbooks, needs to be told that what we call the fruit of the strawberry is not the fruit, but the receptacle or cushion on which the fruit is placed, the fruit being in reality the hard little brown nuts which, if we condescend to notice them at all, we usually call *seeds*. But while the fruit remains—to ordinary ideas—unfruitlike, the receptacle becomes fleshy and juicy and red, and acquires the flavor which induced old Isaac Walton to say that God could, without doubt, have made a better berry, but equally, without doubt, God never did. Now, how comes it, asks Mr. Allen, that the strawberry has developed the habit of producing this succulent and conspicuous cushion? It was not so from the beginning: this was not the "primitive form."

The primeval strawberry fruits were crowded together on a green, dry, inedible receptacle. Whence the change? "Why does the strawberry develop this large mass of apparently useless matter?" The answer follows unhesitatingly. For a plant with indigestible fruits, like these little nuts, it was a clear gain in the struggle for life to be eaten by birds, and consequently to have something to tempt birds to eat. Some of the ancestral strawberries chanced to have a receptacle a trifle more juicy than their chaffy brethren, and by virtue of this piece of luck gave birth to more than the usual number of seedlings, all reproducing and some further developing the parental characteristic. The most developed were throughout the most fortunate, till the present state of affairs was reached; while the strawberry plants which had not charred so to develop were utterly beaten in the race of life, to the extent of becoming altogether extinct. By a like process the berries (if we may so call them—for botanists will reprovingly tell us they are no such thing) became red, the color serving as an advertising medium to let the fowls of the air know where the now luscious morsels were to be found. Now we are far from saying that this is an impossible account of the growth of strawberries—we will not even say that it is very improbable. But Mr. Grant Allen gives it simply as fact, as categorically as he would tell us that Columbus discovered the New World. Is it a certain matter of fact? Are there no difficulties in the way of accepting his piece of history?—*Month*.

A DOG MISER.—Instances of canine economy are by no means rare; but the account of a dog miser is, so far as our records extend, unique. Dandie, the animal referred to, was a Newfoundland dog, belonging to a gentleman in Edinburgh. It frequently had money given to it, because, besides other interesting signs of sagacity, it would go to the baker's and buy its own bread. But Dandie received more money than his needs called for, and so he took to hoarding it. This his master discovered in consequence of the dog appearing one day with a breakfast roll when it was known that no one had given it any money. Suspicion aroused, search was made in the room where the dog slept. Dandie appeared quite unconcerned until his bed was approached, when he seized the servant by her gown and tried to drag her away, and became so violent that his master had to hold him. Sevenpence-half-penny was found hidden in the bed. Dandie did not forego his saving propensities even after this; but he exhibited a great dislike afterward for the servant who had discovered his hoard, and in future was careful to select a different place

of concealment. Stories of dogs who carry money to shops in order to obtain food are quite numerous; but the following incident, which was communicated to the *Bristol Mercury*, is, if authentic, probably unparalleled even in canine records. A Bristol dog was allowed by a certain butcher to receive his meat on trust; the butcher scoring each pennyworth supplied on a board with a piece of chalk. One day our canine friend, observing the man make two marks with the chalk instead of one, seized another piece of meat, and, despite all the efforts of the butcher to detain him, ran off home with both pieces in his mouth.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE CONTENTED MAN.—The unassuming cabbage growing up to maturity amid the alternate showers and sunshine of spring, may be regarded as the prototype of the contented man. He would only be too glad if, like Joshua, he could make the sun and moon stand still; for, unmindful alike of the future and the past, he considers the present as his elysium. Change is hateful; it disturbs his placid repose, and casts a misty shadow of futurity into his sluggish mind. Through his roseate glasses he looks out upon the world and pronounces all things good; the thorns and the thistles are hidden from his view, and there remain but the flowers to rejoice his eyes and to gladden his nostrils. The works of sculptors, painters, and authors bear the marks of the individuality of their originators; and we all of us have a not unnatural tendency to liken the lot and dispositions of others to our own. The task must be an especially delightful one to the contented man, in the still but muddy waters of whose mind float only the well-fed gold and silver fish of fanciful prosperity. Thus it is evident that he can scarcely be endowed with a highly reflective nature, nor indeed with an unselfish one.

The misery in the world is sufficiently apparent for the blindest to see it, and sufficiently deep and widespread to make the least unsympathetic of mortals sorrowful, and to appeal to their feelings to alleviate it as far as possible. The man who is thoroughly contented must also be thoroughly selfish; and thus it is hardly matter for regret that there should be so little real contentment in the world. This so-called virtue is too frequently but a synonym for sloth, indifference to the feelings of others, and mental feebleness. It is not the stuff of which heroes are composed. No contented man has ever yet made, or ever will make, his mark in the world. He stolidly sits on the rung of life's ladder on which the accident of birth has placed him, and gazes above and below him with equal indif-

ference. Why should he stir hand or foot? he asks himself. He has got all that he wants; though, should a chance wind bear any good thing in his way, he accepts it, provided that no trouble be essential to the act of acquisition. The "toilers and moilers" are, in his opinion but silly fools in pursuit of some will-o'-the-wisp of fortune, which will vanish, to leave them in the darkest slough of despond. He sees others go past him hand-over-hand up the ladder; but it is without a pang. And when some less fortunate strugglers around him are engulfed in the dark waters of ruin, and pray to him for a helping hand, he moves not an inch. Why should he? Is he not himself, contented?

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast;" but the contented man has nothing to do with hope—unless, indeed, it be that his condition may remain unchanged to the end of the chapter. Its bright star does not shine for him, and he is happy without it. He is a phosphorescent individual, emitting sufficient light for himself, though it may be darkness for others. Egotism is his salient characteristic; not an obtrusive egotism, for that would be much too energetic to accord with his disposition, but an egotism which is nevertheless none the less real. On the whole, he may be considered a comparatively harmless individual; and while doing no injury to others, he does them but little good. To be hurtful, requires a certain amount of the *potential*; and this the contented man does not possess. After the fashion of the chicken in the egg, he is provided with his own pabulum, and cares nothing about the outside world. Gallio is his model; and to drift with the tide, is his motto. But the time may come when the contented man finds all is not sunshine and balmy breezes; and when he does suddenly discover an incentive to action, it is to be feared that the capacity for undertaking it may have long disappeared. In the contest for the "survival of the fittest," the contented man will, like the sleepy old mammoth, become extinct.

PRIDE OF YOUTH.

EVEN as a child, of sorrow that we give
The dead, but little in his heart can find,
Since without need of thought to his clear mind;
Their turn is to die and his to live:
Even so the winged New Love smiles to receive
Along his eddying plumes the auroral wind,
Nor, forward glorying, casts one look behind
Where night-wrack shrouds the Old Love fugitive.

There is a change in every hour's recall,
And the last cowslip in the fields we see
On the same day with the first corn-poppy.
Alas for hourly change! Alas for all
The loves that from his hand proud Youth lets fall,
Even as the beads of a told rosary!

—DANTE G. ROSETTI.

